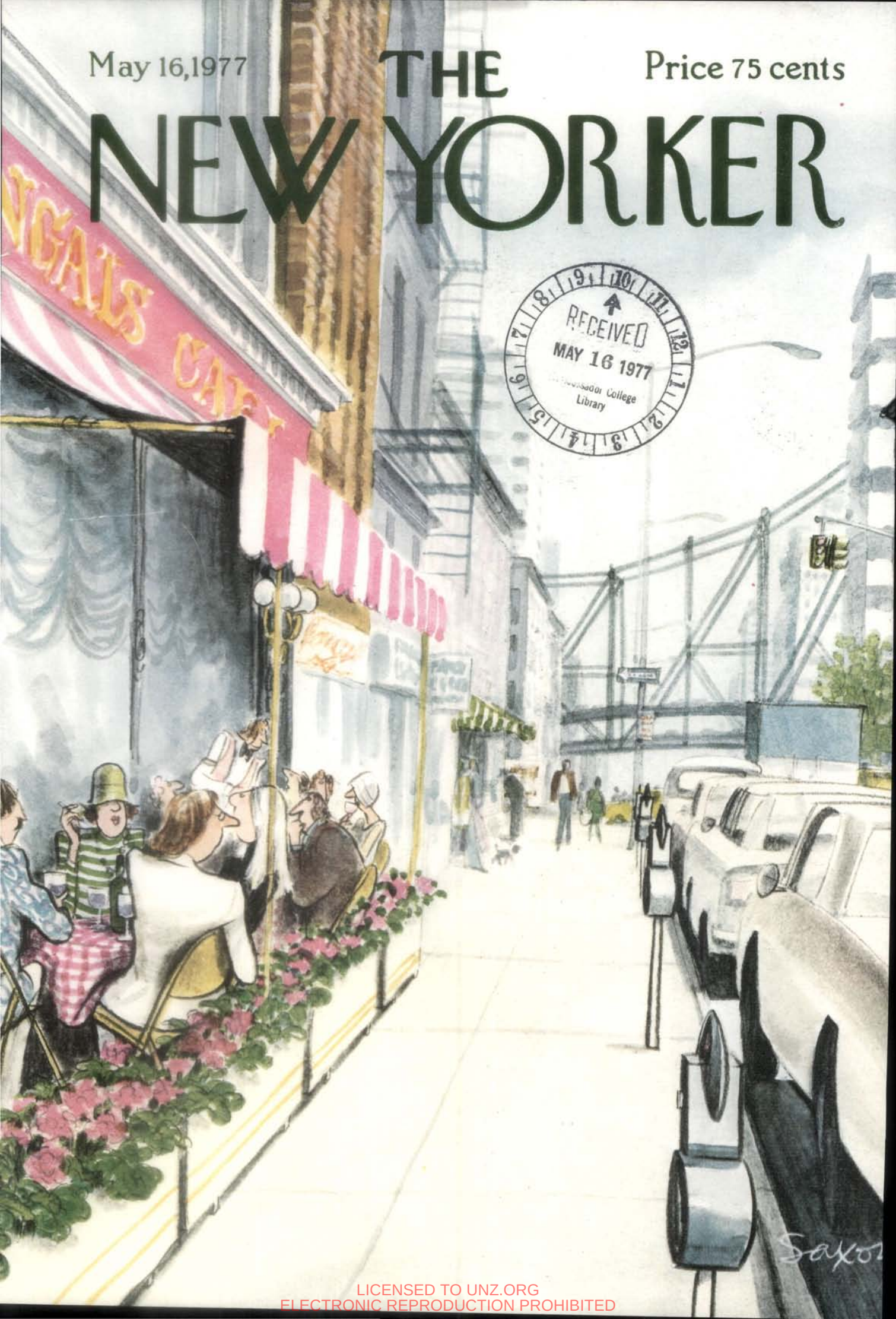


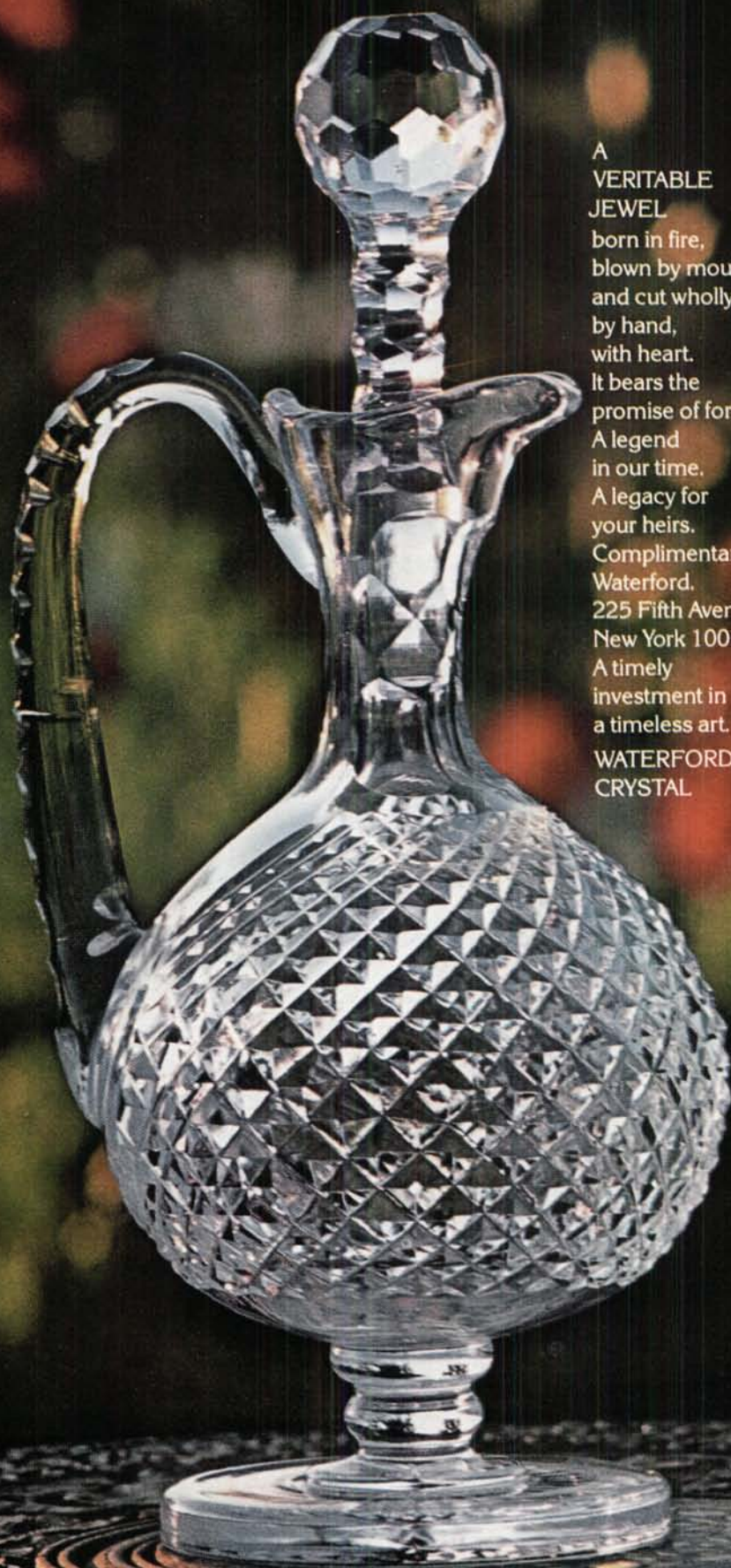
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

AMERICAN BUFFALO—Three Neanderthal creeps in Chicago fail to pull off a heist. David Mamet's synthetic rough language is ably spoken by Robert Duvall, Kenneth McMillan, and John Savage. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ANNA CHRISTIE—A clumsy early work by O'Neill, which provides a vehicle for Liv Ullmann. (It did the same for Garbo in her first talkie.) Also in the cast are Robert Donley, Mary McCarty, and John Lithgow. José Quintero directed. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ANNIE—A long musical based on the celebrated comic-strip characters Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks, both altered for the purposes of an amusing book by Thomas Meehan. Dorothy Loudon is marvellous as an alcoholic scold. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ASHES—This British import by David Rudkin tells of the unsuccessful efforts of a most engaging young couple first to conceive a child and later to adopt one—a sad situation, indeed, but an exhilarating play, for Mr. Rudkin is a true dramatist, who writes with feeling, wit, and style. The performances of Brian Murray and Roberta Maxwell as the husband and wife, and of John Tilling and Veronica Castang as an assortment of other characters, are as close to perfection as makes no matter. Lynne Meadow is the excellent director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE BASIC TRAINING OF PAYLO HUMMEL—Al Pacino pours his superb talent and energy into the role of the hapless Hummel and gives his miserable end an unexpected dignity. A model production of the David Rabe play about Vietnam. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

THE CLUB—Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

DANCE ON A COUNTRY GRAVE—Using the themes and characters of "The Return of the Native," Kelly Hamilton—composer, lyricist, and librettist—has made an enchanting, very musical musical that is all his own yet manages to preserve the spirit of Thomas Hardy's novel. Distinguished sylvan setting by Tom Warren, and distinguished performances by the entire cast, under Robert Brewer's direction. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Final performances Friday through Sunday, May 13-15, at 8.)

DIRTY LINEN—A sometimes comic but never witty finger exercise by Tom Stoppard. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ENDGAME—A revival of the Samuel Beckett play. Gene Feist is the director. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, May 22.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—The final production of the season is a revival of the musical *SILK*

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STOCKINGS, with a book by George S. Kaufman, Leucen MacGrath, and Abe Burrows, and music and lyrics by Cole Porter. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 22. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

FIDDLER ON THE ROOF—Zero Mostel again playing Tevye, a part he originated shortly after the Civil War. An excellent production of a syrupy musical. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, May 21.)

GEMINI—In Albert Innaurato's very funny comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do

brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Anne DeSalvo, Jonathan Hadary, and Robert Picardo, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE GREAT MACDADDY—This revival, the second offering this season of the Negro Ensemble Company, has a very musical score by Cole-ridge-Taylor Perkinson. Paul Carter Harrison's script, though murky with symbols and ritual, is serviceable, and the performance—acting, dancing, and singing—is absolutely fine. Direction by Douglas Turner Ward, choreography by Dianne McIntyre. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

HAGAR'S CHILDREN—This play by Ernest Joselovitz about the effects of kindness and affection on five "unmanageable" adolescents at a correctional farm is sentimental and riddled with hokum, but it makes an acceptable eve-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ning, all the same, mostly because of the sincere and credible performances by the young cast, under Robert Graham Small's direction. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 8. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 15.)

HAPPY END—Bertolt Brecht and Kurt Weill set this musical about a Salvation Army lass who loves a gangster in what was for them, in 1929, an imaginary Chicago. Meryl Streep is charming as the heroine, and Bob Gunton does well opposite her, but it is the marvellous score, including such songs as "Surabaya Johnny" and "The Bilbao Song," that makes the evening indelible. Translation by Michael Feingold, direction by Robert Kalfin. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

I LOVE MY WIFE—A musical that affects an unconvincing raunchiness. Some singable songs by Cy Coleman and Michael Stewart, and an admirable cast, but nothing much can be done with Mr. Stewart's tasteless book. Gene Saks is the brave director. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

IN THE SUMMER HOUSE—A revival of the Jane Bowles play. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 29.)

JULES FEIFFER'S HOLD ME!—A revue—entertaining more often than not—adapted from comic strips that Mr. Feiffer has drawn and written over the past twenty years. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7:30 and 10; and Sunday at 7:30. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 15.)

THE KING AND I—Yul Brynner and Constance Towers in a new production of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical. Directed by Yuri-ko. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE LAST STREET PLAY—A play by Richard Wesley. Opens Thursday, May 12, and will run through Sunday, May 29. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

LILY TOMLIN IN "APPEARING NITELY"—Worth a king's ransom (\$453,271.645). (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

MACBETH—Esther Rolle and Lex Monson head an all-black cast in a revival of Orson Welles' 1936 adaptation of the Shakespeare play. Preview on Wednesday, May 11. Opens officially on Thursday, May 12, and will run through Sunday, May 29. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)

MUMMENSCHAUZ—A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players—Andrés Bossard and Bernie Schürch, from Switzerland, and Florian Frassetto, from Italy. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sunday, May 15, at 2 and 6.)

NEW YORK CITY STREET SHOW—An anthology of some of the best numbers from among the shows that Peter Copani has written and directed for street theatre over the past few years, with a script by Mr. Copani and a young, appealing cast. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 242-9657. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Sundays at 3:30.)

NIGHTCLUB CANTATA—The remarkable young composer Elizabeth Swados has set poems and passages of prose by a number of writers, among them herself, to her own arresting, dramatic music. Her selections are, for the most part, strong and theatrical; and they are variously sung, spoken, and enacted by a good company of four men and four women, among them herself. Miss Swados also directed. The accompaniment—Judith



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Fleisher (piano), William Milhizer (percussion), and Miss S. (guitar)—is first-rate. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7:30. Matinees Saturday at 5:30 and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, May 15.)

OH! CALCUTTA!—A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

ON THE LOCK-IN—The witty and gifted David Langston Smyrl wrote the music and words and also plays one of the prisoners who sing or recite their own stories in this virtually plotless show set in a prison. Under Robert Macbeth's subtle direction, the evening achieves cohesiveness and style, although much of the material is familiar by now. The singing and the music, by a three-piece combo, are very good indeed. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

OTHERWISE ENGAGED—Simon Gray's harsh but extremely funny account of a London publisher who seeks to keep life at arm's length. Life, as usual, has different ideas. Tom Courtenay stars, and the director is Harold Pinter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

PEG O' MY HEART—A creditable revival of the delightful comedy that J. Hartley Manners wrote for Laurette Taylor in 1912. Sofia Landon does well as Irish Peg, and Jim Ricketts is very funny and stylish as her *nouveau-poor* English cousin. Miguel Romero designed the impressive setting. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 9; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 5:30 and Sundays at 3.)

DER RING GOTT FARBLONJET—A lavish, strenuous, on-and-off amusing, and interminable prank by Charles Ludlam's prankish Ridiculous Theatrical Company. The title describes all. (Truck and Warehouse Theatre, 79 E. 4th St. 228-8558. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Sundays at 5.)

ROMEO AND JULIET—A difficult play to do justice to. This production, directed by Theodore Mann, gives the play solidity at the expense of its singing quality. Paul Rudd and Pamela Payton-Wright are the doomed lovers. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Wednesday, May 11, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, May 12-13, at 8; Saturday, May 14, at 2 and 8; Sunday, May 15, at 3; Tuesday, May 17, at 8; Wednesday, May 18, at 2 and 8; Thursday and Friday, May 19-20, at 2; Saturday, May 21, at 2 and 8; and final performance Sunday, May 22, at 3.)

THE SHADOW BOX—Hard to believe, but this play by Michael Cristofer, whose subject is death, is a highly affirmative and sometimes comic affair, well acted by, among others, Laurence Luckinbill, Patricia Elliott, and Joyce Ebert. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SIDE BY SIDE BY SONDEHEIM—An evening of delectable songs by the cleverest (and sometimes the most touching) of contemporary popular composers. The performers are modest and charming, as well as talented. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

SLY FOX—Larry Gelbart has transmogrified Ben Jonson's "Volpone," with hilarious results. The cast includes Robert Preston (who has just replaced George C. Scott), Jack Gifford, Bob Dishy, and John Heffernan. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

STARTING HERE, STARTING NOW—The agreeable songs of Richard Maltby, Jr. (lyrics) and David Shire (music) as very well sung, with a minimum of performance, by Margery Cohen, Loni Ackerman, and George Lee Andrews. It all adds up to an evening of tuneful merriment that is more cabaret than theatre. (Barbarann, 349 W. 46th St. 581-3866. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

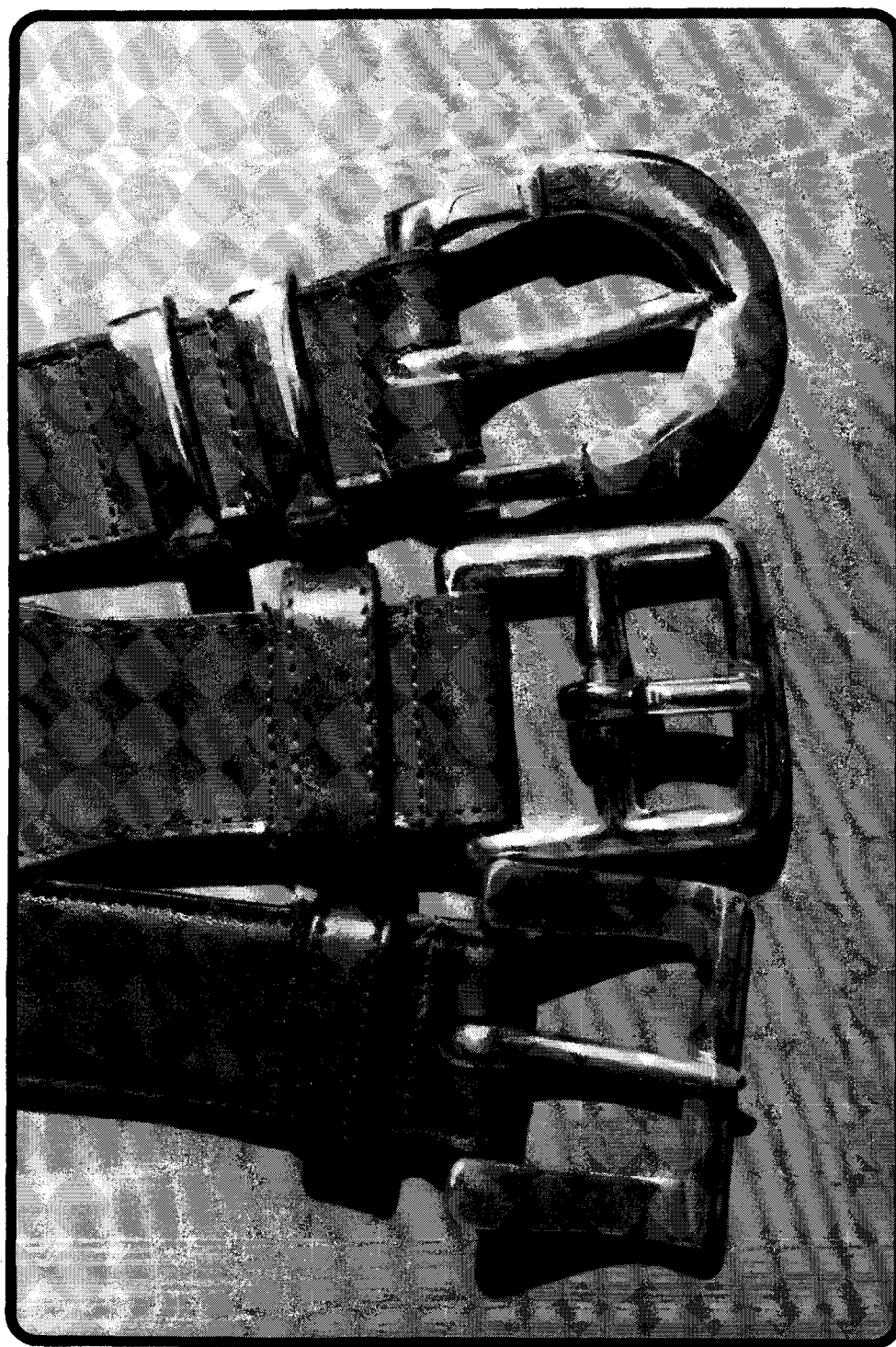
THE THREE SISTERS—The distinguished acting of Rosemary Harris (as Olga) and Austin Pendleton (as Baron Tusenbach) more than makes up for any shortcomings in this production of the most complex of Chekhov's plays. Even though much of that complexity of feeling and character is missing, the performance as a whole is always clear and, needless to say, absorbing. Frank Dunlop directed. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly at 8. Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 15.)

VIEUX CARRE—A new play by Tennessee Williams, with Sylvia Sidney, Diane Kagan, Tom Aldredge, Richard Alfieri, and John William Reilly. Directed by Arthur Alan Seidelman. Opens Wednesday, May 11. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

YOUR ARMS TOO SHORT TO BOX WITH GOD—Vinnette Carroll's singing-and-dancing redaction of the Book of Matthew. An exhilarating occasion. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

LONG RUNS—BUBBLING BROWN SUGAR: A joyful, if rather simpleminded, Cook's tour of Harlem in its golden age between the wars. The cast is lively and gifted, and the old songs are enchanting. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **CALIFORNIA SUITE**: Neil Simon making jokes in his wonted fashion. The setting is the Beverly Hills Hotel. The pleasing cast includes Tammy Grimes, David McCallum, Jack Weston, and Marge Redmond. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **CHICAGO**: An unpleasant musical about dreary people, but with a stunning performance by Jerry Orbach. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

... **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5090. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **EQUUS**: A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer. With Anthony Perkins, Ralph Seymour, and Page Johnson. The director is John Dexter. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS**: 7,097 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE**



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

CONSIDERED SUICIDE: The marvellous poems and prose of an American writer, Ntozake Shange, are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

GODSPELL: A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

GREASE: A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE MAGIC SHOW: A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

PIPPIN: A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 860-0550. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR: A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single twenty-five-year-old, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Sandy Dennis and Don Murray. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

SHENANDOAH: Hokum, but with a lot of songs. William Chapman sings many of them. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

STREAMERS: This play, set in an Army barracks in Virginia in 1965, completes David Rabe's trilogy on the Vietnam war. Though not quite up to Mr. Rabe's "Pavlo Hummel," on the same theme, it is very strong. The production, under Mike Nichols' direction, is excellent. There is considerable onstage bloodshed. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 787-8080. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

VANITIES: In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

THE WIZ: An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

THE CIRCUS: The hundred-and-seventh edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's circus. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesdays, except May 11, and Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursdays at 10:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1 and 5:30. Closes Sunday, June 5.)

ETHEL MERMAN-MARY MARTIN: Onstage together for the first time, in a benefit performance, with Cyril Ritchard narrating. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. Sunday, May 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 879-4890.)

TOLLER CRANSTON'S THE ICE SHOW: Starring Mr. Cranston, Jim Millns, and Colleen O'Connor. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, May 17-18. Opens officially on Thursday, May 19. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-

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night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 11, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." Thursday, May 12, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony." Friday, May 13, at 8: "Jewels." Saturday, May 14, at 2: "Concerto Barocco" and "Harlequinade." Saturday, May 14, at 8: "Bournonville Divertissements," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Pas de Deux," and "Cortège Hongrois." Sunday, May 15, at 1: "The Goldberg Variations" and "La Valse." Sunday, May 15, at 7: "Divertimento from 'Le Baiser de la Fée,'" "Monumentum pro Gesualdo/Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Duo Concertant," and "Western Symphony." Tuesday, May 17, at 8: "The Goldberg Variations" and "Cortège Hongrois." Wednesday, May 18, at 8: "Swan Lake," "Bournonville Divertissements," and "The Concert." Thursday, May 19, at 8: "Coppélia." Friday, May 20, at 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Dances at a Gathering," and "The Concert." Saturday, May 21, at 2: "Harlequinade" and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." Saturday, May 21, at 8: "Firebird," "The Cage," "Tzigane," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, July 3.)

AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE—Wednesday and Thursday evenings, May 11-12: "The Sleeping Beauty." Friday evening, May 13: "Les Noces," "Voluntaries," "Pas de Deux," and "The River." Saturday matinee, May 14: "The River," "Voluntaries," and "Les Noces." Saturday evening, May 14: "Les Noces," "Voluntaries," "Other Dances," and "The River." Monday, May 16: "The River," "Other Dances," "Voluntaries," and "Push Comes to Shove." Tuesday, May 17: "The River," "Pas de Deux," "Voluntaries," and "Push Comes to Shove." Wednesday evening, May 18 (a benefit performance; for tickets, call 265-0903): Thursday and Friday evenings, May 19-20; and Saturday matinee and evening, May 21: "The Nutcracker." (Metropolitan Opera House, 580-9830. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 11.)

MARTHA GRAHAM DANCE COMPANY—Opening performances of a four-week engagement that will run through Saturday, June 11—Monday, May 16, at 7: "Adorations," "Errand Into the Maze," "Primitive Mysteries," and "Appalachian Spring." Tuesday, May 17, at 7:30 (a benefit performance honoring Alexander Calder, with Margot Fonteyn and Rudolf Nureyev; for tickets, call 832-9166): An unnamed work (première), duet from "Romeo and Juliet," "The Wise Virgin," "El Penitente," "Diversion of Angels," and "Adorations." Wednesday, May 18, at 2: "Diversion of Angels," "El Penitente," "Primitive Mysteries," and "Appalachian Spring." Wednesday, May 18, at 8: "Diversion of Angels," the new work, "Primitive Mysteries," and "Appalachian Spring." Thursday, May 19, at 8: "Seraphic Dialogue," the new work, "El Penitente," and "Appalachian Spring." Friday, May 20, at 8: "Diversion of Angels," the new work, "El Penitente," and "Deaths and Entrances." Saturday, May 21, at 2: "Adorations," "El Penitente," "Primitive Mysteries," and "Appalachian Spring." Saturday, May 21, at 8: "Diversion of Angels," "Primitive Mysteries," "El Penitente," and "Plain of Prayer." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE—Wednesday, May 11, at 8: "The Lark Ascending," "Journey," "After Eden," "Myth," and "Night Creature." Thursday, May 12, at 8: "Ancestral Voices" (New York premiere),

"Hobo Sapiens," "Crossword," and "Revelations." Friday, May 13, at 8: "Three Black Kings," "The Wait," "Ancestral Voices," and "Caravan." Saturday, May 14, at 2: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Crossword," and "Revelations." Saturday, May 14, at 8: "Blues Suite," "Facets," "Ancestral Voices," "Countdown," and "Revelations." Sunday, May 15, at 2: "Gazelle," "The Wait," "Ancestral Voices," and "Revelations." Sunday, May 15, at 7:30: "Three Black Kings," "Love Songs," and "Blood Memories." Tuesday, May 17, at 8: "Three Black Kings," "The Wait," and "Blood Memories." Wednesday, May 18, and Friday, May 20, at 8: "The Lark Ascending," "After Eden," "The Road of the Phoebe Snow," "Journey," and "Night Creature." Thursday, May 19, at 8: "Ancestral Voices," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations." Saturday, May 21, at 2: "Gazelle," "Coverage II," "Ancestral Voices," and "Crossword." Saturday, May 21, at 8: "Three Black Kings," "Love Songs," "Ancestral Voices," and "Caravan." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Closes Sunday, May 22.)

TWYLA THARP AND DANCERS—A brief engagement—Thursday, May 12, at 7:30 (a benefit performance): "The Hodge Podge," with Paul Simon, singer-composer; "Mud" (première); and "The Bix Pieces," with Hermione Gingold, narrator. Friday and Saturday, May 13-14, at 8, and Sunday, May 15, at 2: "Country Dances," "Cacklin' Hen," "Half of the One Hundreds," and "Sue's Leg." Thursday, May 19, at 8 (a benefit performance): "The Hodge Podge," with Paul Simon, singer-composer, "Mud," and "The Bix Pieces," with Shelley Duval, narrator. Friday and Saturday, May 20-21, at 8, and Sunday, May 22, at 2: "Mud," "The Fugue," and "The Bix Pieces." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

KATHERINE LITZ—With her dance company, in a program of her own works. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Thursday through Saturday, May 12-14, at 8, and Sunday, May 15, at 2. For tickets, call 924-5451.)

SOPHIE MASLOW DANCE COMPANY—"The Village I Knew," an unnamed work (première), and "Decathlon." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Saturday, May 18-21, at 8, and Sunday, May 22, at 2 and 7:30.)

DIANNE MCINTYRE'S SOUNDS IN MOTION—Three programs selected from "The Lost Sun," "Deep South Suite," "The Voyage," "Union," and "Piano Peace." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, May 20, at 7:30; Saturday, May 21, at 8; and Sunday, May 22, at 2.)

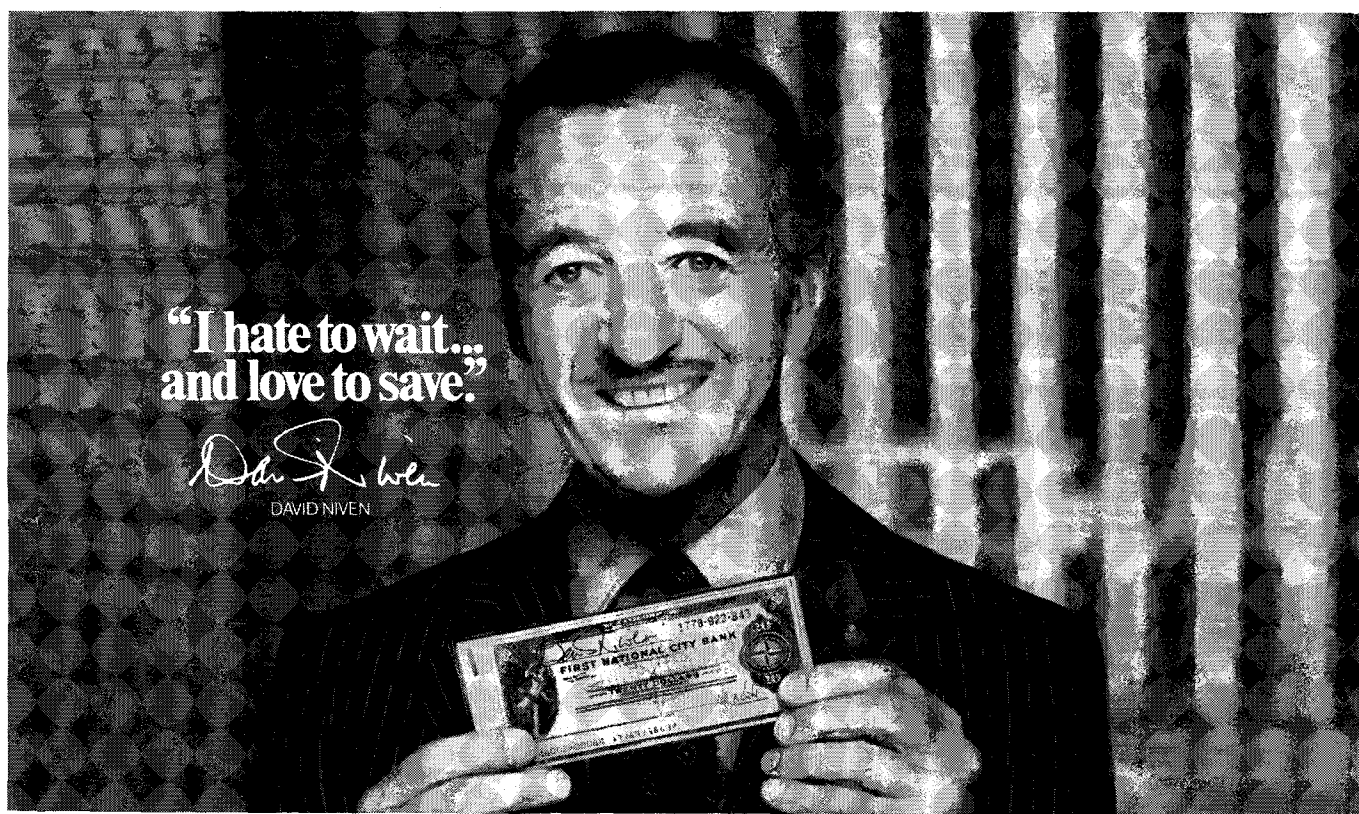
BALLET INTERVIEWS—Patricia McBride and Jean-Pierre Bonnefous being interviewed by John Gruen and answering questions from the audience. The last in a series of programs. (Town Hall, JU 2-4536. Monday, May 16, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—This unpretentious night club—although some might think of it as a SoHo music loft with a liquor license—presents some of the best experimental and tried-and-true jazz in the city. Drummer **MICHAEL CARVIN**, who honed his craft in Motown recording studios, leads a quartet through Saturday, May 14; on Tuesday, May 17, drummer **RASHIED ALI**, the proprietor here, will bring in his own foursome. On Mondays, composer, arranger, and tenor and soprano saxophonist **FRANK FOSTER** presides over the **LOUD MINORITY**, a spirited, head-turning musical monolith (twenty-two free-lance musicians, some young and promising, others older and fulfilled). Music from about ten. Soul food. Closes Sundays.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (473-9367)—A long, narrow, very white room—white walls, white tables, and white chairs—that may be too small for giving a ball but is just the right



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500	5.00	2.00	60%

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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size for an intimate cabaret. Singer and composer Michael Brown—he wrote for various "New Faces" productions—winds up a visit on Sunday, May 15; on Tuesday, May 17, Lee Horwin, an exceptionally poised, intelligent singer with a deep, rich voice, will arrive. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Sundays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand from seven until midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—This enlightened branch of a thirty-eight-part restaurant chain brings in fine musicians to play in its cocktail lounge. The management puts them in the picture window on Fifth Avenue to lure in patrons, and the strategy is successful. The current window occupant is seven-string guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI**; through Saturday, May 14. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BOOMER'S, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Well-amplified mainstream and, occasionally, out-there jazz on the bandstand. Pianist Hal Galper is in charge of a quintet through Saturday, May 14; on Tuesday, May 17, **BOB MOYER**, an impressive young alto saxophonist, will drop by with a quintet; and on Wednesday, May 18, pianist **MIKE LONGO** and trumpeter **JON FADDIS** will co-pilot a quintet. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The lineup: **LOU REED**, the patron saint of C.B.G.B. is onstage with his band on Wednesday, May 11; Thursday through Saturday, May 12-14, country singer and composer **DOLLY PARTON** will work with the eight studio slickers from Nashville that comprise her backing crew; on Monday and Tuesday, May 16-17, Southside Johnny and the Asbury Jukes will play Eastern-seaboard rock and roll; on Wednesday and Thursday, May 18-19, Brazilian percussionist **AIRTO** and his wife, singer **FLORA PURIM**, will perform rock-influenced Latin jazz; and on Friday, May 20, **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III**, a wry, witty folkish lyricist and a humorously gyrating singer and guitarist, will come in. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A neighborhood bar with dark pine panelling, patrons who like to talk, and good musicians, mostly pianists, who don't seem to mind playing through the talking. **JOHN BUNCH** is here through Saturday, May 14; and **JIMMY ROWLES** will take over on Monday, May 16. Music weeknights from ten. The Sunday chores are handled by **BARRY HARRIS** and his aides, from nine-thirty. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** is back in the Café Carlyle with his sidekicks, bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Gene Gammage. Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner and supper. . . **DICK WELLSTOOD** plays solo piano in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine to one.

C.B.G.B. & O.M.F.U.G., 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—This mid-sixties-seedy, neo-Bowery bar presents mostly local, primitive rock bands. Music most nights from roughly nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

CHUNG KUO YUAN, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON** has settled in the Aquarium Lounge here, singing in his special straight-ahead Billie Holiday way, pulling song after song out of his private thin air. He works Wednesdays through Sundays from nine to two.

CLEO, 1 Lincoln Plaza, Broadway at 63rd St. (724-6301)—**MABEL MERCER** and her accompanist, **Jimmy Lyon**, are present Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Adam Makowicz, a Polish pianist with a substantial European following, has begun his first engagement in this country.

Weeknights from eight to one. Blues pianist **SAMMY PRICE** plays on Sundays. Dining.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Herbie Hall, Vic Dickenson, Warren Vaché, Jr., Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. On Tuesday, May 17, **HELEN HUMES** will sing along with the regulars. Music from nine-thirty. Sundays are reserved for **SCOTT HAMILTON**, a young swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, and his quintet. They begin at eight. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An attractive haunt, short on space but not on music: Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, **AL HAIG**, one of the first and best bop pianists, goes to town with guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** and bassist **Jamil Nasser**. Wednesdays through Sundays from ten to three, **SONNY GREER**, the ageless drummer who was with Ellington for some thirty years; **RUSSELL PROCOPE**, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945; and **HOD O'BRIEN**, who is sitting in for the young Ellingtoniac and stride pianist Brooks Kerr, goad each other and come up with delightful swing numbers. Sunday, May 15, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASON** performs with pianist Jim Roberts and bassist **JACK SIX** from five-thirty to nine-thirty. And weeknights from six to nine-thirty, trumpeter Gene Roland, pianist Loumell Morgan, and bassist Morris Edwards get together on the tiny bandstand.

HOPPER'S, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—Guitarist **KENNY BURRELL**'s quartet is currently performing here Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven, and twelve-thirty. No music Sundays.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**JIMMY MCPARTLAND**, filling in for Roy Eldridge, has joined resident blowers Johnny Morris on piano, Ernie Hackett on drums, Clarence Hutchenrider on reeds, Ted Sturgis on bass, and Bobby Pratt on trombone for Tuesday-through-Saturday-night sessions. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

LARSON'S, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**ELLIS LARKINS**, now with a bassist (**BILLY POPP**) and a drummer (**JACK MC ALLISTER**), is rising to new heights—his arpeggios sparkle, his chords are buoyant, his touch is as a butterfly. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten to two. Dinner.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**RED NORVO**, the father of the vibraharp, is the

paterfamilias to a quartet—it comprises pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS**, bassist **MILT HINTON**, and drummer **RONNIE REDFORD**—from nine-fifteen to one through Saturday, May 14. On Tuesday, May 17, **BENNY CARTER**, the great alto saxophonist of the thirties and forties who went out West to spend most of the last twenty-five years in Hollywood recording studios, will begin his second annual stint here. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, **Woody Allen** comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side jazz-and-soul café. Local groups—aspiring and established ones—gather here. Music from about ten until three. Dinner.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Son of the Bitter End. Wednesday and Thursday, May 11-12, and Saturday and Sunday, May 14-15, guitarist **JIMMY PONDER** leads his quintet; Monday and Tuesday, May 16-17, the altogether charming hot-jazz violinist **STÉPHANE GRAPPELLI** will be here; and on Thursday, May 19, pianist Barry Miles will bring in his quartet. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER** is at the helm of a septet Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

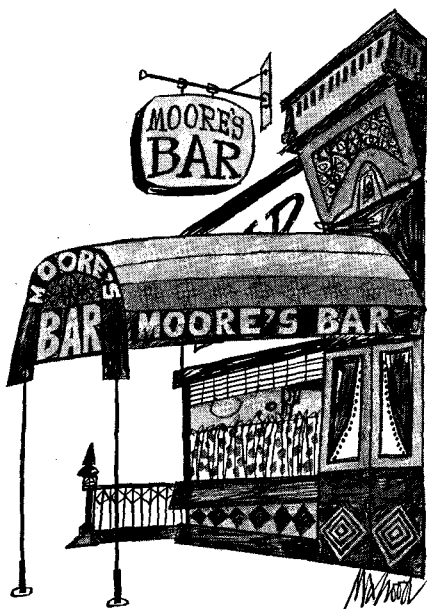
RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—**F.T.H.** (formerly the Harlettes, which is the vocal trio that used to back up Bette Midler) performs through Sunday, May 15; on Tuesday, May 17, singer Cissy Houston will come in. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at nine and midnight. Holly Woodlawn, the torch-singing female-impersonator, performs Saturday nights from two. Dining.

STORYVILLE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A big, informal below-stairs room. **EDDIE JEFFERSON**, the bebop-vocal pioneer of the early forties, is here with a quintet through Saturday, May 14. Jefferson is still scatting and singing versions of "Pennies from Heaven" and "Night in Tunisia," and his voice is dry, coarse, and forthright, sounding occasionally like a Sonny Rollins solo. Thursday through Saturday, May 19-21, two outstanding Basie section-men—trombonist **AL GREY** and saxophonist **JIMMY FORREST**—will work with a quintet. Music from ten to two-thirty.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—The **NEW CALIFORNIA RAMBLERS** are here Tuesdays, and they are probably the best of all the repertory groups. The splendid personnel includes **RICHARD SUBHALTER** on cornet (he is the leader, too) and the magisterial **JIMMY MAXWELL** on trumpet, **SAM PARKINS** on tenor saxophone, **MARTY GROSZ** on guitar, **VINCE GIORDANO** on tuba, bass, and bass saxophone, and drummer **TOMMY BENFORD**, who was there when Jelly Roll Morton and King Oliver and Armstrong were putting it all together. On Mondays, **DAVE MATTHEWS**, pianist and leader, has charge of a twelve-part aggregation; Wednesdays and on Thursday, May 19, saxophonist **LEE KONITZ**, always worth listening to, heads up a nonet; on Thursday, May 12, Double Image, a quartet, will perform; and on Friday and Saturday, May 13-14, Janet Lawson will sing with a backup trio. Music from nine-thirty. Closed Sundays.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Pianist **KENNY BARRON**, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, and drummer **BEN RILEY** perform through Saturday, May 14; on Sunday and Monday, May 15-16, Stan Rubin will lead a traditional group; and on Tuesday, May 17, the widely admired guitarist **JIM HALL** will begin a stint with his trio. The hours are from nine-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from eight on Sundays. Dinner.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—**Daphne HELLMAN'S ANGELS** (harp, guitar, bass), powered by their nonpareil guitarist, **EDDIE BERG**, play in the bar Tuesdays from nine-thirty to midnight. Downstairs, Willie Bobo, Joe Cuba, and their respective Latin combos will be onstage on Friday and Saturday, May 13-14; on Friday and Saturday, May 20-21, **RAHSAAN ROLAND KIRK**, who is a reed section all by himself, will head up his sextet. Fridays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Saturdays



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tire, automatic transmission, whitewall tires and AM radio, carries a manufacturer's suggested retail price of \$5,115.05, including dealer preparation. Tax, license, destination charges, and other available equipment additional. Priced higher in California.

Which, if you've done any comparative shopping at all, is a darn good price for any good mid-size car. But for a Buick, it's incredible.

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After you've seen the Regal, you'll talk yourself into it.



BUICK

If you're thinking about a mid-size, and you're not thinking about a Regal, maybe you'd better think again.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one-thirty. On Monday, May 16, a two-part benefit concert with a cast of thousands—CHARLIE ROUSE, SLIDE HAMPTON, JIMMY OWENS, JIMMY HEATH, ERNIE WILKINS, BILLY TAYLOR, KENNY BURRELL, SONNY FORTUNE, et al.—will take place at eight and eleven. Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—A noble, if smoke-filled, insituation. **DEXTER GORDON**, who was once regarded as the bop tenor saxophonist, and who is still in top form, leads a quartet through Sunday, May 15; on Tuesday, May 17, drummer **ART BLAKEY** will arrive with his latest batch of **JAZZ MESSENGERS**. **THAD JONES** and **MEL LEWIS**, who made a big-band institution out of Monday nights, continue that tradition with fifteen first-rate session players. Music from ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Music from eight to two.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject of thirties and forties jazz every night of the week in this beer-and-burger café. Columbia's off-campus music-appreciation classroom. Wednesdays. **JO JONES** usually shows up with his hi-hat and a quartet; Thursday and Friday, May 12-13, and Monday and Tuesday, May 16-17, are given over to four-string guitarist **TINY GRIMES** and a trio; Thursday and Friday, May 19-20, saxophonist **George Kelly's Jazz Sultans** hold forth; and Saturdays and Sundays are set aside for **EARLE WARREN**, **PAUL QUINICHETTE**, **BUDDY TATE**, **DILL JONES**, and others. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

INTERLUDES—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, May 11, at 5:45: **MAC FRAMPTON TRIO**. . . . Wednesday, May 18, at 5:45: **LAINIE KAZAN**.

ROBERT KLEIN—A benefit performance, (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday, May 12, at 8.)

GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA—A benefit concert, (St. George's Church, 207 E. 16th St. Friday, May 13, at 8. For tickets, call 977-9020.)

ROY BUCHANAN, the JAMES COTTON BLUES BAND, and LIGHTNIN' HOPKINS—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, May 13, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

BOB JAMES ORCHESTRA, RON CARTER'S QUARTET, and MARLENA SHAW—Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Friday, May 13, at 8.

POCO—Palladium. Saturday, May 14, at 8.

JAKI BYARD TRIO—New York Jazz Museum, 236 W. 54th St. 765-2150. Sunday, May 15, at 2, 3, and 4.

PROCOL HARUM and PABLO CRUISE—Palladium. Sunday, May 15, at 8.

COUNTRY IN NEW YORK—Roy Clark, Freddy Fender, Hank Thompson, Don Williams, and others. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Tuesday, May 17, at 8.)

ASHFORD & SIMPSON and ROY AYERS—Carnegie Hall. Thursday, May 19, at 8.

ANITA SHEER and the ROBBER BRIDEGROOM BAND—A benefit performance, (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5687. Friday, May 20, at 8.)

RETURN TO FOREVER (WITH CHICK COREA and STANLEY CLARKE)—Palladium. Friday, May 20, at 8, and Saturday, May 21, at 7:30 and 11:30.

BRASS CONSTRUCTION, WALTER JACKSON, and TERESA WIATER—Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 20, at 8.

CHARLES AZNAVOUR—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 21, at 7 and 10:30, and Sunday, May 22, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

ELLEN ADLER—Still-lives, plus a few small landscapes of eastern Long Island potato fields.

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Through Saturday, May 14. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

KERMIT ADLER—Watercolors of outsize clams on the half shell, potted plants, and other still-lives in interiors. Through May 28. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

CAROL ANTHONY—This artist has added full-size old codgers with Willkie buttons in their lapels to her pint-size menagerie of pugnacious brats (one ballerina-to-be wears a baseball cap and has a field jacket over her tutu) and querulous old biddies, all made of linen maché. A new crop of drawings is also on view. Through June 4. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

ROMARE BEARDEN—Twenty extraordinary collages in which black cutout figures, set against richly colored backgrounds, depict the Odyssey, from the fall of Troy to the homecoming. Through May 28. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

GIORGIO CAVALLON—Large and colorful Abstract Expressionist paintings in which mathematical order and free, intuitive gesture are happily combined. Through June 4. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

MIODRAG DJURIC DADO—Large, skillfully executed paintings of frightful monsters doing horrid things on a tortured landscape under a curiously pacific blue sky. Through June 30. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

RICHARD DIEBENKORN—Oils and works on paper that continue his "Ocean Park" series. Through June 2. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

ROBERT FRAME—Landscapes in the Burchfield-Hopper tradition. Through Saturday, May 21. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

BALCOMB GREENE—A retrospective made up of about fifty paintings. Through May 28. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

ROY GUSOW—Forged stainless-steel sculptures of various sizes, nearly all of them done in two parts and nestled together, like yang and yin. Through May 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MICHAEL HEIZER—Seven sculptures in granite, steel, and wood. Through June 11. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

JOHN HELIKER—Traditionalist paintings—still-lives, figures, portraits, landscapes—by an heir to the Impressionist heritage. Through Saturday, May 14. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

HELEN HOIE—What appear to be collages incorporating furls of transparent fabrics and fragments of paper are actually oil paintings, done in soft colors. Through May 25. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

BUDD HOPKINS—Bright-colored and precisely balanced geometric abstractions, each done on an assemblage of rectangular panels. Through May 26. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

SIDNEY LAUFMAN and MARINA STERN—Mr. Laufman, at the age of eighty-six, is still turning out landscapes that are reminiscent of Cézanne in the organization of their composition and the freshness of their color, and Mrs. Stern, a hard-edge realist, is in the line of Sheeler, depicting grain hoppers, lime kilns, oil refineries, and the like. Through Saturday, May 14. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MINORU NIIZUMA/HERBERT SCHNEIDER—Marble sculptures in which a polished pyramid seems to have pushed itself up through the rough stone and split the piece precisely in half. Lively collages in which playful, simplified nude couples frolic in idyllic settings. Through May 28. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

MAURICE PRENDERGAST (1859-1924)—A loan show of nearly ninety works stretching over his entire career and showing his slow, patient craftsmanship at its best. Included are many sparkling watercolors and numerous oils that have been buried for years in museum base-

ments. Through May 28. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

DAVID ROTH—Wall pieces made up of hundreds of strands of cord painted in various acrylic colors and suspended from a bar, plus grid patterns cut out of sheet aluminum and hung just far enough out from the wall to cast shadows that are an integral part of the piece. Through May 26. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.). . . . Drawings and graphics. Through May 25. (Einstein, 243 E. 82nd St.)

DAVID SHAPIRO—Paintings and drawings characterized by masses of small geometric shapes. Through May 28. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

ANITA SIEGEL—A dozen silk-screen prints of the same head and neck are the take-off point for these collages, which substitute steel engravings—of bird or rodent skeletons mostly—for facial features. Through Saturday, May 21. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

CRISTÓBAL TORAL—Impeccably executed realist paintings, aglow with varnish and verisimilitude, by a Spanish painter of considerable wit. Through May 28. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

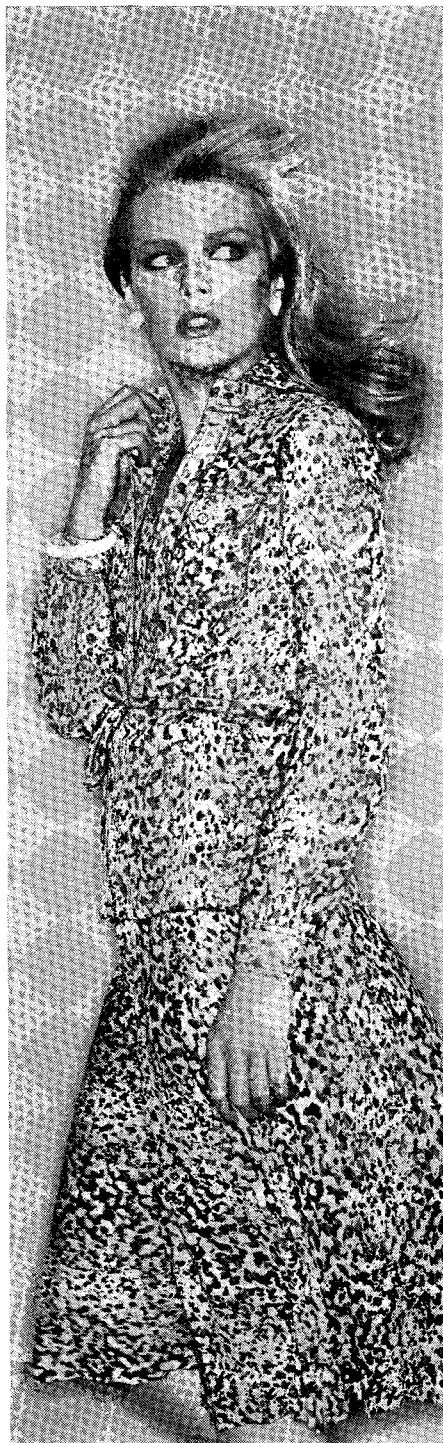
GROUP SHOWS—At the **ACQUAVELLA**, 18 E. 79th St.: Large, first-class examples of work by some of our big contemporary guns—Frankenthaler, Lichtenstein, Rauschenberg, Warhol. Through Wednesday, May 18. (Open Mondays). . . . **LA BOETIE**, 9 E. 82nd St.: A single subject—woman—as portrayed in a variety of mediums by artists associated with such diverse schools as Impressionism and Abstract Expressionism; also some African sculptures. Through Saturday, May 21. . . .

CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Examples of eighteenth-century Latin-American decorative art, including pieces that were used in the home (furniture, silver), in churches (a cardinal's hat), and for personal adornment (silver sandals, a crown). Through Aug. 7. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.). . . . **EX LIBRIS**, fifth floor, 25 E. 69th St.: A sampling of drawings, illustrated books, photographs, and other works by Russian Constructivists (Malevich, Moholy-Nagy, Berman, among them) and by comparable artists in other countries. Through Friday, May 13. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 5.). . . . **GRAHAM**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Symbol, myth, and allegory are the basis of a group of fifty paintings dating from the fourteenth century to the present. Artists include Benjamin West, Arthur B. Davies, and Edward Gorey. Through June 17. . . . **HUTTON**, 967 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Captivating examples of works by the Blaue Reiter artists, who included Kandinsky, Nolde, Klee, and Macke. Through June 11. (Open Mondays). . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A selection of works, including some by stars of the early days of this magazine, among them Mary Petty, Peter Arno, James Thurber, and Ralph Barton. Through Saturday, May 21. . . . **NOYES, VAN CLINE & DAVENPORT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: A show called *Celestial Phenomena* includes panels that might have been stripped off the moon's surface, by Steve Agin; a lighted wall sculpture of a solar eclipse, by Joseph Scala; and a shaped canvas of brilliant receding stripes, by James Martindale. Through May 28. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: The current exhibit includes a splendid Modigliani portrait (of green-eyed Marie Vasiliev), a colorful Vlaminck landscape, and a small wooden Calder stabile done in 1943, when all our metal was going into arms. Through May 28. . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Photo-Realist paintings by Richard Estes, box constructions by Rosamond Berg, and drawings by Robert Quigley. Through May 28. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: About ninety works make up a show that is a benefit for and on loan from the University of Rochester's art gallery. Included are paintings (by El Greco, Ingres, Luks, and others), medieval sculptures, and decorative objects. Through May 28. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

JEAN-PAUL AGOSTI—Watercolors; first one-man show in New York. Through June 17. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

ROBERT ARNESON—Giant ceramic heads, three of them self-portraits, two caricaturing the gallery owner, and others depicting friends and fellow-artists of the Bay Area. Through May



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

28. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

MAX BECKMANN (1884-1950)—Paintings done from 1933 on, many of them portraits. Also sculptures. Through June 10. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

ISABEL CASE BORGATTA—Fabric sculptures of figures, alone or in groups. Through Saturday, May 21. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

ERNEST BRIGGS—Abstract oil paintings, each centered on the same hieroglyph from some private alphabet, done in bold swipes with a heavy brush and in dozens of color combinations. Through May 24. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

ANTHONY CARO—Huge new abstract sculptures, incorporating amorphous blobs of steel compressed between sections of his plate-steel assemblages. Through Saturday, May 21. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

CHUCK CLOSE—Gigantic paintings of heads, copied pore by pore, hair by hair, from color photographs by a refinement of the grid process with which billboard painters blow up their cartoons to enormous size. Also, preliminary drawings that illustrate, deceptively, how simple the process is. Through June 4. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

TONI DOVE/CARL NICHOLAS TITOLO—Birds of the region and icy mountain ranges superimposed in watercolors on large-scale maps of partly real and partly imaginary coastal areas, by a granddaughter of Arthur G. Dove. / Surrealist miniatures, mostly of circus scenes, done in mixed mediums and in almost microscopic detail. Through May 27. (Dintenfuss, 50 W. 57th St.)

JACOB EL HANANI—Large paintings made up of tiny groups of parallel pen-and-ink lines, so fine that they are almost invisible. The artist is an Israeli; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, May 21. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

MAURICE FREEDMAN—Landscapes in oil by a veteran New England artist. Through Saturday, May 14. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

JOHN GUNDELFINGER—Realist landscape paintings of the Delaware Water Gap countryside seen through a summery haze. Through Thursday, May 19. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

EDWARD HOPPER (1882-1967)—Paintings, drawings, and etchings, including some never previously exhibited. Through June 8. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

PATRICK IRELAND—Arrangements of tiny colored dots—in straight lines, in seemingly random constellations, and in dense patterns—which often play tricks on the eyes. Through Saturday, May 14. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

GRÉGOIRE MÜLLER/PAUL HARBUTT—Recent works by this artist, who adds an American accent to works that pay frank homage to Matisse and Picasso. / Sketchy paintings and drawings by a British-born artist who acknowledges Moore and Bacon as strong influences. Through May 24. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

SHOZO NAGANO—Big wall pieces, made of canvas-covered wood, which create the illusion of jumbled timbers jutting out into the room or crazily balanced in a tall column. Through May 26. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

LOUISE NEVELSON—A dozen of the twenty drawings that this sculptor made one day in January for a television show. They are surprisingly confident and vigorous, and were boldly accented later on by the addition of black collage areas torn out of paper. Through June 11. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

MATT PHILLIPS—Large monotypes, with shadowy figures and suggestions of figures, in pale, attenuated colors, and strongly Oriental in feeling. Through Saturday, May 21. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

RODNEY RIPPES—Long (almost nine feet) rectangular hangings composed of artificial leaves, wax, and paint, forming a sort of three-dimensional flower bed. Through Saturday, May 14. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

JAMES ROSATI—Recent metal sculptures, ranging in size from tabletop Cubist pieces to ceiling-high arrangements of simple abstract forms. Through Saturday, May 21. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

COSTAS TSOCLIS—Modish-looking wall pieces consisting of polished-steel frames faced over,

or partially faced over, with polished-steel plates, plus floor pieces in which a big white cylinder—perhaps an outside cigarette—is dipped in a bright-colored powder. First one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, May 14. (Iolas, 52 E. 57th St.)

SCULPTURE—At the HAMILTON, 20 W. 57th St.: Works by Caro, Ginnever, Witkin, and others juxtaposed with photographs of sculptures by Russian Constructivists. Through June 1. ... **ZABRISKIE**, 29 W. 57th St.: A captivating display of moving sculpture activated by the slightest touch, including a massive rocking piece by di Suvero; a couple of free-floating mobiles by Calder; a rippling thicket of red and white metal rods by Soto; and a delicately balanced piece, vaguely floral, with seesawing triangular petals, by Rickey. Through Saturday, May 21. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

CARL ANDRE—In one room, steel plates about a foot long are laid out on the floor in rows of prime numbers (through thirty-one), with gaps left between them for the composite numbers; and in another room, six rectilinear arrangements of thirty plates each. Through May 28. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

MIRIAM BRUMER/SUZANNE WEISBERG—Abstract paintings and drawings, usually derived from a winged-insect form. / Abstract illusionist paintings. Through Wednesday, May 18. (Lotus, 81 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

LOUISE FISHMAN—Abstract works on paper to which many layers of paint and beeswax have been applied and scraped off. Through June 2. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

WALLACE FRENCH—One vast wall construction, seven feet tall and twenty-eight feet long, made of wood painted white with narrow, widely separated vertical stripes, plus assemblages of steel-gray panels, and paintings of panels. Through May 28. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

ANTONIO GAUDI (1852-1926)—A loan show of his remarkably delicate architectural drawings (for palaces, residences, fountains, piers, and so on). Through May 24. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 9.)

YAN HSIA/FRANK BRAMBLETT—Deliberately blurred paintings of city crowds, giving a vivid impression of metropolitan hurly-burly. / Large, flat totemic objects made of marble dust and mixed resins. ... ¶ In a rear room of the gallery, an exhibit of actual police files, circa 1925, shows scary, deadpan photographs of some of our leading gangsters, among them Louis Lepke Buchalter, Legs Diamond, Lucky Luciano, and Joe Adonis (this one subtitled "General Thief"). Through Saturday, May 21. (O.K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

PENELOPE JENCKS—Terra-cotta figures of women, about three-quarters life-size, standing in patient, pensive poses, except for one—the only nude, in bronze—who is recumbent. Through Friday, May 13. (Landmark, 469 Broome St. Opens at 11:30.)

RONALD MALLORY—Paintings. Through June 4. (Bonino, 98 Prince St.)

ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG—A number of shows are being held to coincide with his retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art. A double exhibit of new works through Saturday, May 14 at Castelli and Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. ... ¶ Prints, handmade-paper works, two clay sculptures, and other objects. Through Saturday, May 14 at Getler-Pall, 50 W. 57th St. ... ¶ Silk screens through May 27 at Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.

MILTON RESNICK—Thickly painted oils. Through May 28. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

EILEEN SPIKOL—Arrangements of painted resin casts of fish and animal skeletons, plus drawings. Through May 25. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

DAVID TRUE—Stylized oil paintings of the sea, most of them incorporating an abstract boat shape cleaving through the water and leaving a bow wave. Through Saturday, May 21. (Thorp, 139 Spring St.)

IDELLE WEBER—Realist paintings of collections of old beer bottles and cans, torn magazines, and other detritus. Through Saturday, May 21. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

GROUP SHOW—Paintings by gallery regulars

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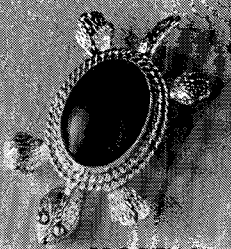
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



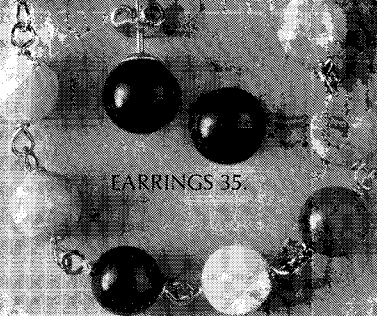
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Frances Barth, Robert Swain, and others. Through June 4. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

OTHER GALLERIES

FAITH BROMBERG / VICTOR ELMALEH—Bright-colored free-association paintings, involving fancy automobiles, wild parties, and low-life characters. / Delicate, postcard-size abstracts, some based on marine forms and some on landscapes. Through May 28. (Roko, 90 E. 10th St. Opens at noon.)

JOHN AVERY NEWMAN—Elongated wooden structures that interrupt the usual passageways leading across this exhibition space. Through May 27. (City University Graduate Center, ground-floor arcade, 33 W. 42nd St.)

BEATRIX POTTER (1866-1943)—A comprehensive exhibit of original works. Through Saturday, May 14. (Grey Art Gallery of New York University, Washington Place, just east of Washington Square. Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5, and Wednesday evenings until 8:30; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

JEAN SARIANO—Colorful gouaches and etchings teeming with the merry imps who populate this artist's works. Through Saturday, May 14. (Gramercy Park Fine Arts, 112 E. 19th St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

BEAT ART—Thirty-eight drawings by members of the Beat elite, including a number they made of one another. Through Thursday, May 19. (Butler Library, Columbia University, Broadway at 114th St. Wednesday and Thursday, May 11-12, from 9 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Friday, May 13, and Monday through Thursday, May 16-19, from 9 to 5.)

FINE ARTS BUILDING, 105 Hudson St.—SRAGOW is showing a startling illusionary feat—a game of rummy played on a real card table by spectral hands projected from a film; the viewer can either sit at the table, and feel creepy, or watch from the sidelines. Through May 28. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)... **FINE ARTS BUILDING GALLERY** is showing drawings of Rome and New York by Domenico Bianchi. Through Saturday, May 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 3 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

ANIA BIEN—Small black-and-white prints mounted in groups, in which the subject (a basketball court, a building facade, a row of tulips) is photographed in sequence from varied angles. Through Saturday, May 21. (Castelli Uptown, 4 E. 77th St.)

DEAN BROWN (1936-73)—Small-scale dye-transfer prints of Alaskan and Southwestern landscapes dominate this exhibit. Through May 28. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

LOUIS FAURER—A selection of photographs of New York, covering the years before the Second World War through the mid-sixties. Through Saturday, May 21. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

LEWIS W. HINE (1874-1940)—A retrospective of two hundred and twenty vintage prints, plus memorabilia and pictures by some of Hine's contemporaries, is on view at the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

GÖRGY KEPES—A retrospective of works by this photographer whose experiments with light and abstraction led him to join forces with his compatriot Moholy-Nagy at the latter's New Bauhaus in Chicago in 1937. Through Saturday, May 21. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

NADAR (1820-1910) / EDWARD STEICHEN (1879-1973)—Portraits of artists, writers, and composers in nineteenth-century Paris. / Portraits also, these centering on notables in twentieth-century New York. Through June 25. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

IRVING PENN—A crumpled package of cigarettes, a mud-covered glove, and other discards found in the streets figure in the twenty-eight platinum prints on exhibit at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MAN RAY (1890-1976)—A selection of more than a hundred photographs, solarizations, and Rayographs by an artist whom Jean Cocteau once described as a "poet of the darkroom." The works include portraits of, among others, Buñuel, Ernst, and Thomas Mann. Through Saturday, May 21. (Kimmel-Cohn, 41 Central Park W., at 64th St.)

LILLO RAYMOND—Still-lives; first solo show in New York. Through Tuesday, May 17. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

TODD WEBB—A retrospective of his works includes pictures of Paris, New York, and the Midwest. Through Saturday, May 21. (Vitolo-Rinhart, 818 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Opens at noon.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: "Photnotations II," an exhibit of photographs by painters and sculptors—Duchamp, Diebenkorn, and Wesselmann among them. Through June 4.... **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: A retrospective exhibition of prints by Josef Sudek (1896-1976), including scenes of his native Czechoslovakia. Through July 3....

More than a hundred vintage prints from the Julien Levy collection, including works by, among others, Atget, Gertrude Käsebier, and George Platt Lynes. Through May 29. (Open Sundays.)... **LIGHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Works that combine color photographs of forest scenes with twigs, leaves, and clumps of earth from the scenes pictured, by Alan Sonstif; large-scale prints of industrial sites, by Grant Mudford; and landscapes and garden scenes, by Josef Sudek. Through May 28.... **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART**, 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibit of photographs devoted entirely to the American county courthouse. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

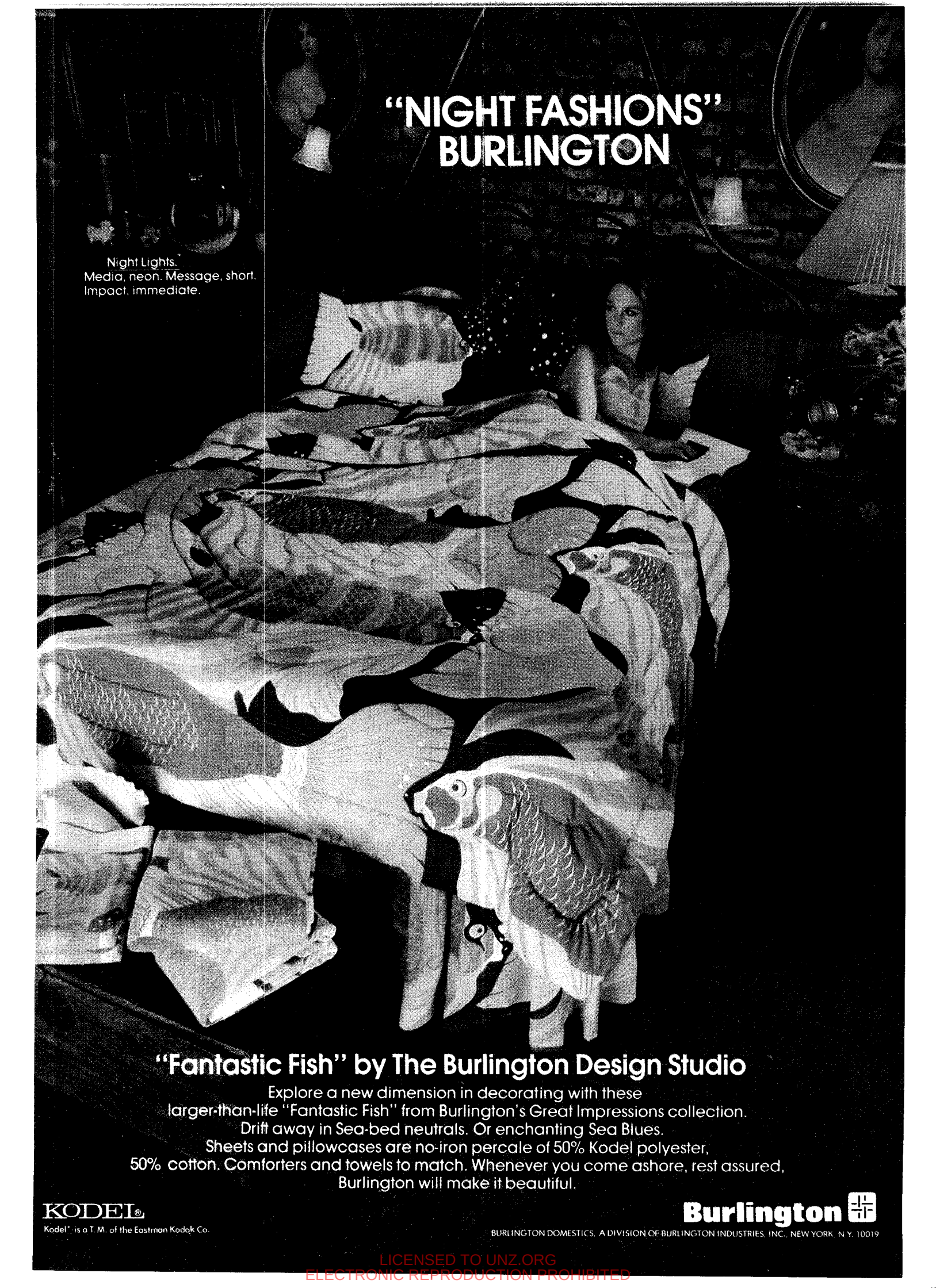
METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit covering nearly every aspect of the career of Edgar Degas, from early portraits to pastels of dancers and bathers. Also works by other artists (Ingres, Delacroix, Renoir, Hokusai) which are said to have influenced Degas. Through Sept. 4.... More than a hundred and fifty works on loan from museums in the Soviet Union. Dating from the fourteenth century to the present, they include icons, portraits, landscapes. Through June 26.... A sumptuous exhibit of clothing and accessories from Russia that focusses on the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and ranges from regional peasant costumes to the wedding dress of Catherine the Great. Through Aug. 30.... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Irving Penn. Through June 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the works of Robert Rauschenberg. Through Tuesday, May 17. Complementary shows are at Blum-Helman Gallery, 13 E. 75th St.; and (ending Saturday) Leo Castelli, 420 West Broadway; Getler-Pall Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.; and Sonnabend Gallery, 420 West Broadway.... A selection from the museum's collection of British drawings dating from the turn of the century to the present, with examples by Walter Richard Sickert, Henry Moore, David Hockney, and others. Through May 31.... **PHOTOGRAPHY**: Group show centering on pictures of courthouses. Through July 10. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A retrospective of the works of Kenneth Noland includes more than a hundred paintings, plus a recently completed sculpture on exhibit for the first time. Through June 19. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The centerpiece of Robert Irwin's retrospective of paintings, sculptures, and photographs is a gauzy fabric stretched the length of the fourth floor (the partitions have been removed) and suspended from the ceiling to eye level. Through May 29.... Selections from the bequest of Lawrence H. Bloedel include paintings by Loren MacIver, Milton Avery, and Larry Rivers. Through June 19.... Fifty prints, drawings, and watercolors, culled from the permanent collection, centering on New York life. Artists include Isabel Bishop, George Bellows, and Richard Haas. Through May 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 10, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Prints



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1/3 cup flour	CRACKER BARREL
1 1/2 cups milk	Brand Sharp Natural
1 teaspoon salt	Cheddar Cheese
Dash of cayenne	6 eggs, separated

Heat oven to 300°. Make a white sauce with margarine, flour, milk and seasonings. Add cheese; stir until melted. Remove from heat. Gradually add slightly beaten egg yolks; cool. Fold into stiffly beaten egg whites; pour into a 2-quart soufflé dish or casserole. With tip of spoon, make slight indentation or "track" around top of soufflé 1-inch in from edge to form a top hat. Bake at 300°, 1 hour and 15-minutes. Serve immediately. 6 servings



GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and drawings depicting the artist's world—studio, art school, and so on—including self-portraits (Alfred Leslie, Whistler, others) and four portraits of the ambitious Abraham Walkowitz, who once asked a hundred artists to use him as a subject and, as a result, "lost fifteen pounds and occasionally fainted from the strain of posing." Through May 22. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Lewis W. Hine. Through Sunday, May 15. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays. Hours: Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A small slide and photographic exhibit about the career of the museum's laureate anthropologist, Margaret Mead. Through May 30. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A display of Chinese pottery that was made for the Japanese market between 618 and 1644. All the pieces, which include tea-ceremony utensils and vases, come from collections in Japan. Through June 26. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Thursday evenings until 8:30; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—Furniture and decorations from the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, as well as architectural drawings and sketches of the place. Through May 22. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—A survey of the library's medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts. . . . A display of some of John Ruskin's correspondence, manuscripts (one written and illustrated when he was nine), drawings, and personal possessions. . . . Forty-five books (including the only complete copy of "Morte d'Arthur" printed by William Caxton. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) All through July 30.

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—Paintings by New York State folk artists, including Ammi Phillips and Sheldon Peck. Through May 22. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—The current show here is called "Grass," and that's just what it is—a surprising variety of articles made of grass. (Bamboo is a grass, which helps.) Through June 10. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—Diaries kept by writers (Virginia Woolf, Sean O'Casey, Herman Melville, and William Inge among them) from the seventeenth century on make up the new show from the Berg Collection. Through Sept. 16. (Open every day except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An exhibit that re-creates, through photographs, architectural models, and drawings, the history of housing for blacks in New York. Through June 12. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

BRONX OPERA COMPANY—Two performances of Daniel Francois Auber's "Fra Diavolo," in English, staged by Charles Kondek, with the Bronx Opera Orchestra and Repertory Chorus directed by Michael Spierman, (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Saturday, May 14, at 8, and Sunday, May 15, at 3. Tickets at the box office at performance times.)

NEW OPERA THEATRE—The second of two programs staged by Jan Strassfogel, this one a double bill in English: The New York premiere of Viktor Ullmann's "The Emperor

of Atlantis" (with Nancy Williams, mezzo-soprano; Chester Ludgin, baritone; Herbert Beattie, bass; and the New Opera Theatre Ensemble, conducted by Kerry Woodward); and the premiere of Dominick Argento's "A Water Bird Talk" (with Vern Sutton, tenor, and the New Opera Theatre Ensemble, conducted by Phillip Brunelle). (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, May 19—a benefit performance—and also Friday and Saturday, May 20-21, at 8, and Sunday, May 22, at 2.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall—Pierre Boulez directing the final concerts of the regular season. Performances of Berlioz' dramatic legend "The Damnation of Faust" on Thursday, May 12, at 8:30; Friday, May 13, at 2; and Saturday, May 14, at 8:30 (with Jessye Norman, soprano; Werner Hollweg, tenor; Justino Diaz, bass-baritone; William Parker, bass; and the Westminster Choir). . . . Andre Kostelanetz conducting the opening concerts of a four-week season of "Promenades" that will run through Saturday, June 11. "Gala Promenade" on Wednesday and Thursday, May 18-19, at 8:30 (with Anna Moffo, soprano); and "Fantasy Promenade" on Friday and Saturday, May 20-21, and Tuesday, May 24, all at 8:30 (with Ruggero Ricci, violin; Carmen Carrozza, accordion; and John V. Lindsay, narrator).

CHICAGO SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—At Carnegie Hall, Georg Solti conducting the final concerts of the season here—Wednesday, May 11, at 8: A Mozart-Mahler program. . . . Friday, May 13, at 8: A performance of Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," with Lucia Popp, soprano; Yvonne Minton, mezzo-soprano; Mallory Walker, tenor; Gwynne Howell, bass; and the Chicago Symphony Chorus.

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIA—David Amram conducting a program entitled "From Handel to Benjamin Britten," with Karen Lindquist, harp; Richard Fitz, timpani; and the Charles Moore Dancers. The final concert of the season. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, May 14, at 2.)

RIDGEFIELD ORCHESTRA—Beatrice Brown conducting, with Anthony di Bonaventura, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 14, at 8.)

ENSEMBLE OF NEW YORK—Harvey Sollberger conducting, with Lucy Shelton, soprano, and James Stubbs, trumpet. (Greenwich House Music School, 46 Barrow St. Sunday, May 15, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

SENIOR CONCERT ORCHESTRA OF NEW YORK—Emil Kahn conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, May 18, at 2:30.)

SYMPHONY OF THE NEW WORLD—Everett Lee conducting, with Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano; McHenry Boatwright, bass-baritone; Ransom Wilson, flute; Erick Friedman, violin; Mary Lou Williams and Eubie Blake, jazz piano; and others. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, May 21, at 3.)

NEW YORK GRAND OPERA COMPANY—Vincent La Selva conducting an all-Verdi program. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. Saturday, May 21, at 8. For tickets, call 595-0537.)

OUR BACH CONCERT—Twenty-four musicians, including Henry Schuman, oboe and oboe d'amore, and Kenneth Cooper, harpsichord, who perform without a conductor. With Syoko Aki, violin. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, May 21, at midnight.)

ORATORIO SOCIETY OF NEW YORK—Lyndon Woodside directing a program of a-cappella music. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, May 11, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

NEW YORK UNIVERSITY CHORAL ARTS SOCIETY—E. Jon de Revere directing. (New York University Theatre, 35 W. 4th St. Wednesday, May 11, at 8:30. For tickets, call 598-3002.)

GREGG SMITH SINGERS—Gregg Smith directing the Monteverdi "Vespers," with the Concert Royal baroque orchestra. The final concert of the season. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 12, at 8.)

GLEE CLUB OF THE FRIENDLY SONS OF ST. PATRICK—George Mead directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, May 13, at 8.)

SCHOLA ANTIQUA—R. John Blackley directing a



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

program of medieval chant and polyphony. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park, Sunday, May 15, at 3. For information about tickets, call 923-3700, Ext. 14, Wednesday through Friday.)

METROPOLITAN GREEK CHORALE—Dino Anagnost directing, with members of the American Symphony Orchestra. (Carnegie Hall, Sunday, May 15, at 7.)

DESSOFF CHOIRS—Michael Hammond directing a program entitled "Seven Centuries of French Music." (St. Thomas Church, Fifth Ave. at 53rd St. Friday, May 20, at 8. For information about tickets, call 228-9226.)

RECITALS

NEW AND NEWER MUSIC—The last in a series of concerts, this one played by Tashi. (New York Public Library at Lincoln Center Auditorium, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Thursday, May 12, at 7:30. For tickets, which will not be on sale at the auditorium, call 362-1911.)

PROSPECTIVE ENCOUNTER—Pierre Boulez directing members of the New York Philharmonic in the second of two programs of contemporary chamber music, this one with Thomas Stacy, English horn. The performance will take place between eight and ten, with periods before and after devoted to "encounters"—possibly even confrontations—between the artists and the audience. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, May 13. For information about tickets, call 799-9595.)

COMPOSERS' FORUM—A program devoted to works by Seymour Barab, Gerald Ginsberg, and others. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Saturday, May 14, at 2. No tickets necessary.)

COFFEE CONCERT—The Tokyo String Quartet; the Cleveland Quartet; and Paula Robison, flute, will play the last in a series of hour-long concerts, following which the artists mingle with the audience over coffee. A benefit performance. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, May 14, at 4.)

LUCY ISHKANIAN—Piano. (Carnegie Hall, Saturday, May 14, at 8.)

ALFRED BRENDL—Piano, in the last in a series of all-Beethoven recitals, this one devoted to sonatas from the late period. (Carnegie Hall, Sunday, May 15, at 3.)

MURRAY PERAHIA—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall, Sunday, May 15, at 8.)

CHRISTINA PETROWSKA—Piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Monday, May 16, at 8.)

GROUP FOR CONTEMPORARY MUSIC—Music by Ingolf Dahl, Charles Wuorinen, Nicolas Roussakis, and Fukushima, with the Troupe for Contemporary Music and Dance. The final concert of the season. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, May 16, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

AMERICAN STRING QUARTET—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Richard Goode, piano. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Tuesday, May 17, at 8.)

WITOLD MALCUZYNSKI—Piano, in a benefit all-Chopin program. (Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, May 18, at 8.)

GUARNERI QUARTET—A program of Czech music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, May 18, at 8.)

REBECCA PENNEYS—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, May 19, at 8.)

APPLE HILL CHAMBER PLAYERS—The last in a series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall, Thursday, May 19, at 8.)

PARNASSUS—The last in a series of concerts of music of our time. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Thursday, May 19, at 8.)

MUSIC FROM MONTREUX—Gary Karr, double bass; the Brass Quintet of the Orchestre National de France; and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall, Friday, May 20, at 8.)

WESTERN WIND—A vocal sextet in a program entitled "Music in the New World, Part II." (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, May 20, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

JUDITH RASKIN—Soprano. (Kaufmann Concert

Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 21, at 8.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—**METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Diego, Wednesday and Thursday, May 11-12, at 8:05.... **Los Angeles**, Friday, May 13, at 8:05, and Saturday and Sunday, May 14-15, at 2:05.... **San Francisco**, Tuesday through Thursday, May 17-19, at 8:05.... **YANKEES** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Baltimore, Thursday and Friday, May 19-20, at 8, and Saturday, May 21, at 2.

BOXING—Ken Norton vs. Duane Bobick, heavyweights, 12 rounds; Mike Quarry vs. Mike Rossman, light heavyweights, 11 rounds; and Howard Davis vs. Carlos Gonzales, lightweights, 6 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 11, at 8.)

CREW—Eastern Association of Rowing Colleges Championship Regatta. (Lake Carnegie, Princeton. Sunday, May 15.)

RACING—At **AQUEDUCT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, May 21. The Vagrancy Handicap, Wednesday, May 11; the Withers, Saturday, May 14; and the Rosebent Handicap, Saturday, May 21.... **GARDEN STATE PARK-ATLANTIC CITY**, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weekdays at 2; through Tuesday, May 31.... **PIMLICO**, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 21.

SOCCER—Cosmos vs. Ft. Lauderdale. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands, East Rutherford, N.J. Sunday, May 15, at 2:05. For information about tickets, call 484-6010.)

PROFESSIONAL TENNIS—World Team Tennis—New York Apples vs. Boston. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Saturday, May 14, at 7:30.)... **New York Apples** vs. San Diego. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. Tuesday, May 17, at 7:30.) For information about tickets, call 725-0070.

TROTTING—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, June 18.... **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Nov. 19.... **MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK**, East Rutherford, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, July 30.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

FLOWER SHOW—The May Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Saturday and Sunday, May 14-15, noon to 7.

AUCTIONS—At **SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, May 11, at 8: Impressionist and modern paintings and sculptures by such artists as Renoir, Picasso, Matisse, and Maillo; from the estate of Abby Rockefeller Mauze and from other sources.... **Thursday**, May 12, at 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century drawings and watercolors, from various owners.... **Thursday**, May 12, at 8, and Friday, May 13, at 2: Contemporary paintings and sculptures, including work by Clyfford Still, Mark Rothko, Francis Bacon, Alexander Calder, and Morris Louis; from the collection of Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Scull and from other owners. Admission to the Thursday evening session by card only; for information, call 472-3614.... **Friday**, May 13, at 10:15: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures by Degas, Derain, Dali, Hepworth, Nadelman, and others; the property of Arthur Murray and others.... **Tuesday** and Wednesday, May 17-18, at 2: Jewelry, from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Friday, May 13.... **Wednesday**, May 18, at 2, and Thursday, May 19, at 10:15 and 2: Old Master and nineteenth- and twentieth-century prints, from many collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, May 13.... **CHRISTIE'S**, 5025 Park Ave., at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5.) Monday, May 16, at 8: Impressionist and modern paintings by such artists as Pissarro, Degas, Manet, and Sisley; from various owners, including Mr. and Mrs. Sydney R. Barlow.... **Tuesday**, May 17, at 11: Impressionist and modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures; the property of Benny Goodman and others.

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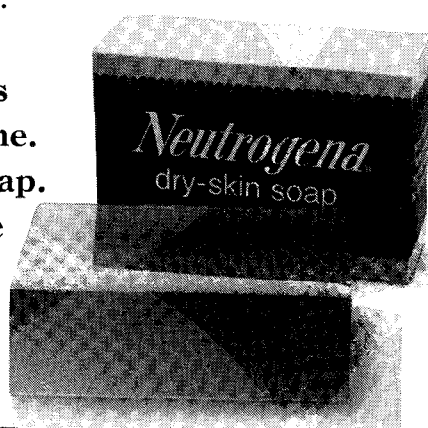
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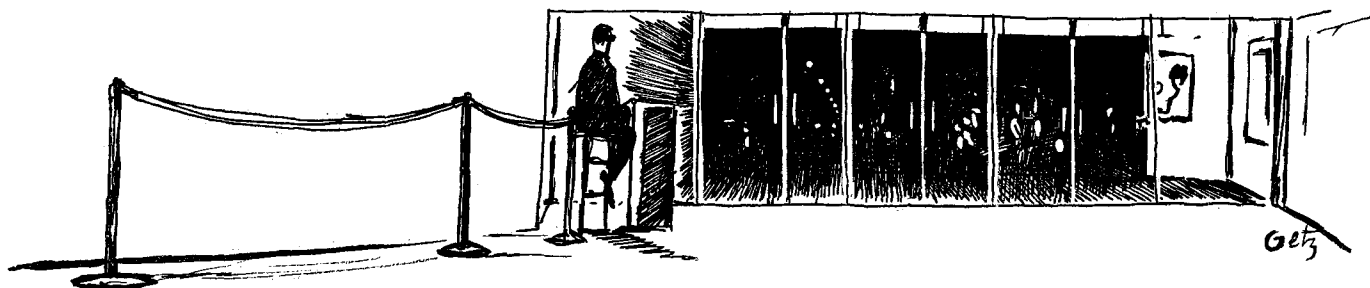
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through May 17: "The Godfather" and "The Godfather, Part II."
From May 18: "Welcome to L.A."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through May 17: "Network" and "Lenny."
From May 18: "Islands in the Stream" and another feature, to be announced.

JEAN RENOIR CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 10th. (873-8702; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through May 18: "Rebellion in Patagonia" and "Union Maids."
From May 19: "Tenderness of the Wolves."

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 17: "Silver Streak."
From May 18: To be announced.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Through May 12: "The Late Show."
From May 13: "The Car."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Annie Hall."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Andy Warhol's Bad" (X-rated).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Between the Lines."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Cross of Iron."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through May 14: "Welcome to L.A."
From May 15: "Looking Up."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Jacob the Liar."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Annie Hall."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"3 Women."

59TH ST. EAST, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Beast" (X-rated).

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
May 11: "Aguirre, the Wrath of God."
From May 12: "Cousin Angelica."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Jabberwocky."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Nasty Habits."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Woodstock."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Rocky."

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Slap Shot."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Cousin, Cousine."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Black Sunday."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 17: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution."
From May 18: "Islands in the Stream."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Rocky."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Woodstock."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Cross of Iron."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Godfather" and "The Godfather, Part II."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through May 12: "Airport '77."
From May 13: "The Car."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Through May 17: "Fun with Dick and Jane."
From May 18: "Billy Jack Goes to Washington."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)

THE MOVIE HOUSES

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			11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Through May 17: "Andy Warhol's Bad" (X-rated).
From May 18: To be announced.

WEST SIDE

WAYVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Cross of Iron."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515)
Through May 17: "Modern Times" and "The Great Dictator."
From May 18: To be announced.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Rocky."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Late Show."
Theatre 2: Through May 17: "Woodstock."
From May 18: "Welcome to L.A."
Theatre 3: "Andy Warhol's Bad" (X-rated).
Theatre 4: Through May 12: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (X-rated). From May 13: "Love in 3-D" (X-rated).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Raggedy Ann & Andy."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through May 18: "The Sting."
From May 19: "Smokey and the Bandit."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 17: "Network" and "Next Stop, Greenwich Village."
From May 18: "The Eagle Has Landed" and "The Odessa File."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Annie Hall."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Black and White in Color."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"Man on the Roof."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Wizards."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through May 12: "Before the Revolution" and "La Salamandre."
From May 13: "The Mystery of Kasper Hauser" and "Walkabout."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through May 17: "Providence."
From May 18: "Welcome to L.A."

LOEWS 83RD TRIPLEX, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Slap Shot."
Theatre 2: "Cross of Iron."
Theatre 3: "Rocky."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 19 (tentative): "Ali: Fear Eats the Soul" and "The Merchant of Four Seasons."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 17: "The Seven-Per-Cent Solution" and "Family Plot."
From May 18: "Through the Looking Glass" and "S.O.S." (both X-rated).

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with

a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
May 11: "The Crime of Monsieur Lange" (1935), in French, directed by Jean Renoir, with René Lefèvre; and "The Baker's Wife" (1938), in French, directed by Marcel Pagnol, with Raimu.

May 12: "Le Plaisir" (1952), in French, directed by Max Ophüls, with Claude Dauphin, Daniel Gélin, Simone Simon, Madeleine Renaud, and Jean Gabin; and "The Crime of Monsieur Lange."

May 13: "Moulin Rouge" (1953), directed by John Huston, with José Ferrer, Colette Marchand, and Zsa Zsa Gabor; and "Le Plaisir."

May 14: "Savage Messiah" (1972), directed by Ken Russell, with Dorothy Tutin and Scott Antony; and "Moulin Rouge."

May 15: "Pandora and the Flying Dutchman" (†); and "Savage Messiah."

May 16: "Patton" (1970), directed by Franklin J. Schaffner, with George C. Scott.

May 17: "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" (†); and "Our Hospitality" (1923), directed by, and with, Buster Keaton.

May 18: "Platinum Blonde" (†); and "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948), directed by Orson Welles, with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Mr. Welles.

May 19: "It Happened One Night" (1934), directed by Frank Capra, with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable; and "Platinum Blonde" (†)

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

May 11: "A Place in the Sun" (1951), directed by George Stevens, with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, Shelley Winters, and Raymond Burr; and "Carrie" (1952), directed by William Wyler, with Jennifer Jones, Laurence Olivier, Miriam Hopkins, and Eddie Albert.

May 12: "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret" (1970) and "Thomas the Imposter" (1965), both films in French, directed by Georges Franju.

May 13: "Midnight Cowboy" (1969), directed by John Schlesinger, with Dustin Hoffman and Jon Voight; and "Of Mice and Men" (†)

May 14: "The Ruling Class" (†) and "And Now for Something Completely Different" (†)

May 15: "Uncle Vanya" (†); and "The Seagull" (1974), in Russian, directed by Yuli Karasik.

May 16: "Sherlock Jr." (†) and "The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes" (†)

May 17: "The Slap" (†); and "Don't Cry with Your Mouth Full" (1975), in French, directed by Pascal Thomas, with Annie Colé.

May 18: "Charulata" (†) and "Shakespeare Wallah" (†)

May 19: "The Cat and the Canary" (†) and "Vampyr" (†)

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 12: "Fantastic Planet" (1973), in French, directed by René Laloux, an animated science-fiction film; and "Zardoz" (1974), directed by John Boorman, with Sean Connery and Charlotte Rampling.

May 13-14: "Where's Poppa?" (1970), directed by Carl Reiner, with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere; and "Harold and Maude" (1971), directed by Hal Ashby, with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

May 15-16: "Grey Gardens" (1976), directed by the Maysles brothers, a documentary with Edith Bouvier Beale and Edie Beale; and "Die! Die! My Darling" (1965), di-

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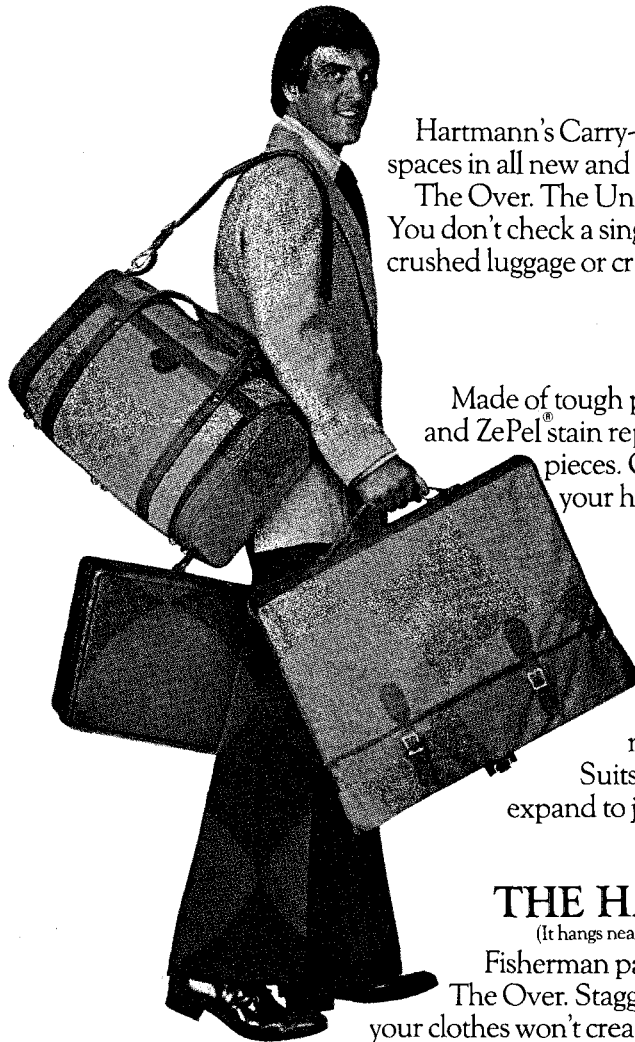
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May 17: "Face to Face" (1976), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann; and "Hour of the Wolf" (1968), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann.

May 18-19: "Buffalo Bill and the Indians" (1976), directed by Robert Altman, with Paul Newman; and "Badlands" (1973), directed by Terrence Malick, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through May 14: "Zatoichi to the Rescue" (1967), in Japanese, directed by Satsuo Yamamoto, with Shintaro Katsu; and "Tokkan" (1976), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto.

May 15-16: "Rashomon" (1951), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune; and "Fires on the Plain" (1959), in Japanese, directed by Kon Ichikawa, with Eiji Funakoshi.

May 17-18: "Ikiru" (1952), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Takashi Shimura.

From May 19: "Harakiri" (1962), in Japanese, directed by Masaki Kobayashi; and "Samurai Spy" (1965), in Japanese, directed by Masahiro Shinoda.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through May 17: "Harlan County, U.S.A." (†) and "The Hellstrom Chronicle." (†)
From May 18: "Anatahan" (†) and "Crime and Punishment." (†)

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
May 11: "Sherlock Holmes and the Secret Weapon" (1943) and "The Woman in Green" (1945), two films in the Basil Rathbone-Nigel Bruce Holmes-Watson series, both directed by Roy William Neill.

May 12: "The Old Dark House" (1932), directed by James Whale, with Charles Laughton, Melvyn Douglas, Raymond Massey, Boris Karloff, and Gloria Stuart; and "Wives Under Suspicion" (1938), directed by James Whale, with Gail Patrick and Warren William.

May 13-14: "Crime and Punishment" (†) and "Five." (†)

May 15-16: "A Place in the Sun" (1951), directed by George Stevens, with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, Shelley Winters, and Raymond Burr; and "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (1958), directed by Richard Brooks, with Elizabeth Taylor, Paul Newman, and Burl Ives.

May 17-18: "For Me and My Gal" (†) and "The Clock." (†)

May 19: "Diabolique" (1955), in French, directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot, with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse; and "Panique" (1946), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Michel Simon, Viviane Romance, and Paul Bernard.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through May 15: "Manhattan Is an

Island" (1974), a video program by Ira Schneider. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45... ¶ Starting May 17: "Mirele Efros" (1939), in Yiddish, directed by Josef Berne, based on the stage play by Jacob Gordin, with Berta Gersten, Michael Rosenberg, and Ruth Elbaum; English subtitles. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evening). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

ANTHOLOGY FILM ARCHIVES, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Rossellini, Riefenstahl, Vertov, Grass, Méliès, Greenfield, Martin, Imura, Levine, Gearey, and others. Showings May 11-13 at 7 and 9; May 14 at 2:30, 5:30, 7:30, and 9:30; May 15 at 8; and May 17-19 at 7 and 9.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—May 12-15: "Les Ordres" (1974), a Canadian film, in French, directed by Michel Brault; English subtitles... ¶ Starting May 19: "The City" (1930), directed by Willard Van Dyke and Ralph Steiner; "The River" (1937), directed by Pare Lorentz; and "Pie in the Sky" (1934), directed by Elia Kazan, Ralph Steiner, Irving Lerner, and Leo Hurwitz. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (TR 9-5674)—May 14 at 11: An eight-hour marathon program showing Paris, in film, from 1894 to the thirties.

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art auditorium is closed for renovation until June 2.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AGUIRRE, THE WRATH OF GOD (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. The leader of the conquistadores is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with delusions of demagoguery. In German. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/11/77.) (D.W. Griffith; May 11.)

AIRPORT '77—The hero is a Boeing, which behaves immaculately in the most trying circumstances. With Jack Lemmon, Lee Grant, Brenda Vaccaro, Joseph Cotten, and Olivia de Havilland; directed by Jerry Jameson. (86th St. East; through May 12.)

ALI: FEAR EATS THE SOUL (1974)—With Brigitte Mira, directed by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. In German. (New Yorker; through May 19, tentative.)

ANATAHAN (1952)—Josef von Sternberg's last film; he did not, regrettably, go into glory. He wrote the screenplay, directed, photographed, and narrated this story, which was shot in a Japanese studio and is based on an actual incident involving a group of Japanese soldiers who were castaways for seven years on a tiny Pacific island during the Second World War. However, as he tells it, the men's battles over a sulky, lusting femme fatale called Keiko (Akeno Negishi, who is photographed as if she were Marlene Dietrich in a thirties Paramount swampy jungle) are so pointless and unbelievable that you barely react as they kill one another off. The island has so many dead trees, shining leaves, and writhing shadows that you just want to get out of there. (Thalia; starting May 18.)

AND NOW FOR SOMETHING COMPLETELY DIFFERENT (1972)—Selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus." (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 14.)

ANNIE HALL—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones (he has been in analysis for fifteen years), nor are his loves—for New York, for instance, and particularly for the beguiling girl played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part, as he did in "Love and Death" and "Sleeper." In this film he seems to be more direct and autobiographical than in any before; one is struck by its courage, as well as by its marvellously far-reaching wit and common sense about modern manners and modern absence of rectitude. His own restraint in the film is grown-up and rare. (4/25/77) (34th St. East, Baronet, and Little Carnegie.)

BEFORE THE REVOLUTION (1965)—A sweepingly romantic movie about a young man's rebel-

lion against bourgeois life and his disillusion with Communism, set in Parma and written and directed by Bernardo Bertolucci at the astonishing age of twenty-two. He captures what has rarely been seen on the screen—the extravagance and poetry of youthful ardor. In Italian. (Cinema Studio; through May 12.)

BETWEEN THE LINES—Directed by Joan Micklin Silver, from a screenplay by Fred Barron, about a spirited underground Boston weekly called the *Back Bay Mainline*. Mrs. Silver's style is anecdotal and illustrative, crammed with good characters. The plot is engagingly unaggressive and unsystematic, leading to a slimy climax in which the newspaper—because of its role in the underground and then in the "counterculture," heaven help us—is bought by a ruthless smoothie in a tie and a suit who is ready to sack and replace the whole raffish staff. The rebel, nicely, is the receptionist, whose habit is to be courteous to everybody, but who knows a rank herring when she sees one. An endearing picture. (5/9/77) (Sutton.)

BILLY JACK GOES TO WASHINGTON—With Tom Laughlin, Delores Taylor, and E. G. Marshall; directed by Mr. Laughlin. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting May 18.)

BLACK AND WHITE IN COLOR—Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud. In French. (Paris.)

BLACK SUNDAY—What if a terrorist Black September group were to try to blow up the eighty thousand-odd spectators and the President at a Super Bowl game in Miami? Robert Shaw plays, very well, an Israeli tracking down the assassins; an emaciated Bruce Dern plays one of the would-be killers. The effect of this best of the batch of what-if films is So what? Directed by John Frankenheimer. (4/4/77) (Loews Tower East.)

THE CAR—With James Brolin, Kathleen Lloyd, and John Marley; directed by Elliot Silverstein. (Murray Hill, and 86th St. East; starting May 13.)

THE CAT AND THE CANARY (1927)—A classic horror film, with Laura La Plante and Creighton Hall, directed by the gifted Expressionist, Paul Leni. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 19.)

CHARULATA (1964)—Directed by Satyajit Ray. His most nearly flawless film apart from his great Apu trilogy. A flowing, opulent tale of love and restrained longing, set in the eighteen-seventies. A triumph of period comprehension, with an understanding of the Indian character that seems to light it from the inside. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 18.)

THE CLOCK (1945)—A sweetly charming, if maybe too irresistible, Second World War romance, featuring Judy Garland and Robert

Walker. There's a very wet script—Robert Nathan spread his trembling sensitivities upon the already shaky story by Paul and Pauline Gallico—but fortunately the director, Vincente Minnelli, fills the edges with comic characters. (Keenan Wynn and Moyna Macgill are the most memorable.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 17-18.)

COUSIN ANGELICA (1974)—With José Luis López Vázquez, directed by Carlos Saura. In Spanish. (D.W. Griffith; starting May 12.)

COUSIN, COUSINE—Jean-Charles Tacchella's cheerful film about a big family and two Rabelaisian apostates within it. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

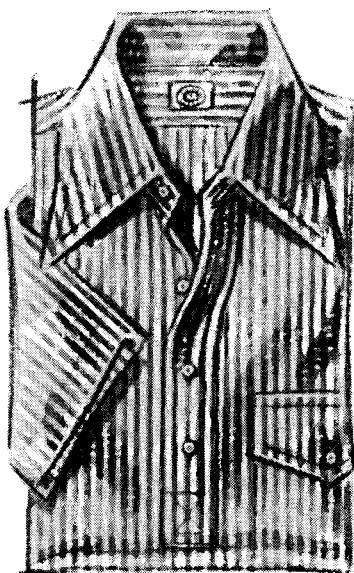
CRIME AND PUNISHMENT (1935)—There's almost everything you can think of the matter with this Hollywood version, directed by Josef von Sternberg, but it has got a great Raskolnikov: Peter Lorre. He had only three roles that tapped his full talent—the child-murderer in "M," the hero in "The Face Behind the Mask," and this remarkably suggestive and witty Raskolnikov. Stolid Edward Arnold is embarrassingly miscast as Inspector Porfiry; if Harry Baur, who did the role in the thirties French version, had played opposite Lorre, the film might have caught fire. As the pawnbroker, Mrs. Patrick Campbell adds some distinction, but not much can be said for the Madonna lighting given to Marian Marsh's placid Sonya, or for the standard Hollywood performances of Elizabeth Risdon as Raskolnikov's mother, Tala Birell as his sister, and Gene Lockhart, Robert Allen, and Douglass Dumbrille. There's nothing Russian about them but the long-winded names by which they address each other. Lucien Ballard did the cinematography, in the stylized von Sternberg manner. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 13-14... ¶ Thalia; starting May 18.)

CROSS OF IRON—With James Coburn, Maximilian Schell, and James Mason; directed by Sam Peckinpah. (Trans-Lux East, Loews Orpheum, Waverly, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

THE EAGLE HAS LANDED—What if Churchill had been kidnapped by the Nazis? The gang leader is well played by Michael Caine. Donald Pleasence as Himmler has a frighteningly manic breathless laugh. The trouble with most of these what-if thrillers is our contradicting knowledge of history. This film cleverly sidesteps that by a dramatic trick that depends on invoking, of all things, English love for the courage of music-hall troupers. Worth seeing for its adroitness. Directed by John Sturges. (4/4/77) (Playboy; starting May 18.)

FAMILY PLOT (1976)—Hitchcock's fifty-third

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

film, made in his seventy-seventh year, is perhaps his most sparkling and most good-natured, full of sly jokes. Barbara Harris, never more fully used, contributes a very funny study in feminine hysteria—one of Hitchcock's favorite topics—as a pretty, permanently fished clairvoyant who nearly throttles her boyfriend (Bruce Dern) when their car's brake fluid has been nefariously interfered with. The villains are posh jewel thieves, played by Karen Black and William Devane. Highly recommended, and not at all scary; just larky. (4/19/76) (Olympia; through May 17.)

FIVE (1951)—Pretty terrible. Arch Oboler, who had made a reputation for originality with his radio plays, wrote, produced, and directed this socially conscious sci-fi picture about the five people left on earth after atomic disaster. There are four men—a Negro, a lover of the soil, a comic white-collar worker, and a standard-model Fascist—and one woman, who is pregnant and overwrought. An undistinguished cast wrestles with these miserable roles. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 13-14.)

FOR ME AND MY GAL (1942)—Fresh from his Broadway success in "Pal Joey," Gene Kelly made his movie debut here as a good-bad guy, playing opposite Judy Garland. They are a vaudeville team who are just getting their big break when Kelly is inducted (the period is the First World War); he deliberately injures his hand so he won't have to fight and—the movie having been made during the Second World War—he must then reform and become a hero. The story is naively patriotic and sentimental, but Kelly is amazingly fresh; his grin could melt stone, and he and Garland are a magical pair. A good score, and some neat comedy routines featuring Kelly and Ben Blue. Busby Berkeley directed; with George Murphy and Marta Eggerth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 17-18.)

FUN WITH DICK AND JANE—A nitwit mixture of counterculture politics, madcap comedy, and toilet humor. George Segal and Jane Fonda are Dick and Jane of the children's primers, grown up, married, and living beyond their means in a suburban-palatial L.A. dream house; when he loses his executive job they turn to robbery. Excruciatingly badly directed by Ted Kotcheff. (2/28/77) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through May 17.)

THE GODFATHER (1972)—A wide, startlingly vivid view of a Mafia dynasty, in which organized crime becomes an obscene nightmare image of American ruthlessness. The movie is a popular melodrama, but it expresses a new tragic realism, and it's altogether extraordinary. Francis Ford Coppola directed; Marlon Brando and Al Pacino are the stars. (Loews Ciné. . . ♪ Art; through May 17.)

THE GODFATHER, PART II (1974)—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (Loews Ciné. . . ♪ Art; through May 17.)

THE GREAT DICTATOR (1940)—Chaplin plays a small-time Jewish barber and doubles as a mock Hitler called Hynkel, dictator of Tomania, who argues with Napaloni, dictator of Bacteria. He is helped on by Herring and Garbitsch. The notion of a 1940 farce about Hitler and anti-Semitism works out much less queasily than it sounds. The famous sequence when Hynkel lies on his back and tosses around a balloon inscribed with a map of the world is a miracle of high-flying, mordant fun. But the last impassioned speech about peace and unity still wrecks everything that has gone before; Chaplin mawkish can always overrule Chaplin the innocent mime. (8th St. Playhouse; through May 17.)

HARLAN COUNTY, U.S.A.—A documentary with a great subject, and with the taste and sensitivity not to betray it. The director, Barbara Kopple, went to live among the coal miners of Harlan County, Kentucky, when they went out on strike in 1973. This film is about an underdog group with its own folk culture, based on the unending struggle with "the owners." (1/24/77) (Thalia; through May 17.)

THE HELLSTROM CHRONICLE (1971)—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddled-headed line in doomy rhetoric stalks around talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (Thalia; through May 17.)

ISLANDS IN THE STREAM—The implacable stodginess of this Franklin J. Schaffner version of Hemingway's posthumous novel is stupefying yet impressive. George C. Scott gives a scrupulous performance as the fisherman-artist hero living in the Bahamas at the outbreak of the Second World War, who is visited by his three sons from two broken marriages, and then by his first wife (Claire Bloom). The movie brings out the worst in Hemingway—his mystique. With Julius Harris, David Hemmings, Gilbert Roland, and Michael-James Wixted as the middle boy, Davy. (3/14/77) (St. Marks Cinema, and 72nd Street East; starting May 18.)

JABBERWOCKY—Blithely announced as "at last, a film for the squeamish," this is an agreeably deranged English film, directed by Monty Python's Terry Gilliam, with Python's Michael Palin playing a dim-looking youth called Dennis Cooper. It is set, vaguely, in the Middle Ages, which is to say in the middle of demolition, muddle, and mayhem. The villain is the Jabberwocky, who looks batlike, in a cobwebby way, below, but has a fishy face. Highly recommended. (5/9/77) (Cinema I.)

JACOB THE LIAR (1975)—Directed by Frank Beyer. In German. (Plaza.)

THE LATE SHOW—The writer-director, Robert Benton, has followed the rules of the detective-movie genre, but he's also added something: the detective (Art Carney) is overweight, old, and scared. Lily Tomlin is the woman who hires him; Eugene Roche is a fence who loves his stolen goodies; Bill Macy is a scrounging bartender; Joanna Cassidy is a lying, cheating charmer; Howard Duff is a penny-ante detective; and John Considine is a sleekly handsome strong-arm man. They're all originals. (2/7/77) (Quad Cinema. . . ♪ Murray Hill; through May 12.)

LENNY (1974)—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (St. Marks Cinema; through May 17.)

LOOKING UP—With Marilyn Chris, Dick Shawn, Doris Belack, and Harry Goz; directed by Linda Yellen. (Fine Arts; starting May 15.)

MAN ON THE ROOF—Based on a Maj Sjöwall-Per Wahlöö book. With Carl-Gustaf Lindstedt, directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Cinema 3.)

THE MERCHANT OF FOUR SEASONS (1971)—A measured, distanced study of a victim (Hans Hirschmuller)—a rejected son of a middle-class family—and how he loses the will to live. The film is considered by many to be a masterpiece, but the style of the director, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, doesn't have enough authority; an American viewer may be uncertain how to react to the distancing devices, and how to react to the masochism and the misogyny and the view of women as coldhearted betrayers. When is Fassbinder being sardonic, and when is the degradation and futility meant to be taken straight? The picture, which has some conceptual resemblances to the later films of Robert Bresson and to Dreyer's "Gertrud," and some psychological resemblances to such Emil Jannings films as "Variety," is an art thing, all right, but perhaps not a work of art. In German. (New Yorker; through May 19, tentative.)

MODERN TIMES (1936)—Chaplin, in beautiful form. (8th St. Playhouse; through May 17.)

THE MYSTERY OF KASPER HAUSER (Also known as "Every Man for Himself and God Against All," 1975)—The story of Kasper Hauser, chained in a dungeon from infancy and fed by a black-caped man who beats him with a truncheon. When he is an adult, the man carries him to a town square and abandons him. The townspeople train him in human habits and educate him, while he tries to retain his

newfound pleasure in nature. Before the issues are resolved, the caped figure returns and murders him. This Werner Herzog film, set in early-nineteenth-century Germany and based on an actual case, is a double fable, intermingling the deadening effects of bourgeois society and the cruelty of the universe. Herzog has a visionary, estranged style; everyone is alone, immobilized, slightly stiff, and the film is a succession of unbalanced, slanted images. But this style is undramatic; it's numbingly pure. You fight to keep your eyes open. In German. (10/20/75) (Cinema Studio; starting May 13.)

NASTY HABITS—At its best, a movie of high wit and inspired silliness. Adapted from "The Abbess of Crewe," Muriel Spark's 1974 Watergate travesty set in a convent, the film features a coiffed little wolf pack—Glenda Jackson as Nixon, Geraldine Page and Anne Jackson as Haldeman and Ehrlichman, and, in an inspired bit of casting, Sandy Leunis as their flunky, John Dean. As Kissinger, Melina Mercouri doesn't help much, but the scenarist, Robert Enders, has added a Gerald Ford figure—Anne Meara, who is such a brassy, good-humored top banana that everything she does is funny. The script tapers off toward topicality and obviousness, but Michael Lindsay-Hogg's directing has a balmy gracefulness to it. With Edith Evans. (2/21/77) (Cinema II.)

NETWORK—Television, Paddy Chayefsky says, is turning us into morons and humanoids; people have lost the ability to love. The cast of this messianic farce includes Faye Dunaway, William Holden, Peter Finch, Robert Duvall, and Ned Beatty, and they all take turns yelling at us soulless masses. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/6/76) (St. Marks Cinema, and Playboy; through May 17.)

NEXT STOP, GREENWICH VILLAGE (1976)—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving her first full-scale performance that works on all levels. (2/2/76) (Playboy; through May 17.)

THE ODESSA FILE (1974)—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Playboy; starting May 18.)

OF MICE AND MEN (1939)—When Lewis Milestone prefaced the credits of his version of the John Steinbeck play and novel with George (Burgess Meredith) and Lennie (Lon Chaney, Jr.) fleeing a posse, he was, no doubt, aiming for economy and tension. He couldn't have guessed that he was starting a new vogue, and that it would become almost standard practice for a film's action to precede the credit information even when the action made no sense. The story, about the friendship between two lonely vagrant ranch hands—the small, bedraggled, intelligent George and the simpleminded giant Lennie—is gimmicky and highly susceptible to parody, but it is emotionally effective just the same. The film was beautifully put together, and has a fine Aaron Copland score. Betty Field's silly, vain, hapless Mae is a small acting classic, and the cowboy star Bob Steele is amazingly good as her sadistic husband, Curley. With Leigh Whipper, memorable as the lean, bitter Crooks (an unjolly black man), and Charles Bickford. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 13.)

PANDORA AND THE FLYING DUTCHMAN (1951)—Certifiably one of a kind. Albert Lewin, who produced, directed, and wrote the story and screenplay, has more visual feeling than common sense. James Mason, in his gloomily romantic period, is, literally, the doomed sailor, and Ava Gardner (looking unspeakably luscious) is an American playgirl in evening clothes who wanders through exotic, poetic landscapes before sacrificing herself to save him. Lewin's direction is static, yet his staging is so luxuriantly mad that it's easy to get fixated on what, if anything, he could have had in mind. Sally Bowles might have called it divinely incoherent—it's as nutty-fruity as another Ava Gardner film, "The Barefoot Contessa," but without so much talk. The English production, shot in Spain, has a mostly British cast—Nigel Patrick, Pamela Kellino (Mason), Marius Goring, and John Laurie. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 15.)

PLATINUM BLONDE (1931)—Frank Capra's early talkie about a glib newspaper reporter (Robert Williams) who marries an aristocratic heiress (Jean Harlow, ludicrously miscast but fun to watch anyway). Almost a catalogue of the movie conventions of the period, complete to an effete valet (Claude Allister) and a comic butler (Halliwell Hobbes). The film's considerable attractions include Robert Riskin's uninhibited dialogue and ravishing Loretta Young, who, as a tough-minded girl reporter (prototype of the later Jean Arthur roles), is a natural aristocrat. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 18-19.)

THE PRIVATE LIFE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES (1970)—Handsome Victorian décor and some clever dialogue, but Billy Wilder's detective picture fails to get much suspense going. With Robert Stephens as Holmes, and Genevieve Page as the lady who outwits him. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 16.)

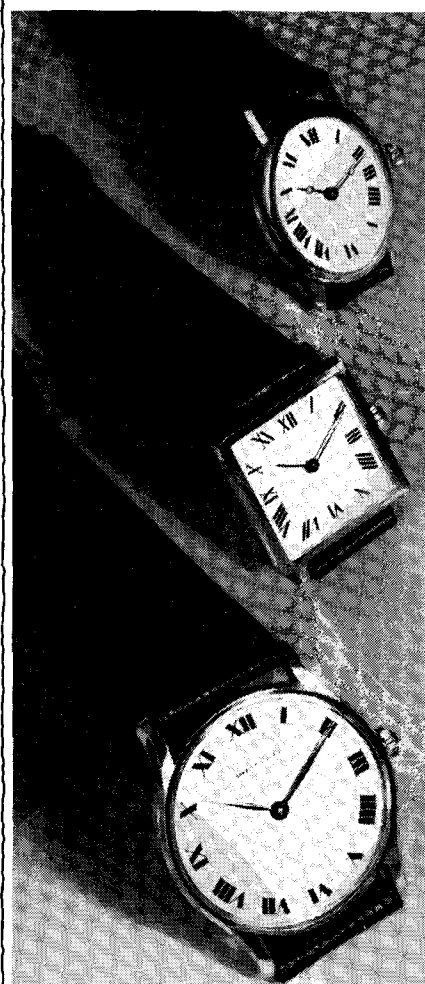
PROVIDENCE—Alain Resnais's intricately planned Freudian-puzzle movie, mostly set inside the mind of a dying writer (John Gielgud). Alone at night, in pain, he drunkenly plots a novel about the members of his family (Dirk Bogarde, Ellen Burstyn, David Warner, Elaine Stritch). The movie is peculiarly fastidious and static. David Mercer wrote the script. (1/31/77) (Embassy 72nd St.; through May 17.)

RAGGEDY ANN & ANDY—An animated musical feature, directed by Richard Williams. (Guild.)

REBELLION IN PATAGONIA—A film about the 1920 labor strike and massacre in Argentina. Directed by Hector Olivera. In Spanish. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Jean Renoir Cinema; through May 18.)

ROCKY—A low-budget winner—a romantic fable about a Philadelphia palooka who gains his manhood, written by and starring muscle-bound Sylvester Stallone, who is repulsive one moment, noble the next. The picture is poorly made, yet its naive, emotional shamelessness is funny and engaging. John G. Avildsen directed; with Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith. (11/20/76) (Columbia II, Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

THE RULING CLASS (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funny played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slav-



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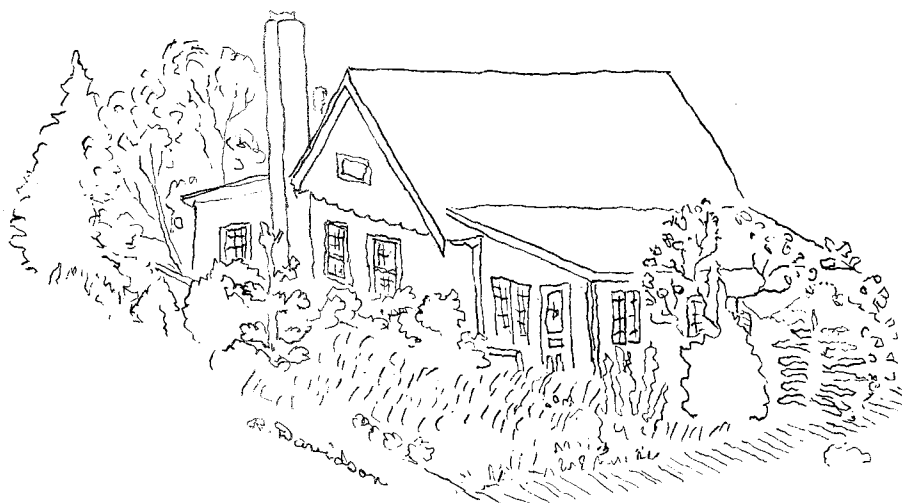
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle, Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in stereotypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 14.)

LA SALAMANDRE (1971)—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier); a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau); and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). (Cinema Studio; through May 12.)

THE SEVEN-PER-CENT SOLUTION—A civilized light entertainment, with Nicol Williamson's Sherlock Holmes and Alan Arkin's Sigmund Freud pooling their deductive skills to solve the mysterious kidnapping of one of Freud's patients (Vanessa Redgrave). Chief among the performers, who seem to be having an actor's holiday, is Laurence Olivier, in high form as the criminal mastermind Prof. Moriarty; the others include Robert Duvall as Dr. Watson, Joel Grey, Anna Quayle, Samantha Eggar, Georgia Brown, Jeremy Kemp, and Charles Gray. Nicholas Meyer adapted his 1974 best-seller; Herbert Ross directed. (11/17/76) (72nd Street East, and Olympia; through May 17.)

SHAKESPEARE WALLAH (1965)—A bittersweet tale of a troupe of English actors down on their luck in India. Directed by James Ivory and with an excellent cast of English and Indian actors. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 18.)

SHERLOCK JR. (1924)—The title of this Buster Keaton comedy doesn't do justice to what the movie is about: Keaton plays a projectionist who, while running a movie—"Hearts and Pearls"—enters the screen and becomes involved with the characters. Directed by Keaton, it's a wonderfully imaginative film, full of extraordinary tricks so immaculately executed that they look simple. It's an example of native American surrealism. With Kathryn McGuire as the heroine, and Keaton's father, Joe Keaton, as the heroine's father. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 16.)

SILVER STREAK—Jill Clayburgh, Gene Wilder, and Richard Pryor are nineteen-seventies performers trapped in this fake thirties mystery-comedy, which is so inept you can't even get angry. Arthur Hill directed, lamely; Colin Higgins wrote the script, which features pathetic double entendres. (1/17/77) (Gramercy; through May 17.)

THE SLAP (1974)—Isabelle Adjani playing a charmingly thoughtless, petulant, fibbing teen-ager in a heartwarming French comedy of the sort that generally isn't imported because it's assumed that Americans who go to foreign films won't be attracted by the French equivalent of the Debbie Reynolds and Sandra Dee movies of the late fifties. Claude Pinoteau directs competently, but the movie is contrived out of spun sugar and endless misunderstandings. Lino Ventura and Annie Girardot are the heroine's estranged parents. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 17.)

SLAP SHOT—Fast, noisy, profane comedy set in the world of minor-league ice hockey. The director, George Roy Hill, gets you laughing, all right, but you don't necessarily enjoy yourself. What holds the film together is the warmth supplied by Paul Newman, who, as Reggie, a player-coach, gives the performance of his life—to date. (3/7/77) (Beekman, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

SMOKEY AND THE BANDIT—With Burt Reynolds, Sally Field, Jerry Reed, and Jackie Gleason; directed by Hal Needham. (Music Hall; starting May 19.)

THE STING (1973)—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that.

With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (Music Hall; through May 18.)

TENDERNESS OF THE WOLVES—Directed by Ulli Lommel. In German. (Jean Renoir Cinema; starting May 19.)

3 WOMEN—Robert Altman's dream film about three women whose identities merge, one into another, and flow together. Shelley Duvall plays a beautiful know-it-all girl who is an attendant in a health spa for the aged, Sissy Spacek plays the novice she breaks in, and Janice Rule plays a silent artist who paints lunging profile figures on the sides of swimming pools. (4/18/77) (Coronet.)

TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP (1926)—Harry Langdon's first full-length comedy. Not quite the picture that his second, "The Strong Man," is, but the restrained slapstick is charming. In this one, he enters a footrace across the continent and gets caught in a chain gang and a cyclone before winning. Harry Edwards directed, with Frank Capra on the script. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 17.)

UNCLE VANYA (1971)—A marvellous Russian film of the Chekhov play, directed by Andrei Mikhalkov-Konchalovsky with the now familiar Soviet exactness and fondness for the realities of czarist-period literature. Uncle Vanya is played by Smoktunovsky, who was latterly the Russian Hamlet. Sergei Bondarchuk, director of the monumental Russian "War and Peace" and the man who played Pierre in it, is here as Dr. Astrov, a man whose lined, white face seems haunted by thoughts of the promises to himself that he has broken. The characters' spurts of stoic umbrage directed against their own failings are entirely Chekhovian. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 15.)

UNION MAIDS—A documentary about the labor movement in Chicago in the late twenties and early thirties. Directed by Julia Reichert. James Klein, and Miles Mogulescu. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Jean Renoir Cinema; through May 18.)

VAMPIRE (1932)—Most vampire movies are so silly and meretricious that this film by Carl Dreyer—a great vampire film—hardly belongs to the genre. Dreyer preys upon our subconscious fears; dread and obsession are the film's substance, and its mood is evocative, dreamy, spectral. The cast is headed by Julian West (the movie name of Nicolas de Gunzburg), with Henriette Gérard as the vampire, and Rena Mandel and Sybille Schmitz as her potential victims. The incomparable photographic effects are the work of Rudolph Maté. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 19.)

WALKABOUT (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," did the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a run-down English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—an English brother and sister, expensively school-trained, and a young aborigine, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg. (Cinema Studio; starting May 13.)

WELCOME TO L.A.—The writer-director, Alan Rudolph, is literary in a sub-literate way; he overvalues mournful poetic thoughts. And Richard Baskin, whose suite of rock songs "City of the One Night Stands" was the starting point for this sick-soul-of-Los Angeles movie, growls his guru-wisdom lyrics on the sound track. Their whimsical, laid-back alienation is stagnant and irritating; the picture seems drugged. Keith Carradine, Geraldine Chaplin, Lauren Hutton, Harvey Keitel, John Considine, Sissy Spacek, Sally Kellerman, and others perform attentively, but they're undirected. (3/21/77) (Fine Arts; through May 14. . . . Art, Quad Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 18.)

WIZARDS—An animated film, directed by Ralph Bakshi. (Paramount.)

WOODSTOCK (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Columbia I, and U. A. East. . . . Quad Cinema; through May 17.)



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IBM Reports

Information: there's growing agreement

Human history has long been described in terms of Ages whose names reflect the stages of development through which mankind has passed: the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, the Iron Age and so on—down to the Industrial Age, which established the foundations of our modern society.

Today, there is growing agreement that we have entered a new era, a post-industrial stage of development in which the ability to put information to use has become critical, not only to the essential production of goods, but to efforts to provide a better life for the individual, as well.

This new era is being referred to with increasing frequency as the Information Age.

Information in the Information Age

Changes in our perception of information itself—its nature as well as its scope—have accompanied this profound shift of emphasis in our society.

Much has been written about the so-called “information explosion.” It has been pointed out, for example, that the number of technical journals published throughout the world today exceeds 100,000, and that the total body of technical information is now doubling every ten years.

At the same time as the volume of information has been increasing dramatically, our understanding of the meaning of the term information itself has also broadened—to encompass a wide variety of timely data relating to “how things really are” across the whole spectrum of human activity.

A heartbeat, for example, can be extremely meaningful information when recorded and analyzed on sophisticated electrocardiogram equipment. So can electrical impulses reflecting the load level in a power network, or numeric digits representing the availability of a seat for you on an airplane—when processed by a modern computer.

These and a wide range of similar types of data are clearly recognized today as information, the kind of information on which we increasingly de-

What it's the name of the age we live in.

depend for the growth and health of our economy, the smooth functioning of our institutions — and, even more important, for the quality of our individual lives.

Information — an inexhaustible resource

Information is one of the few resources not in danger of exhaustion on this shrinking planet. It is unique because the supply is limitless, because it actually becomes more valuable with use and because — when properly managed and applied — it can greatly enhance our use of all our other resources, natural, human and economic.

One reason, of course, that information has proved to be such a dynamic resource is the fact that there exists today a remarkable technological capacity for dealing with it rapidly and effectively.

Through a vast array of electronic tools and techniques, mankind is able to accumulate, organize, store, interpret, retrieve and transmit information on a worldwide scale, in a volume, at a speed, and with an accuracy that would have been impossible barely two decades ago.

It is also a technology that continues to grow and that has proved to be amazingly efficient in economic terms. As advance has followed advance, the cost of processing information has steadily declined. Since the 1950's, the cost of performing 100,000 calculations on an IBM computer has fallen from \$1.26 to less than one cent — and the downward trend continues.

Putting information to work for people

IBM makes many different products — from computers to copiers — but clearly, the essence of our business is information.

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Baker Furniture, commissioned by the Historic Charleston Foundation, has reproduced rare antiques found in centuries-old Charleston homes and museums.

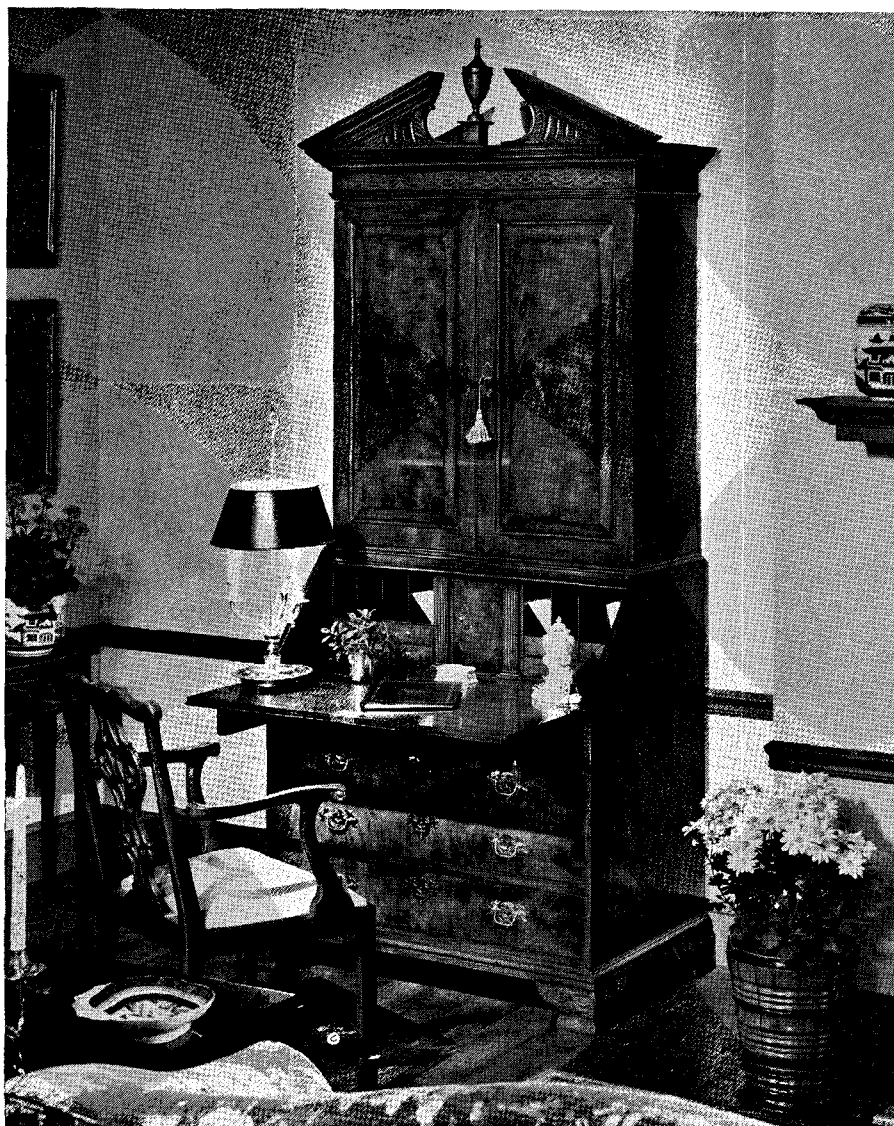
The secretary-bookcase in mahogany solids and figured veneers is a documented reproduction of a Thomas Elfe original, c. 1770. It is distinguished by the hand carved fret on the pediment and incised carving of the ogee feet.

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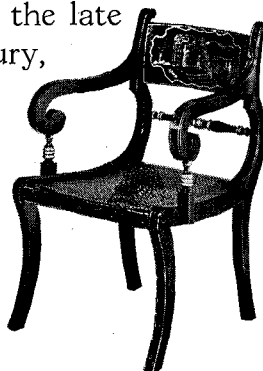


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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

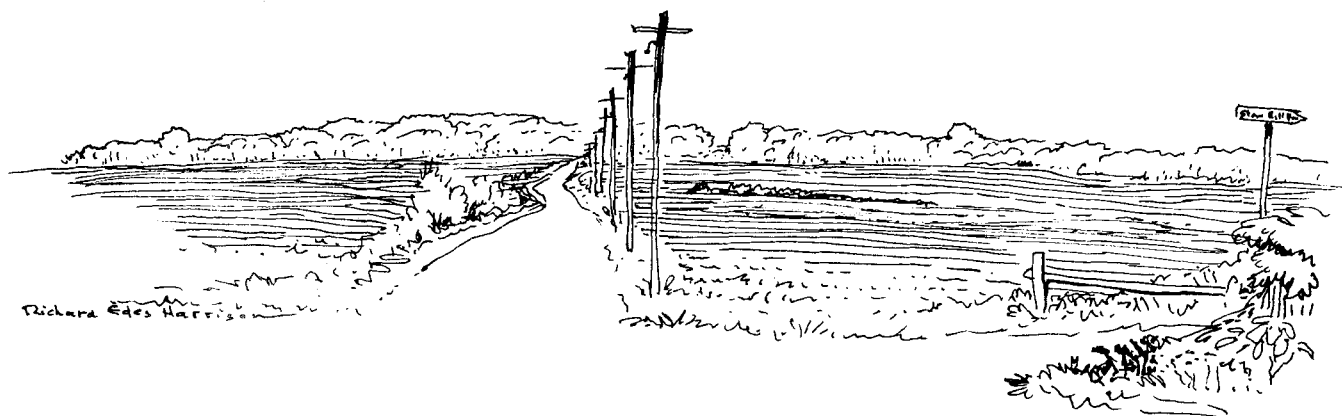
DURING the development of the Watergate scandal, one of the bitterest and most consistent complaints emanating from Richard Nixon at the White House was that he was being tried in the press, and tried, particularly, on television. Now Nixon has voluntarily negotiated his way into taped adversary proceedings that are being serialized on the home screen in four ninety-minute sessions and over a hundred and fifty-five stations. The production people associated with David Frost, who is interviewing Nixon on the air, have gone to some trouble to attribute to the current undertaking a quasi-judicial quality. "We looked upon the Watergate taping as the trial Nixon never had," Robert Zelnick, the editor-in-chief of the Frost production team, was quoted in the *Washington Post* as saying of the program devoted to Frost's questioning of Nixon on the Watergate coverup. If that is what it is, we are certainly in at the birth of a new kind of trial. It is a proprietary trial, backed and promoted by a group of investors and designed for sale, with media spinoffs in syndication rights, overseas rights, and so on; a trial in which the prosecutor and the defendant are bound together in financial partnership, and with an agreeable no-fault understanding—that, no matter how personally damaging or humiliating the outcome may prove for the defendant,

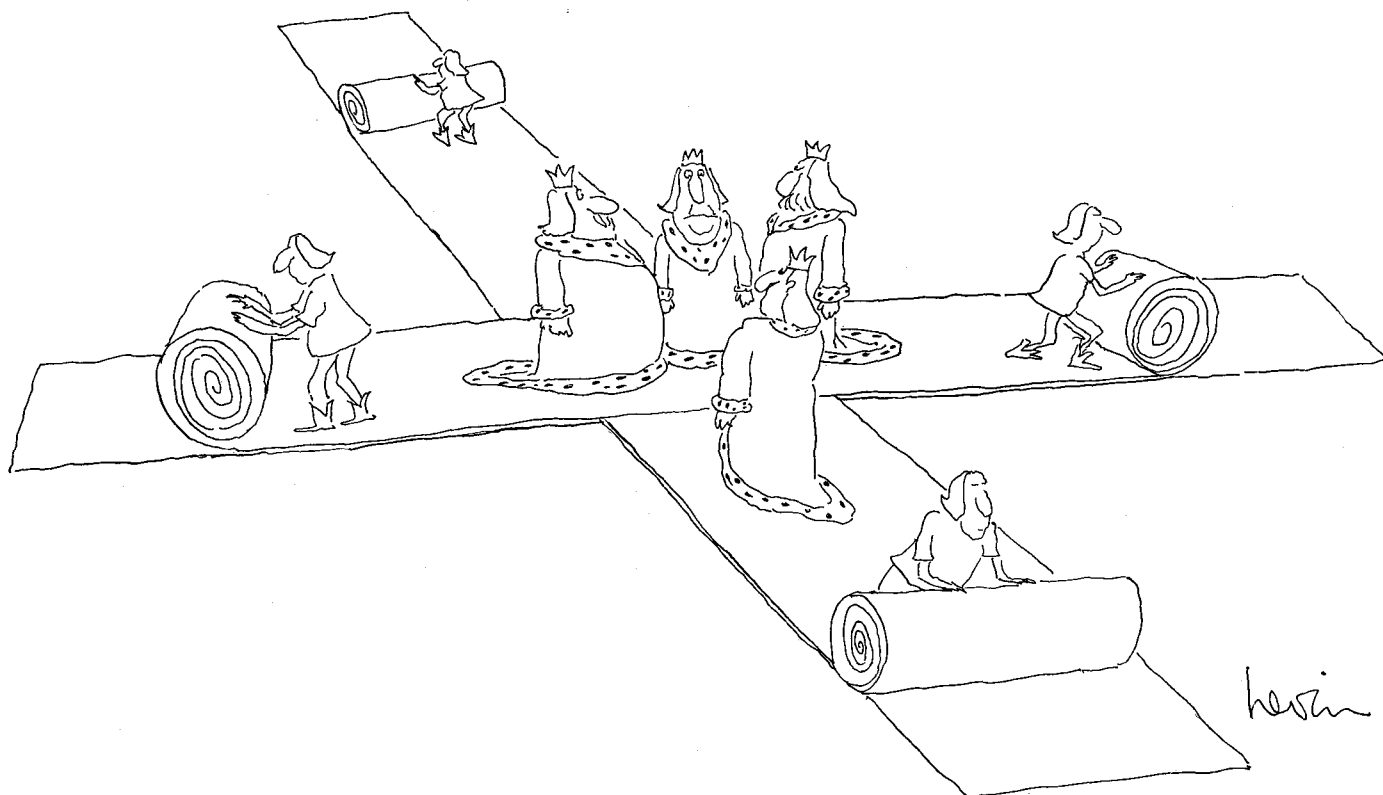
he will benefit financially as much from defeat as from victory. Even better from defeat, in fact, because the greater the humiliation brought upon him by the prosecutor, the greater the potential viewing audience for the rest of the contest, and the higher the profits to prosecutor and defendant alike.

Thus, the section of this tele-trial (as one might call it) which was devoted to the Watergate scandal, although it was chronologically the last in the series of interviews taped—it came after sections dealing with foreign policy under the Nixon Administration and other such subjects—was put on the air (apparently with the acquiescence of Nixon) as though it were the first interview taped. The evident aim here was to attract to the series, through a section particularly damaging to the defendant, more advertisers, which the promoters badly needed, and to build up audience momentum for the less dramatic interviews already in the can. To this end, also, the producers of the tele-trial pulled out every promotional stop within their grasp. Both *Time*, which had previously "arranged" with Frost ("though not for a fee," *Time* noted, without reporting just what the quid pro quo might have been for getting the inside track) to have one of the magazine's correspondents at the taping sessions, and *Newsweek*, which was also given advance inside information, ran cover stories on the impending

programs. An elaborate set of publicity leaks to other sections of the press (even to the *Washington Post*, the object of such fixed antagonism on the part of Nixon) was set in motion, and previews of the programs were arranged, complete with strictures concerning news embargoes and release times. Such efforts apparently had the desired effect of bringing in more advertisers for the series, at rates of as much as a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars per air minute. When the first program went on the air, the promoters of the television version of "the trial Nixon never had" had piled up just in New York, over WNEW-TV, nineteen advertisers, hawking products that ranged from flea collars for pets to bathroom tissue, from Alpo dog food to Ban Basic deodorant, to which a man in a commercial announced that he had switched because "I'm kind of concerned with the environment."

Then, there were other deals, one of which was described in an article in *Business Week*. "Besides the [regular, paying] advertisers, which each bought half-minute commercials in the four telecasts, Hilton Hotels Corp. gets a 15-second blurb in each show," the article reported. "Frost and his 10-member staff were given free accommodations by the chain for the six weeks that it took to tape 24 hours of interviews with Nixon in California." All in all, Nixon's prospective earnings from the





series, which increase in proportion to the advertising revenues brought in by the promotion of the tele-trial, appear to have risen from a previously estimated six hundred thousand dollars to a million dollars. It looks like a blockbuster of a trial, all right, and one accompanied by a form of management of the news which seems uncannily familiar.

IN the mail that came in this week calling attention to a variety of achievements, personal and corporate, there was the following letter from a sports fan of sorts:

All hail the Young Christian Students of Essex Catholic High School of Newark, which recently failed to break the world's record for continuous volleyball play! A special Rational Sportsman of the Year Award to the Reverend John Paprocki, who stopped the game after seventeen hours, at two-thirty on a Sunday morning, because some of the players looked fatigued! My urge to celebrate Father Paprocki's intervention, I hasten to say, is not based on my realization that a successful assault on the world's continuous volleyball-playing record—which now stands at thirty hours—might well have caused all the players, and also Father Paprocki himself, to miss Sunday Mass. I simply feel that it's about time somebody failed to break the world's record for something. If there has to be a world's record recorded for continuous

volleyball play, thirty hours seems sufficient to a fault. I don't oppose progress, but reading continuously about record-breaking progress in matters like continuous volleyball play has left me almost as fatigued as one of Father Paprocki's players. As it happens, the only sort of volleyball I'm used to, a summer game on the beach, is played in an overtly noncontinuous manner—frequent rest periods being necessary in order for the players to recover their wind and have something cold to drink and engage in serious discussion of who has slowed up how much since the summer before. I want to make it clear, though, that my bias in favor of a consistently interrupted version of volleyball was not central to my delight at hearing of the Essex failure. I was equally delighted to read in the *Times*, only a few weeks after Father Paprocki stepped onto the court, that Robert L. Mannah, of Dover, Delaware, had decided after twelve days of being buried alive that the world's record for being buried alive (one hundred and one days and thirty-seven minutes) was not worth breaking after all—and being buried alive is a sport I have not tried in any version.

The only world's record I could ever imagine trying to set is one that involves records themselves. As I have envisioned it, I would sit in a rather plain room, behind a desk that was bare except for a few rolls of throat lozenges and a pitcher full of the sort of

pick-me-up consumed on the job by astronauts and decathlon men. Two or three rows of folding chairs set up near one wall would be occupied by official witnesses, members of the press, and representatives of the charity that had managed to bully local merchants into sponsoring my effort. In another chair, in front of the desk, a volunteer reader—one of a number of volunteer readers, many of them people of prominence in the community—would read out a world's record. I would say "So what?"

"The world's record for continuous volleyball play is thirty hours," the reader would say.

"So what?" I would respond.

"The world's record for being buried alive is one hundred and one days and thirty-seven minutes," he would read.

"So what?"

"The world's record for consecutive responses of 'So what?' to being informed of world's records is twenty-four thousand eight hundred and fifty-four."

"So what?"

Coil Springs at the Union Dime

IN many financial institutions around town, it is still possible to transact one's business—cashing a check, making a deposit, paying a loan in-

stallment—unimpeded. Certain banks, however, perhaps because management has decided that free checking alone isn't enough, are offering customers several varieties of lagniappe. Last week, one savings bank on Third Avenue, acting as a satellite of the Humane Society of New York, put up dogs and cats for adoption. A few days before that, we happened to wander into the Union Dime Savings Bank at Sixth Avenue and Fortieth Street and found ourselves in the midst of a seminar on the mechanics of automobiles. Although a press release from the Great Bear Auto Centers, whose seminar it was, indicated that the session was aimed primarily at women, the audience, which numbered fifteen or twenty, consisted mainly of men. The moderator, however, was a woman, named Rosemary Joyce, who stood on a platform that also held a slide projector and an elaborate diagram of an automobile front-end assembly. A few years ago, Miss Joyce won the title of Miss New York State, and then she spent a year as New York City's good-will ambassador abroad, and now she works from time to time as the good-will ambassador for Great Bear Auto Centers. Miss Joyce, a tall woman with red hair, has a sunny delivery, and she gave the impression that she has earned an advanced degree from the Okeydoke School of Diplomacy and Car Maintenance.

Here, for instance, are some of her well-chosen remarks on the prickly and often misunderstood question of proper front-end alignment: "O.K. Now, everybody says, 'What is a front end?' Now, this diagram shows you the front-end assembly. Every piece here is connected to another piece, and they all have to work together. O.K. Now, let's look at what happens. All right, now, these are the strut rods, and there are your idler arms, and here are your ball joints. These are your pivotal points—the ball joints enable your front end to turn independently. And over here we have the tie-rod ends, which connect to the center tie piece. See how it all works? Right. And here we have the control-arm bushings. They're big paper clips that hold the front-end system onto your chassis. Now, if for any reason you lose your paper clips, you're in big trouble. Okeydoke."

On coil springs: "Now, here's a picture of two coil springs, one good and one bad. Look at that busted spring. Obviously, this guy hit something awfully hard, because he broke it right off. Have you ever seen a car hit a pothole and then it doesn't seem to spring back? It just sits there? Well, that's called

bottoming out. Got that? Okeydoke. We are going to be so smart when we leave here it's going to be marvellous!"

On mufflers (with a segue in the direction of brake linings): "Who knows what this is a picture of? Come on! That's right—a muffler. You know, we are so lucky in New York, because in the summer we have them growing all along the streets and expressways. But, seriously, now, there's a picture of a nice new muffler. See the difference? Isn't that wonderful-looking? We hope everybody's muffler would look like that. Okeydoke. Now. Now we are going to concentrate—very hard—on brakes."

Miss Joyce actually presented her car-care lecture twice. Near the end of the first runthrough, which lasted about half an hour, she talked about faulty ball joints. "Remember what I said about ball joints, and how they help in turning the car, and how there are

four of them?" she said. "Well, when the ball joints go bad, what happens is they get real loose and the car doesn't control well, and, O.K., you see it a lot on those New York taxis. Have you seen how their wheels seem to be caving in?"

A woman standing next to us said, "I have that same problem with my legs."

Between the two seminars, we spoke with Miss Joyce, and asked about her own experiences as a car owner. "I drive an M.G. now, and I park it outdoors in Queens," she said. "I started to learn about cars two years ago. Before that, you know what I was? An uninformed consumer, that's what I was. One day, I saw all this steam coming out from underneath my hood, and by the time I finally added water to the radiator the engine block had cracked. Then, when I went to get it fixed, I got taken for a long ride, fi-



"I love the fact that you actually went through with this, Phil. I mean, it's such a romantic gesture."

nancially speaking. Now maybe I'll change the oil and the tires, but I don't really have time to do it. We're not saying that everybody should get in there with a bunch of wrenches and change everything, do all the repair work. We're saying that people's cars tell them things. Uneven tire wear—what does it mean? What is the car saying? This seminar here in the bank should make you the doctor, so that when there's a squeak here or there, you know what to do and you can tell the mechanic. No, that's not quite it. No, the *car's* the baby and *you're* the mommy. The baby can't explain to the doctor what's wrong. But if Mommy can say Baby is dripping black fluid or red fluid or green fluid, then it's easier for the doctor to help the baby get well."

Johnny's World Famous

FOR those who feel that sailing a trim sloop over white-capped waves on a dazzling day, with the wind filling the mainsail and a bubbly wake churning off the stern, is about as much fun as a week in the Bronx House of Detention (we do), City Island—with its endless boatyards, sailmakers, rope retailers, centerboard manufacturers, anchor outlets, winch boutiques, and the like—is too salty for comfort. At the foot of City Island Avenue, however, there is relief. "This Is It!" says a big red-and-white sign on the side of an aqua-colored one-story building. "Johnny's World Famous Reef Restaurant. Sea Food by the Ton. Often Imitated... Never Duplicated." At the entrance to the parking lot, there's another sign:

Please Do Not Blow Your Horn
Por Favor... No Suenen La Bocina

As we drove in one hot Sunday afternoon recently, the sign was being rendered irrelevant by a loudspeaker blasting passionate Spanish songs; no mere car horn would have had a chance. In addition, a concrete terrace overlooking Long Island Sound was jammed with people at picnic tables, many of them following the Mets game on transistor radios. A lot of kids were running around shouting, too.

We parked, and stepped into Johnny's for a cold drink. "26 Years of Serving You—Prices Have Changed... Quality NEVER," said another sign. It was nice and clean and crowded and cool inside. At one of the tables, a man was chewing and gazing absently out the window at the sea; between his thumb and forefinger dangled the

small, bare skeleton of a fish. In the middle of the room was a stand of hot sauce, cocktail sauce, tartar sauce, and ketchup; people helped themselves, after obtaining the entrées on paper plates from counters. There is plenty of reading to do at Johnny's: a gallery of big white signs with red letters goes around the upper walls. Customers stroll about like visitors to the Metropolitan Museum, deeply absorbed in the decision-making process: "Bucket of Steamed Baby Shrimp—We Steam 'Em... You Peel 'Em (Regular \$4.50/ In Beer \$4.50)" or "Fried Frog Legs in the Basket (With French Fries, Coleslaw, and Pickle)"? Porgy, whiting, scallops, squid, corn on the cob, clams, heros, hot dogs, hamburgers, and beer are among the options, and there's a vivid painting of a slice of watermelon (65c). We bought a soft drink and walked over to the clam bar. Several small boys were playing some coin-machine games next to it—Spin Out, Sea Devil, Sniper, and Duck Hunt—so there was the noise of gunfire, racing engines, and screeching tires, but we shouted a greeting to the clam-opener, a pleasant young man with a mustache and a white hat that said "CLAMS" on it. He stood behind a counter at a tube of running water, Little Necks to his

left (\$3.50 a dozen), cherrystones to his right (same price), all packed in ice. Between customers, he told us his name is Louie and he is twenty-one years old, attends Lehman College, in the Bronx, hopes to design automobiles, and has worked at Johnny's part time for two years. "I open about seventy-five dozen clams on an average day, I guess," he said. He showed us several small scars on his left (or clam-holding) hand which dated from his apprentice period. Then he demonstrated his technique. He grabbed a Little Neck from the ice; inserted the knife blade with his right hand: twisted (*skreek*); sliced around; flipped off the top shell; sliced again, under the meat (*shloop*); and deposited the defeated little devil in its half shell on a paper plate.

"Do you eat a lot of clams?" we asked.

Louie made a face. "I don't like 'em," he said.

As business got heavier, a woman came over from "Baby Shrimp" and helped out. Her *mano a mano* with the bivalve was even faster than Louie's; in fact, during the final, hazardous slice, when there is no top shell between the blade and one's flesh, she invariably looked blandly out the window.

We asked her what she thought about while she was opening clams.

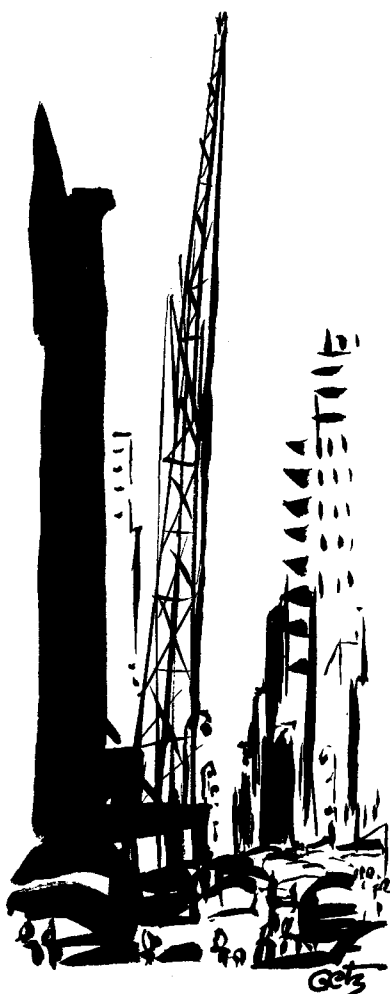
"I think about doing something else," she replied.

We went outdoors. It was cheerful, and the language around the picnic tables was mostly Spanish. On the perimeter of the terrace were a four-foot-high chain-link fence, then a narrow *rambla*, and then another four-foot-high chain-link fence. People walked around, or leaned on the outer fence and looked at the sailboats on the water. (We counted eleven, and a lot of motorized craft.) There were half a dozen telescopes mounted on swivels. "View Scenic Points, 25c," said a sign on one. On the telescope mount was a horizontal circle of metal with numbers on it, and by turning the telescope one could dial-a-view. The printed instructions began:

Dial Objective
5 Rockefeller & Bloomingdale Estates
22 Hart Island & Potter's Field

Wait a minute, we thought. Some social critic has had a hand in this. But the instructions went innocently on to NBC Tower, Stepping Stone Light, Fort Schuyler, and Throgs Neck Bridge.

A young couple were standing at the railing nearby. The woman was small





"I have distressing news, ladies and gentlemen. It seems we have been penetrated by the Mob."

and pretty, in jeans; the man was sleek-looking in leisure wear, with dark glasses and styled hair. He was obviously trying to correct a misunderstanding: his face was close to hers, talking, talking. She listened with her eyes down. From time to time, she nodded: a minor concession here; reluctant agreement there. But not persuaded. The man talked on. Finally, she smiles and looks at him. They are looking into each other's eyes, both smiling. His arm moves around her

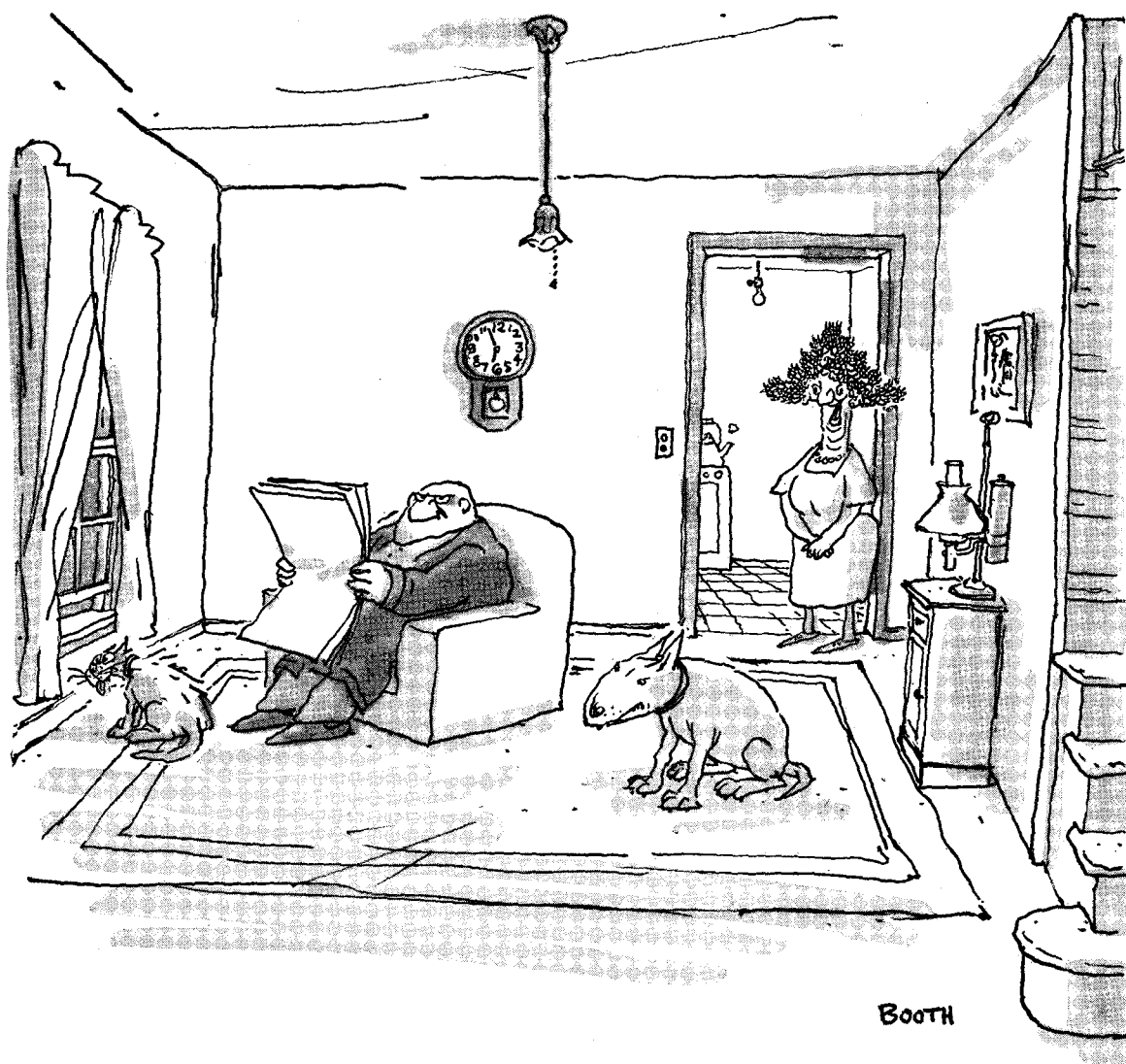
shoulder; in a moment, they kiss. We look away, and when—a few minutes later—we glance back, they are no longer face to face but side by side, elbows on the outer fence, looking out to sea. They have reached a plateau of reconciliation: they are at the serenely-watching-sailboats-together stage.

Romantic music roars from the loud-speaker. A small boy is fooling around with one of the telescopes, having a very good time. Bored with Rockefeller estates and paupers' graves and sail-

boats, he has rotated the telescope and is examining—with splendid magnification—all the people who are at the picnic tables or in their cars at Johnny's World Famous.

Interests

WE have a friend, an easily excited young woman, who from time to time likes to develop an abnormally intense interest in the most normal people and things. We have known



"Remember the Babylonian ziggurat?"

this young woman for years now, and we have noticed that the intense-interest span is brief. We have here a list of some of the things that have interested her:

Nu Grape soda.

The television commercials for the Hotel Collingwood, on West Thirty-fifth Street.

The television commercials for Lenny's Clam Bar, a restaurant in Queens.

Fat girls. (She said that she had heard a comedian say to an audience at the Apollo Theatre, in Harlem, "Ever notice how all fat girls think they are fine?" and that the audience, which was about seventy-five per cent fat girls, laughed and laughed.)

Margaritas.

Macadamia nuts.

Ginseng Bee Secretion, a questionable tonic made in Red China.

Circle skirts and saddle shoes.

Tom McGuane novels.

Ordering through the mail unusual

household utensils she has seen advertised in women's magazines (such as a set of little gadgets that are useful only when dealing with lemons).

We got a call from this young woman the other day. She was much excited. She said, "I have just been to Macy's. I have been going to Macy's every day for the last two weeks. I am very big on Macy's. I mean, it's such a big store. They say it's the biggest department store in the world. And there are always lots of people there. Ordinary people. I am very big on ordinary people. I got interested in Macy's when I read somewhere that Queen Salote of the Tonga Islands attended Queen Elizabeth's coronation in 1953 wearing an outfit that came from the tall girls' shop at Macy's. And I got interested again when I read somewhere that President Tubman of Liberia had his plumbing furnished and installed by Macy's. I read that about two weeks ago. Since then, I have bought a bed there, and a peach-colored bed ruffle for it, and

peach-colored pillowcases, and peach-colored sheets, and a peach-colored comforter. I love peach. Then I bought bath towels and wineglasses and water goblets and a set of knives for carving and pots and pans and a stereo set and an umbrella and straight-leg corduroy jeans and a leaf-green linen shirt made in France and huge mugs made in Italy and a Poly Hot-Pot (in avocado green, which is another one of my favorite colors, and which used to be the most popular color in the country) for making tea in my office, and chicken and sheep cheese for a dinner party I was giving, and nightgowns, and then I got one of their credit cards, because I was out of money. But the thing I like most about this particular store is how everything I buy there is something I really need. I am the one person I know who doesn't have to participate in meatless days, because I am not doing anything,

such as overconsuming, to unnecessarily deplete the world's natural resources."

We could have asked her to explain that last line of reasoning, but we had never asked this young woman to explain any of her intense interests or the reasons she gave us for them, and we had no intention of starting now.

"Of course," she went on, "they have things other than what I need, and I know where it all is. I know, for instance, exactly where girls' T-shirts are kept and where boys' T-shirts are kept. I know where to find ladies' undergarments, men's leisure suits, school clothes for boys, school clothes for girls. I also know that in a single year Macy's New York uses up sixty-nine hundred miles of poly twine, three thousand miles of gummed tape, nineteen hundred miles of Scotch Tape, eleven thousand miles of packing tissue, twenty-five million paper bags, and five million gift boxes. Also, I know that Mr. Macy was a whaler from Nantucket before he decided to start selling things."

HARBOR

RARELY is the night so clear on this coast at this time of year. All day we sailed in fog, floating through a pearl. The tide changed under us. We felt it, slowly. The light went out of the pearl and we sailed on, through the back of a mirror, hearing the sound of a stream, which was ourselves, in the darkness. But we knew where we were, as one remembers parts of a story. We heard a buoy where it was supposed to be, and we passed it according to the instructions published for the season, which means us. Then suddenly the fog cleared, and we saw the night: many stars, and ahead of us and on either side an unbroken band of darkness. We were in the estuary. The sound of our passing through the water swallowed up the last low tones of the buoy behind us. Channel markers blinked, bells rang far off over the water as we made our way in.

We had not planned to arrive at night, but it makes no difference. I reach out over the stern and grasp the thick line that leads back to the patent log trailing behind us in the night, telling us our speed through the dark. I feel the pulsing of the line, the beat of the steady fish that is our time, and I reel in the heavy cord, hand over hand, stripping the water from it, hearing the metal fins break the surface and flounder over it until they come to hang upright, swinging in the night air, dripping into the babbling wake.

There are three of us: the old friend whose boat it is, the young woman, whom he scarcely knows, who came with me, and I. After the long passage we speak little, sailing up the estuary, and when we do say something our voices are hushed and strained. We come to the end of a breakwater, where a small light is blinking on the top of a

pole, and we turn into the stillness beyond it.

I remember the harbor in the evening, in another time: the glassy enclosure reflecting the cool sky full of yellow light after sunset and the one other vessel, a fishing boat moored alongside the looming fish-canning factory—a structure like an old colliery, of wood and rusted tin, rising from the harbor's edge into the clear hour. One tall wharf. Ten or twelve houses around the shore: small, pointed white buildings from an age before any of us was born, with grass running down to the water, and some windows full of sky, some with drawn white curtains. Hydrangea bushes in the twilight, fading.

We move slowly across the still harbor. I can make out the black shape of the factory, and then the high wharf jutting toward us on its stilts. My old

friend walks forward and we take down the sails and glide on, propelled by nothing but our own momentum, in a long curve that ends with the wharf a few feet away. I take the painter and wait until I see, moving slowly toward me, the black form of a long ladder. I reach out to it and, with the line coiled on my arm, start to climb. Step by step the pilings of the wharf sink under the stars.

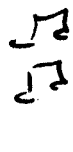
We will hear our feet walk along the wharf and onto the echoing land, in the night. We will walk up the street between the few stores, past the speechless houses. Behind the curtains everyone is asleep. No one will know we are there. We will be standing in the street among the houses when the stars begin to fade, each of us seeing a different place. Unheard by us, someone will wake, on the other side of a curtain, and see us there, and not know who we are or where we have come from.

—W. S. MERWIN

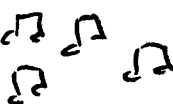
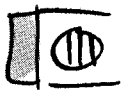
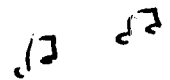


"Relax. Rome wasn't fully funded and operational in a day."

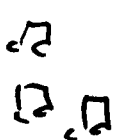
A DAY IN THE OFFICE



IT IS NOW NINE O'CLOCK. EVERYONE
BE SEATED AND BEGIN WORK.



IT IS ELEVEN-FIFTEEN. EVERYONE PLEASE
WRITE BACKWARDS FOR FIVE MINUTES.
EVERYONE. BACKWARDS.



THE TIME IS TWELVE NOON.
LUNCH TIME! CHOP! CHOP!





IT IS NOW TWO O'CLOCK.
EVERYONE DO THE HUCKLEBUCK.



IT IS THREE-THIRTY. TIME FOR LADIES ONLY.
ALL MEN OFF THE WORKING FLOOR. LADIES ONLY.
GUYS OFF THE FLOOR.



IT IS FIVE O'CLOCK. QUITTING TIME. PLEASE TIDY UP
YOUR DESKS, PUT ON YOUR COATS, AND HAVE
A SAFE TRIP HOME.



LOVE AND PAINTING

IN his junior year, Steven Ockner transferred from a dying college in the Bronx to a small, beautiful school in southern Massachusetts. Having been confined with male engineering students in the vicinity of Jerome Avenue, he was girl- and scenery-hungry; the new school was coed, and when Steven went up for his interview in the spring it looked like a British Romantic poet's pastoral fantasy. When he arrived in September he resolved to make some changes in his life. With the feeling of diving into a pool with water of untested temperature, he swallowed his misgivings about non-academic courses and went to the Art Center to register for a class in Beginning Painting.

It was not really summer anymore, but not yet fall; the air was thick and hazy. There were pretty girls everywhere on campus; they smiled back at him, and Steven was queasy with excitement, and homesick. He didn't know anybody. He felt older than most

people he met: from the previous school he had got some street wisdom and a sarcastic sense of humor, which he suppressed, with effort, in the new surroundings. He felt, simultaneously, that he was out of place and that he had finally landed. Walking to the Art Center in the sun, he was happy until he noticed the number of people heading in the same direction, and that put him in a sour mood; he had imagined that all his classes would be tiny. The Art Center was off campus, among the houses in a poor section of town. It was a white elephant of a building, which had once been a small factory. Steven's heart sank further when he saw a crowd waiting in the main studio. The teacher was late, and the students buzzed nervously; having nobody to talk to, Steven stood to one side and looked for a good face. The teacher finally arrived, engaged in a walking discussion with a student who wanted to skip one out of the three classes a week for football practice.



"I was just quoting Andrew Young, but I'm perfectly willing to retract what I said."

"What can I do?" said the teacher. "I am sorry." He was a short man, with a high voice and a Middle European accent. His close-cropped hair was a metallic gray. His eyes were very far apart, and cold blue—colder now that he had stopped smiling politely. His name was Kodaly. The football player shrugged his big shoulders. When the teacher turned around, the football player gave him the finger. It was half-hearted; nevertheless, it was the finger.

This was the way students seemed to react to Mr. Kodaly. He was shrill and strict; he was also easy to caricature. He gave each of the jittery beginners a piece of canvas board, a couple of brushes, and three tubes of paint—blue, brown, and white. "Students," he piped, and the students kept whispering and tittering, as if they were in sixth grade. "Students, make a painting." Silence. "Of what?" an aggressive male voice asked. "Just a painting," said Mr. Kodaly. Steven applied a brushful of blue to the blank board with a feeling of having committed an irrevocable act: there was the glistening blue mark, shaped like a comma or a sickle, meaning something. Then he put on some brown, and it looked awful. Then he covered everything with white, but it was not the same as making it disappear. Mr. Kodaly was walking among the easels, his eyes half closed in appraisal; he stopped in back of Steven, who was now preoccupied with keeping a brown area in check without losing it.

"Students, come here and look at this," Mr. Kodaly said. Steven looked over his shoulder and realized he meant *him*. The rest of the class gathered in a close circle around his easel, arms folded, variously interested and disdainful. Steven was proud; at the same time, he felt the blood pumping to his face.

"Have you painted before?" the teacher asked.

"No," Steven said, dry-throated.

"You see, even without mixing the paints, he has made the colors mean something," Mr. Kodaly said. "And the edges, how he has rubbed them with the rag. Very fine. Leave this," he said to Steven. "Start another if you want."

The other students went murmuring back to their easels. Steven walked around the room—his hands in his pockets, trying to restrain a smile—looking at what other people had done. It was self-conscious, mostly: geometric patterns; uncertain renderings of the student at the next easel, painting; painful efforts at mixing flesh tones. His wasn't much better. He figured

that the main virtue of his canvas was that, at the moment Mr. Kodaly looked, he had forgotten himself. Perhaps, though, there was something more. He decided to become the best painter in the class.

And, to his surprise, painting took him up. It was the first thing since childhood that had captivated him completely. It seemed to him like a dark cathedral, with Mr. Kodaly his somewhat nervous guide. Steven clung to him, though he was perhaps the most unpopular teacher on campus, with a feeling that Mr. Kodaly had something to show him; the unpopularity seemed to Steven a mark of distinction, of promise. Mr. Kodaly had a fine eye, and an encyclopedic knowledge of the history of painting. It also seemed miraculous to Steven that Mr. Kodaly liked almost everything that Steven did. And he was the first person ever to call Steven Steven, rather than Steve or Stevie. Actually, it was "Stefan;" it exalted him, gave him a sense of special destiny.

Mr. Kodaly lived next to the campus, in a tiny saltbox house, with his wife and child, a five-year-old girl named Isolde. Steven began to drop by from time to time, and he was always met at the front door by Mrs. Kodaly, a strange and graceless woman who talked too much. She was taller than her husband, and lean, and her eyes drifted while she talked. She was from Texas. Mr. Kodaly had met her while he was an art student at a Methodist university in Florida which had given him a scholarship when he escaped from Hungary. It was a weird match. Once, at a student sculpture-exhibit opening, drunk on Art Department wine, Steven's teacher had whispered to him that his wife was "a genius, in massamatics." Steven didn't quite believe it, but still it gave him pause. Mr. Kodaly painted, in his basement. He told Steven that his wife didn't understand his work. His paintings filled the living-room walls: they were jagged, thor-



"Hold everything! Our ten-person group has not been attained."

oughly professional seascapes. Fanciful but cold. Steven respected them without liking them in the least. In the ochre horizon of a painting over the couch were the dark eyes and nose of an accidental face; the eyes seemed hurt. It was such a jarringly uncharacteristic note that Steven felt compelled to mention it. "Oh yes," Mr. Kodaly said. "Do you know. I did this in college and my teacher showed me the face." He shrugged. "I should have painted it out, but I let it stay."

Steven began spending extra time in the Art Center, after class and on weekends, painting geometric abstractions with rubbed and blurred edges, mainly in blue. His hands were always the same shade of blue when he had finished—a mixture of cobalt, ultramarine, phthalocyanine, cerulean, violet, some white, and viridian. He would paint all afternoon, sometimes cutting classes, and walk back to his room at sunset weak in the knees, exhausted and purified, or merely drained by a fresh failure, his hands stinging and reeking of turpentine and his eyes smarting and strained. He began to be afraid that the turpentine or the exer-

tion was making him go blind. But the squint, the eyestrain, was simply a result of starting to see, in rooms, in streets, in bushes, things he had never seen before. Colors especially. The varying shades of white in a fluorescent-lit classroom yielded up extremely subtle pinks and greens, which he would try to imitate in his turpentine washes. The pretty country campus became a huge laboratory, in which everything and everyone glowed numinously. New vistas unfolded constantly—down the street, out to the horizon—and he trembled with joy at the tonal vibrations in the dirt at the foundation of a building. He read how Monet had, with horror, caught himself observing the changing skin colors in a dying friend's face, and felt he understood. He started to keep a journal, and wrote, "A man with brown hair and a purple book in his hand, walking up the sidewalk."

In the second semester Mr. Kodaly put Steven in a studio on the second floor of the Art Center, which he shared with a British girl with a depressive temperament and bad skin. When spring came, hornets began to build a

nest at the upper corner of one of the studio windows, and occasionally one of the big insects would come in and fly slow figure eights around Steven while he worked. The girl and he rarely painted at the same time; whenever Steven came in he would see her work sitting on her easel. She agonized, spending weeks on a single canvas. Soon he began to find her canvases turned to the wall. One morning, Steven cut a class to paint, and found Mr. Kodaly there with her, looking at her pictures.

"It has come to resemble Steven's painting a good deal," Mr. Kodaly said, and, turning to Steven, "Don't you think so?"

After a while she stopped coming altogether. At the end of the year, Mr. Kodaly told Steven, in tones suited to an investiture, that he could have a studio all to himself next semester. Steven lined up the ten or so pictures he had finished, and realized that only two of them were any good; still, he wasn't displeased. The two—a tall, blue-green abstraction with a lightning stroke of yellow, and his latest, a departure, a very faint pink rectangle on gray—seemed to him to be respectable work. He changed his major from Physics to Studio Art, and spent the summer explaining to people that he had become a painter, an artist.

STEVEN came back to his senior year with a sense of purpose and a small reputation on campus—both conditions entirely new to him. He could now wear painter's pants with authority. He had also moved from his dormitory to a house off campus, which he shared with four young men who wrote and played various instruments. The college was building a new art center, out of Indiana limestone—huge, pharaonic blocks had to be hauled in, one per truck, from Indiana. A couple of limestone blocks arrived every day, with a grinding of gears that could be heard all the way down College Street. The old center—full of creation and failure, of the smells of turpentine and clay and wood shavings and oily rags, where Steven had made his first good painting and worried about the hornets' nest—had been razed, all the smells lost. Where it had stood there was a square of mud.

In the meantime, the student painting studios were in an office building the school had rented. Most of the offices were empty; the Art Department took over a few of the cubicles and a couple of meeting rooms. The halls were long and silent, with low dropped ceilings and linoleum floors and beige-painted cinder-block walls. It

NORWAY

The raw slopes of meat are stabbed with pikes
And the flesh of the whale is torn away
With the use of hands and feet. Here and there
A gull cries. This fish turned to oil, the oil turning
To a carbon band around the chimney of a crystal lamp,

And, at midnight, a man closes his book. He sighs,
Closes his eyes,
And, then, it is there in the purple haze of his mind
That the whale leaps
For a last time, dancing a little, just an element
Of white oval light in a lamp.
It had spread past the seated man,
Past the table at his right hand to a sleeping dog,
But it failed at touching the far corner
Of the room—its tiny vase of blue and black pansies stands

With the smudged faces of exhausted whalers,
Their red arms stirring the big iron pots while
Above them on the deck a cabin boy leans on a broom,
Stopped at his work, his mouth open; he just gazes
At a brain of a whale
That is steaming like a newborn calf outside
In the early spring rain that has turned to hail.

—NORMAN DUBIE

was rumored that some Theatre Department people held orgies in one of the upstairs offices. It seemed like a sad place to do such a thing.

As Mr. Kodaly had promised, Steven got his own studio. It was really just a small office, but he could lock the door and stare at a canvas for hours. This year he had to buy his own materials. By the middle of October, he was making regular trips to the lumberyard and the art-supply store, and one evening, elated, his legs aching as if he had run in a track meet, he wrote in his journal:

Today I bought fourteen feet of one-by-two-inch wood, some plywood to brace the corners, and three yards of primed canvas. I built a 3½-foot-square frame, braced the corners, and stretched canvas onto it. The canvas was as tight as a drum. Then I painted from about eleven in the morning till five in the afternoon, and I finished it. Made a painting. It excited me very much, and I went out and got my teacher and it excited him, too.

Is it possible that I could be a good painter? When the canvas was sitting just stretched and untouched on the easel, I had an idea of what to do but was very uncertain about everything, especially how good it might turn out and then it came out fine and completely different from what I'd preconceived. And this painting had more light and movement

and life than anything I've done so far, so it's something of a breakthrough and as Kodaly said, "Paint another one."

The painting was so much better than the ones preceding it that Steven felt frightened. He stiffened up, lost his confidence; but then he reasoned that the new painting had been a signal from his future, and he wouldn't be able to catch up to it for a while. Lying to himself in this way, he kept himself from staying frightened by the fact that his painting really was good. He turned the canvas to the wall, and began to work again, slowly and laboriously this time.

A week later, after several false starts, he believed he had something. He sat in his studio, staring at the painting until it no longer registered. His heart was pounding, and he felt sick to his stomach. He looked out his window and noticed, absentmindedly, that it was foggy out; the trees were bare and black, and wet leaves were lying around like leftover breakfast flakes. He felt a little leap of joy—pride that he had worked opposite to the gloomy weather. What the hell, he thought, and went across the hall to get Mr. Kodaly, who was teaching there. He left the class to go look at Steven's canvas.

"Yes, Steven. I can tell right away," he said.

"You like it?"

"Yes, Steven, another fine one," he said. "I wish I could crank them out like you."

"You think I ought to—" Steven





"Of course it's damp underfoot! That strikes me as a very petty complaint to make at a time like this."

said, walking up to the canvas and pointing to a section of it.

"No. Don't touch it. I mean this. Just leave it."

Steven was almost resentful; it was out of his hands. There was a girl at the door, in a bright-pink raincoat.

"Come in, come in," Mr. Kodaly said to her. "Have a look. What do you think? Isn't it fine?"

"Leading the witness," Steven said.

She came to the back of the room and looked at his painting a long time. Steven looked at the side of her head. There was no doubt she was beautiful; you knew it, as in a painting. But the fineness of her features gave him no pleasure: they were too precise; it was just as if he were looking through an overstrong corrective lens.

"Could I talk to you a minute?" she asked Mr. Kodaly, and they went outside. When he came back he said, "Ja, I think you have something good here, Steven."

"Who was that?" Steven asked.

"Oh, that is Ann Gimple," he said.

"She is an excellent painter, really, Steven. As good as you. She will be coming to take some art courses second semester. It should be quite exciting," he said. Meaning what, Steven wondered.

Steven sulked, thinking that there was a painter as good as he. She had not commented on his picture. Because of Mr. Kodaly's accent, there was no telling whether her last name was Gimple, Gimbél, or Kimball. She wasn't wearing a wedding ring. He tried to make the painting better, and worked on into the evening. Somewhere he lost it, and pulled the ruined canvas off the stretcher, staple by staple, and stuffed it in the garbage can.

SECOND semester began, in icy-bright, rheumy January, and Ann Kimball appeared at the studios, red-cheeked, to register for courses in painting and design. In a spurt of uncharacteristic boldness (hearing his own voice from outside), Steven introduced himself. She didn't seem quite to remember

him. He stood grilling her, astonished at himself but unable to let her slip away. She hoped to go to graduate school in painting, but since she hadn't majored in art at college she needed more credits. She was commuting, from Hatfield, in a borrowed car. She excused herself; she had to ask Mr. Kodaly about some things. Steven followed her out into the corridor. He told her his house was just off campus, in case she was ever stranded. He gave her the phone number and address, smiling the whole time with an assurance he knew he had never felt before.

She moved into a studio two doors down from his—an office whose hallway wall was frosted glass. Every day he would find an excuse to go and lean in her doorway. She really was a good painter. (Mr. Kodaly was tougher with her, though. Steven suspected he didn't really like women.) Her style was quite unlike his, hard and geometric, almost monochromatic, and near to gray in tonality. He revelled in color—he was no longer limiting himself to blues—

and rubbed edges till they all but disappeared: his god was Rothko. But it amazed him; she was a good painter. He had never run into another one before, and suddenly one had set up shop two doors away, and she was a beautiful woman. It amazed and annoyed him. Steven got used to the poignant, ammoniac smell of her acrylic paints. He would lean in the doorway and grin, and she would light a cigarette and hold it between long, paint-spattered fingers and squint in the smoke. She was tall and thin, and there was a dusting of tiny, pale freckles around the bridge of her nose and beneath her eyes. In his journal, he compared the luminosity of her skin to Vermeer's women. Her hair was cut quite short, her ears were pierced, and she wore small hoop earrings; she was almost twenty-five. She had graduated from a women's college, farther up the Connecticut River, three years before, magna cum laude in English. He had never met anyone like her.

The thought that she might be a lesbian came to him often then, unwilling, like all thought of her. Her cropped hair was at the time not fashionable. She never mentioned a man. Never

was there the casually dropped, heart-stopping "my boyfriend." She was friendly, but, in a way he couldn't pin down, she was hardened. His questions about her condensed into a single feeling, like a strange ideogram, which from time to time would brush across the edge of his mind.

Ann usually got to the studios early in the morning, before the janitor opened the building. She had found a window with a broken lock that she could open from the outside and squeeze through. Steven was able to tell from a hundred yards off, by the position of her window blinds, whether she was in or not. When she was in, his whole soul rose a notch, and he strode to her window and knocked on the glass, grinning, and she smiled and rather distractedly came to the front door and let him in, and he went on to his studio. When she wasn't there ahead of him, he pretended not to be disappointed, and steeled himself, during the last hundred yards' walk to the building, to a morning of hard work. Some days she just didn't come. It was the small, random pain in his life, and he accepted it.

She drove to school in a black M.G.

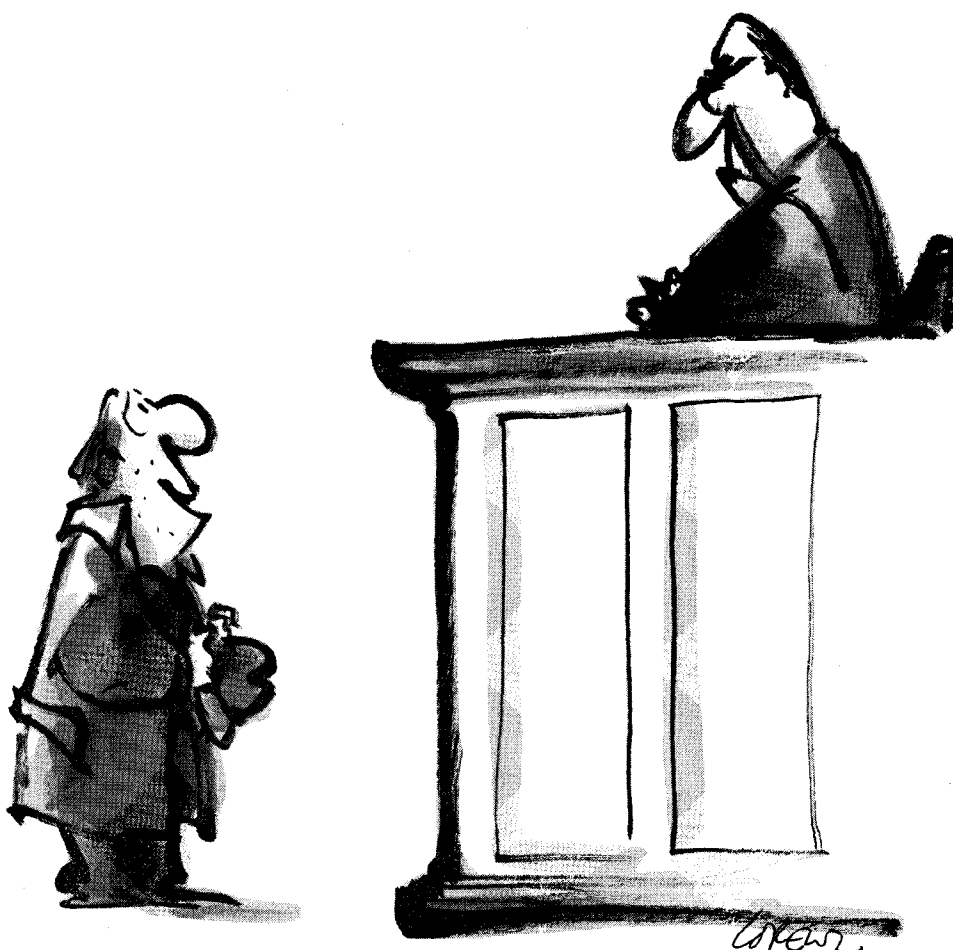
with a flower decal on the fender. The flower decal seemed odd; it was too whimsical for her. Steven didn't know whose car it was. It had Minnesota license plates. Steven didn't know, either, exactly where she came from three times a week: she told him she lived in a house in the woods with a married couple who were friends of hers and an astronomer who was in Arizona now, studying binary stars. The arrangement sounded complicated, and Steven inquired no further, except about the binary stars. She explained to him that they were double stars, with their own solar systems, mutually revolving around a common center of gravity. He was enchanted.

She had a dog, a skinny female mutt named Maggie, which she sometimes brought to school with her. The dog was neither adult nor a puppy; it was full grown but still had big feet. It would clatter around the halls while Ann painted, its nails sliding on the linoleum, until Ann emerged to bail it out of puppy trouble. She scolded the dog, ineffectually, with a voice made low in her throat: "Maggie! No! No!" Maggie often pushed her snout through Steven's partly opened door and entered, fawning, wagging her entire self, demanding to be petted; and then left, abruptly, to explore the building or sleep in Ann's studio. Steven found, to his amusement, that he enjoyed touching the dog and was sorry when she left.

One day Maggie walked into his studio with a large rag in her mouth.

"What do you have?" Steven said. "What do you have? Gimme, Gimme that rag." He tried unsuccessfully to wrest it from her jaws, and then began to stroke her flat, silky side. Maggie sat down. She dropped the rag and put her paw on Steven's knee, and he went on stroking her. "Who are you?" he said. The dog was smiling and looking sideways. "Who's that lady you come with? Huh?" He held the dog's ears. "How come you two bother me so much?" Steven reached for her collar tags and read them. One was a license from the town of Granby; the other read, "I belong to Ann Bailey. 225 Euclid Avenue, Granby." It made no sense. He patted the dog's behind, and she left the room.

Soon Steven no longer needed to think up a pretext before he went and stood in Ann's doorway; he would just appear. One afternoon, when the building was empty, Ann let him come in and sit down, and they talked a long time. She asked him about his college career, and told him about hers. Sud-



"First of all, Your Honor, I'd like to say we're both human beings—right?"

denly, while she was telling him about the impossible inorganic-chemistry teacher she had had sophomore year, he realized that he was jealous of her past. What had she been like when she was nineteen? More vulnerable? Had she smoked and worn earrings then?

"Would you close your eyes a minute?" she said. "I'm going to put on my shirt." She had been painting in a spattered smock. He dutifully shut his eyes.

"O.K.," she said, and he opened them. She was pulling on a black, billowy Mexican blouse. She bent over, and Steven saw her breasts inside the dark shirt like shimmering cave fish. They shone in his mind for a week.

One rainy Monday, he decided to invite her over to his house for lunch. He sat in his studio and listened to her silence, her clapping down the hall in her clogs to wash brushes, her silence again: painting. He planned and planned what to say. Then he decided, The hell with it. He looked at his watch—eleven-forty-five—and walked to her door.

"Hi," he said.

"Hello," she said, with a vague smile. She lit a cigarette. He wished she wouldn't smoke so much.

"Listen, I'm going home now to eat some lunch," he said. "Would you like to come over and I'll make you a sandwich?"

"Well, I brought a sandwich."

"Oh," Steven said. "Well, would you like to come over and have a glass of orange juice? You could bring the sandwich."

"Sure," she said, rising and putting out the cigarette. "Do you have anything else to drink besides orange juice?" And she had on her coat and was walking beside him, just like that.

They walked across campus. Classes were letting out for lunch, the carillon was chiming wetly, and people in rain gear were walking in diagonals over the lawn. Steven felt a happy sense of disconnectedness: the hurrying people all seemed to be on railroad tracks, narrow-gauge.

His roommates were out. The kitchen was filthy. On the table were half-eaten bowls of breakfast cereal, an



"Over there."

• •

open jar of peanut butter. The refrigerator door was open. A knife was stuck, with grape jelly, to the morning newspaper. The sink was full of dishes, and balanced on top was the previous night's pork-chop pan, full of greasy water. She sat down by the table, still in her wet brown wool coat.

"I'm sorry about the mess," he said.

"Oh, I went to college, too."

He cleared a spot and she ate while he walked back and forth, between the cabinets and the table, the sink and the table, the refrigerator and the table, talking to her all the while. In all this time, he managed to make and eat half a peanut-butter sandwich.

"Why don't you sit down?" she asked.

"You're finished."

"You, too."

"Let me just do some dishes." He righteously—because it was his roommates' mess as well as his own—washed some plates, and turned around: she was still there.

"Can I see your room?" she asked.

He sitting on the rug, she sitting on the bed, they ate roasted peanuts and talked. It was still raining out—a miserable, monotonous winter rain—but there was the strange, rustling sound of a woman in his room. Steven was cutting classes. Never had he felt less

guilty. During a lull in the conversation she saw a bottle of cognac sitting on his dresser. It was a quarter full.

"Do you drink?" she asked, indicating the bottle.

"No. Not much. It was a birthday present. I like a little at night sometimes."

"Do you smoke?"

"I used to, a little bit."

"Don't you have any vices?"

"Oh, I have vices."

"What are they?"

"Oh, I don't know."

"You seem very pure."

Steven was annoyed with the line of conversation; he changed the subject. They talked about her for a long time, then about him some more. They talked uninhibitedly, hardly looking at each other, like camp bunkmates after lights-out. She told him about her family, about her college boyfriends.

"Do you want to hear a terrible story?" she said.

"Sure," he said.

"It's about the time I lost my virginity," she said.

"Sure," he said. He was upset.

"I was eighteen," she said. He wondered what he was doing when she was eighteen. He realized with shock that he was still in the Boy Scouts then. "It was my freshman year,"

she went on. "He was a friend of my family. He was twenty-eight! He was a doctor."

"What was his name?"

"Arnold Metcalf. Met-calf. Anyway, we went skiing and then we ate dinner at a fancy restaurant. He got pretty drunk. He was driving me back to school, and I was scared, he was so drunk, but I didn't know how to drive a stick-shift. He had a Jaguar. He was even drunker than I'd thought. He said, 'I know a shortcut back to your college,' and he started driving off in the wrong direction. We went all the way down to Hartford—that was where he lived—and by this time I was way late: the college had curfew then. I wanted to use his telephone to call my dorm, but he wouldn't let me. Then he proposed. He was crying. He said he'd always see I had everything, beautiful clothes, anything I wanted. . . ."

"What'd you say?"

"I told him he was ten years older than me, that he was drunk, that I wanted to use the telephone. He said no and he got very nasty. . . . He forced, I didn't know what to do, so I didn't do anything. I made him drive me all the way back. He said nothing the whole way. And you know the funny thing that happened? I got out of the car at my dorm, and on the way in I slipped on the ice and fell right on my back and he laughed. He laughed and laughed."

"Jesus."

She lit a cigarette.

"What ever happened to him?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said.

They were silent for a minute, listening to the rain gurgling in the drainpipe.

"I'm going to sit up here," he said. "Do you mind if I sit up here?" He sat on the bed, a couple of feet from her.

"Have you ever been in love?" she asked.

"Once, maybe." He smiled down at the bedspread.

"Have you ever been married?" she asked.

God, what a stupid question, he thought. "No, have you?" he asked, sarcastically.

"Yes," she said. "I am married."

He had a sensation of things zooming, spinning, and then settling compactly into place. The dog's tag.

She told him she was separated from her husband. His name was Martin. They had separated in October (just before he first saw her), as a trial. After a year they would decide whether to make it permanent.

FIREWEED

Not only in the vast parks with their crowded walks and water,
or in the private squares with their ranked tulips banked
around clipped lawns, empty behind padlocks,
but everywhere in this city there are trees:
in four-by-four front gardens, on balconies in tubs,
fruit trees, poplars, splotted rows of London planes
pushing through the pavement, overhanging broken walls,
stretching a mottled shade, breathing, surviving.

From Notting Hill Gate, say, to Ladbroke Grove,
the harsh scrags, leafless under winter gray,
are nuisances to anyone wielding an umbrella;
then suddenly in spring the blossoms billow,
great foams of cumulus halo the streetlights
in a shocking festival of purification.

Dropping into the rubble of any airshaft,
along with the deceptive rain-sounds of the drains,
will come not only the ledge-lodged pigeon's burble
but a full dawn chorus of robin and thrush,
blackcap, blue tit, wood warbler, chiffchaff,
scouting the treetops, their varied voices
surrounded and drowned by the ever-present blackbird's
fuller variations on the clearest of flutes
(falling, it is true, into a coda on the buzz saw),
rising, mimicking, bursting into sunlight,
a daily affirmation, till it in turn is drowned
by the blast-fumous wings converging upon Heathrow.

Some to this day awake to that roar with a spasm
of courage from dreams of sirens and searchlights,
ghosts overhead, walls falling, moans from the stairwell,
and the shattered trunks and branches of the trees.

After the plagues, the fires, and the bombings,
when the docked city waited for judgment
to sort through its remnants—shuffling precedents,
probing foundations, following fit procedures—
it was not the trees, shuddering into green,
that first salved the jagged suppurations,
but common willow herb, flowing from every crevice,
its bright magenta flaming unseeded,
fleshing torn bones with a soft integument,
just as, in the high Sierras on the other side of the world,
when the smoke jumpers retreat from a blackened forest,
the same miracle, earning its other name,
starts up among the charred fragments of birds and animals
to begin with ephemeral brilliance the long climb
back to the sheltering canopy of the trees.

—WILLIAM H. MATCHETT

"Jesus," he said. "Jesus."
"Come on," she said. "Why don't
you tell me about all your old loves?"
"I, I—" Steven sat with his mouth
open, and then he began to cry, as he
hadn't cried since childhood. He cried
and cried, whining loudly; he was con-
scious of the sound he was making. It

was perfectly delicious crying, and cry-
ing in front of Ann.

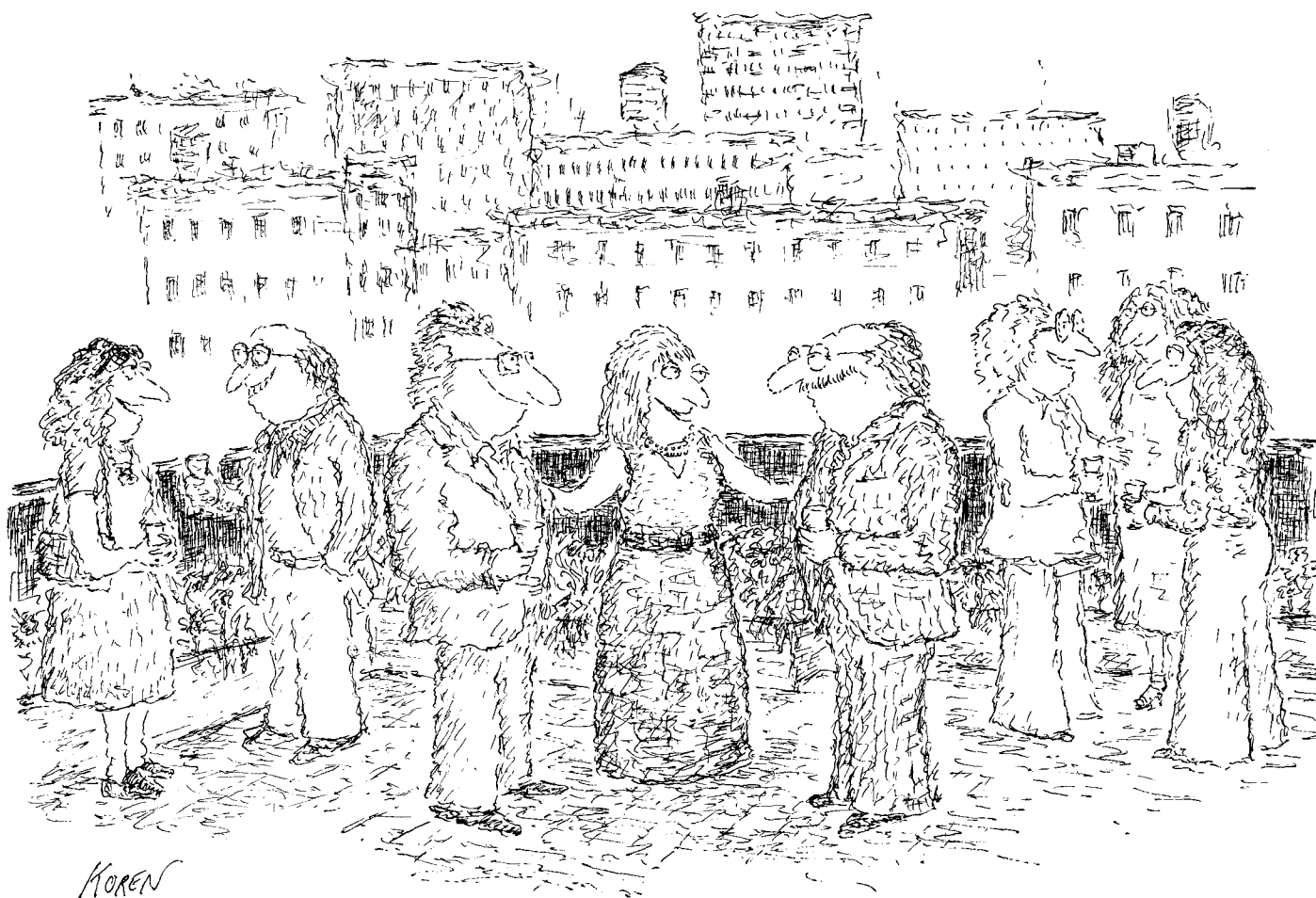
"Stop it, stop," Ann said. "Come on.
What's the trouble?" Her arms were
around him; she was unbuttoning his
shirt.

"I can't . . . I never . . ." He was
still crying.

"You mean you haven't? Well,
come on. I'll show you; it's not so
important. *It's not so important.* Come,
take off your clothes."

And then they had their clothes off
and they were on his rug. The shock





"Rick Hoffman, six miles a day, I'd like you to meet Brent Evans, ten miles a day."

made him stop crying; the room seemed very quiet. He just lay on top of her and looked down at their long bodies, his sallow from faded suntan and hers entirely white.

Then Steven began to cry again.

"What is this?" she said, patting him on the back. "An instant replay?"

He walked into his design class a half hour late that afternoon, smiling. Everybody stared at him. Later, when he went back to his room, he found peanut shells everywhere—on the bed and all over the rug.

THEY drew back, though; Ann got frightened. She was married. Instead of becoming lovers, they embarked on a process of long, serious negotiations, which took place several times a week in Ann's studio. Soon Steven began to feel as if he had never touched her.

One afternoon, the conversation, the argument, spoken in loud whispers behind her closed door, had stopped. There was just nothing more to say. Steven had no idea what to do next. They had sat and stood and paced while the winter sun went down, telling each other how much they liked each other, how much they wanted

each other, but how, sensibly, it was not possible. Then they had to laugh because they were discussing such a thing so rationally. Then they began to discuss it again. Sensibly, the only thing to do was discuss and then disengage. Realistically, the only thing to do was kiss and then make passionate love. But Steven could no longer conceive of embracing her; like a painting considered too long, it no longer registered. Ann was standing with her face a foot from his face, her arms at her sides, her hands in fists, and her head tilted questioningly.

"Can't you see?" she said. "Can't you see what it would mean if we were to touch each other? It would be an agreement, a *covenant*, it wouldn't be just the once."

His head was whirling, trying to imagine just once. He couldn't say anything.

"Can't you *see*?" she said through closed teeth and then put her arms around him, and the smell, the feel of her was in him for the first time: the time in the bedroom had been too shocking for sensation. His chin rested on top of her head and he could smell the powdery perfume of her scalp high in his nose. "Why don't you ever hold

me?" she said. "Why don't you? Huh? Why?"

He held her as hard as he could and rocked back and forth, too frightened to kiss her or even look into her face.

ANN brought her dog to school less often. She and Steven spent the late afternoons (now, in late March, the days were getting longer) in her studio, kissing behind the door. She was frightened that Mr. Kodaly would see their silhouettes on the frosted-glass wall.

"Don't you feel weak?" she asked. They had been standing and kissing for half an hour.

"Mmm," he said.

"I go all weak when you kiss me."

"Is that bad?" he said, and kissed her again.

She would not go back to his house. She knew that time would disappear then, and there would be no more painting for the rest of the afternoon. She did not want to spend the night. She seemed to have had sad experience with the consequences of escalation of love. It undermined her ability to work. She stated this to Steven as incontestable fact. She was living on her own now, and she had a point to prove

to herself: she *could* be a painter. Her sureness about these things angered Steven. How could she know that love and painting couldn't mix? How could she be sure that they wouldn't inspire each other to new heights? As it was, they had their interlude, between the time they quit for the day and the moment she got in the car and went away. To where, Steven really had no idea.

"I TOLD Martin about us," Ann said. They were lying on the grass outside the studio building, eating lunch. The weather had turned freakishly warm for the end of March. Her cropped hair feathered in the breeze like a boy's.

"What did you tell him?"

"I told him that there was someone, that I was seeing a lot of you, and I told him exactly what that meant." She sounded cold and alone.

"Was he upset?"

"He was very upset, yes."

"Did you tell him I'm not an evil person?"

"He doesn't think you're an evil person."

"What did he do?"

"What could he do? He walked out of the house. The next day he brought me flowers."

Flowers, Steven thought. Was that what people did?

She didn't like talking about her husband, and neither, really, did Steven; yet he got a perverse pleasure from her

inadvertent revelations. He didn't like this in himself.

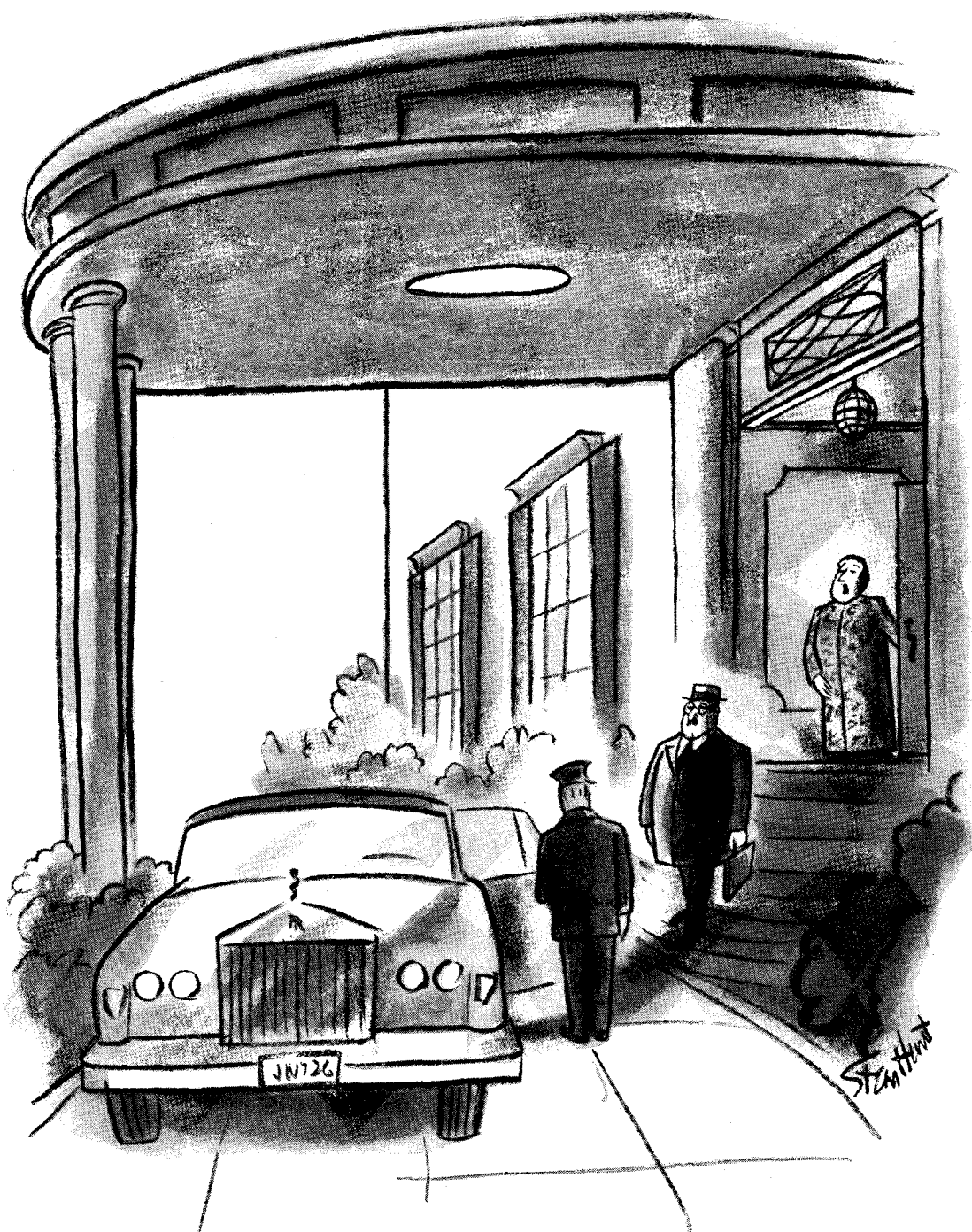
She had a job as a waitress in a seafood restaurant; with the tips and her savings, she managed. Her time was her own, and Steven could make no inroads, or was frightened to. The pressures on her—of money, marriage, and ambition—were something he hadn't yet experienced. So he made no demands on her weekends and evenings, accepting that what she did then had to do with the outside world.

"You're still in college," she said to him. "Listen. I don't want to sound condescending, but it's completely different once you've graduated."

He made her tell him, in detail, about all her college love affairs. He

got the information out of her in a kind way, in the confidence of intimacy, but he used it to bedevil himself: he was monstrously jealous of these spectral lovers, who were as gone as if they had been killed in a war. Once, when she compared him to one of them—in a friendly, innocuous way—he fumed for days, until she took it back. And he didn't stop his inquisition until he felt sure that she no longer cared about any of them. But he never really felt sure, or stopped being jealous. Four summers before, she had been a mother's helper for rich people in Virginia; they had kept hundred-dollar bills in a dresser drawer. That summer, she smashed her finger in a car door, and friends drove her a hundred miles to a hospital in Washington. The finger was perfect now. Steven was jealous even of the people who had driven her to the hospital. The thought of anyone else touching her was the worst thing he could think of, because touching her was the best thing he could think of. The only trouble was she was away most of the time.

But Steven was insistent, and they set a date when she would stay at school in the evening, eat dinner with him, and sleep in his bed. The day came, and she didn't show up. He was so hurt and incredulous that his eyesight was affect-



"Hang loose, Gridley."

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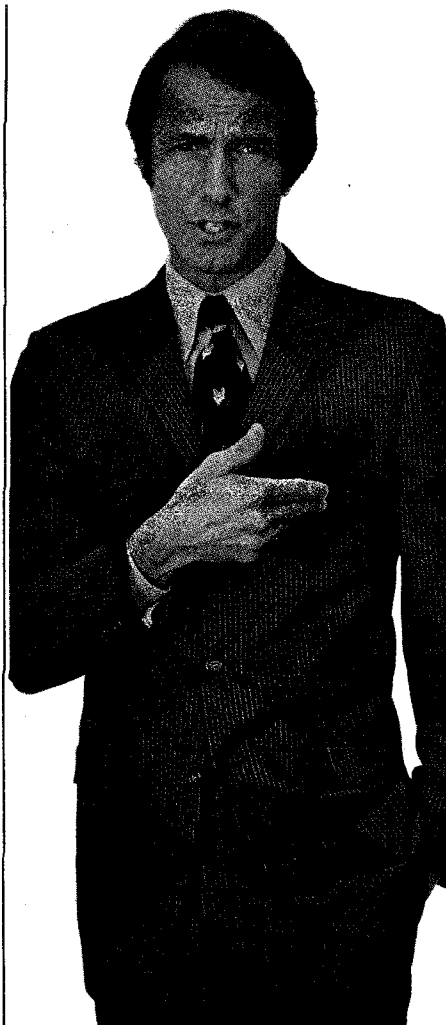
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opinions, there's consensus on
the taste of our scotch:

Rare.



**RARE
SCOTCH**

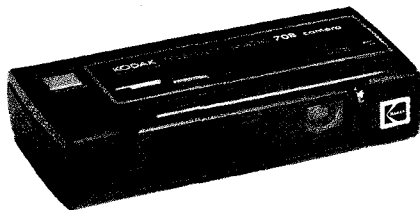
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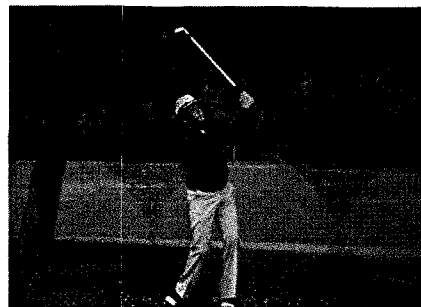
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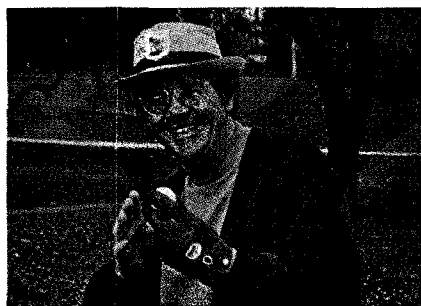
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ed. He did crazy things all afternoon. He was rude to friends. He sat in the campus coffee shop, where he never went, and drank coffee, which he never drank. It put him even more on edge. He had a long, jittery conversation about Vuillard with a girl he hardly knew; at the end she asked him if anything was wrong. He smiled at her and said no; then he went home and stayed in his room until evening came. Ann appeared in his studio the next day. Her dog was sick, she said. He blew up. Then, when his anger was spent, he locked the door and lay with his head in her lap: he felt feverish.

"You could have *called*," he said. "You could have done that."

"I know, I know. I'm sorry. I was worried about Maggie."

"Can you stay tonight?"

"I can't; I have the car. They need it back."

He closed his eyes.

"I have to go soon," Ann said.

"I know."

"How can you stand me?" she said. "I'm like Cinderella."

"Mmm."

"I wish I knew you when I was nineteen," she said. "Sometimes I fantasize about that."

"Mmm."

"I do have to go."

Walking home that afternoon, Steven passed a beautiful, black-haired girl, who smiled sweetly at him. He smiled back, and for the first time since he had known Ann he wished he had never met her.

AT the beginning of April, Steven's best friend, Ralph, was graduating from college in Chicago. Ralph's mother and older brother (with whom Ralph was barely on speaking terms but who somehow hoped to effect a reconciliation) were driving out; Steven had to go. Everything was in disorder. He was working on a large new painting. Ann hadn't shown up at her studio for a weekend and two weekdays. The idea of their sleeping together seemed to have evaporated. But he had to tell her he was going away. Spring was beginning: the weather was rainy, warm, and unsettled. The wind blew hard, shifting direction constantly. Steven got a haircut, and afterward he felt naked and absurd. Walking to the studio building, he would compose what he had to say to Ann, why it was necessary to go to Chicago; and every morning her window was dark and her blinds were in the same position. He left on a Wednesday morning, afraid and angry, with everything hanging.

He drove most of the way west. Up

through the mountains of Pennsylvania, in pelting rain, he thought only of the new painting and of Ann, while Ralph's mother, riding shotgun, talked constantly to the side of his head. Ralph's brother slept in the back seat. They stopped for supper in Ohio; the sun came out in time to set. The earth was green, and the air smelled of spring; that, and the fried chicken, and the Middle Western accent of their waitress combined to distract Steven from his brooding. Looking out the window at the flat fields, he memorized the new colors. The entrance to Chicago, through the refineries, at midnight, was black, hellish, stinking. As soon as they walked into Ralph's apartment, Ralph and his brother got into a fight. It was still going on when Steven fell into bed. He woke up in the morning in knotted sheets, with no idea where he was, having dreamed all night about Ann and the painting. He found himself thinking about its upper left corner as Ralph stepped forward to receive his diploma.

It began to rain again that morning after the graduation exercises, and then the rain turned to snow. The air was warm and the big flakes came down steadily all afternoon and evening. The

air turned cold, and Friday morning there was a foot of snow on the ground. The others wanted to wait until the weather cleared, but Steven carried his bag out and warmed up the car. He had to get back.

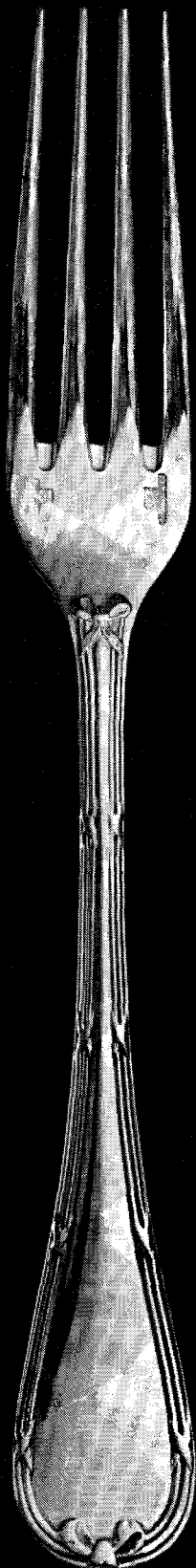
THE snowstorm travelled east well ahead of them. They found Route 80 impassable after a certain point, and made a detour to Parma, Ohio, where they spent the night with Ralph's second cousin. The whole house was full of statuettes and mottoes; the delay drove Steven half out of his mind. He made everyone leave before dawn on Saturday.

The blizzard collided with a bank of southern air over New York, and turned into warm rain over New England. Late in the afternoon, with the rain coming down in sheets, Steven ran to the studio building and squeezed through the unlocked window in the back. The window opened into an office, but the office door was locked, and there was no way to get out into the corridor. He ran over to Mr. Kodaly's and pushed the doorbell once and then again, hard; he hated getting wet. The drainpipe at the corner of the house gushed and burbled wildly. Then the



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front door opened halfway, behind the storm door; it was the Kodalys' little girl, Isolde, staring at Steven with her puffy lips open. Mrs. Kodaly swept her up with one arm and opened the glass door.

"Well, Steven! Where have you been?" she said. And as he stepped across the sill, "Please don't look, the house is in such a mess."

The little girl jumped on a rocking horse in the tiny living room, which was indeed littered with toys and her pajamas. She rocked and rocked and stared at Steven.

"Hello, Isolde," he said, and she jumped from the horse and ran out of the room.

"She talks about you all the time, you know," Mrs. Kodaly said. "It's Steven this and Steven that, and when is Steven coming? I think she has a great big crush on you." She smiled at him. "Are you a painter or a sculptor? I think the students here do such good work."

"I paint."

"Oh. Well, I have to admit, I think I have more of a feeling for three-dimensional things, although of course I love Eugene's paintings. I love seascapes. Isn't it a shame we're so far from the ocean up here?"

"Well, it's only a couple of hours to Rhode Island," Steven said. "Is Mr. Kodaly around, by any chance?"

"Oh, gee! And here I am gabbing away! Eugene's in the basement. I think he's painting."

Steven walked around through the kitchen to the basement door, wondering why they never offered him anything to eat.

Mr. Kodaly, turning around from his painting table, said, "Steven! Welcome back!" His pale eyes were wide open with pleasure as he shook Steven's hand. "What can we do for you?"

"I'm locked out of the studio building. I figured you'd have a key."

"Is that all? Here, I have hundreds," he said, handing Steven a large key ring. "It's the one with tape on it. Just get it to me before class Monday. O.K.? Nothing else? Here, what do you think? I am revising the history of art."

There was a big canvas, about six feet square, lying flat on the table. It had been sectioned off into a grid with masking tape and in each square was a small seascape.

"I like it," Steven lied.

AS he ran through the rain to the painting building, he told himself that Ann would not be there, in the

superstitious belief that if he managed to convince himself that she wasn't there, she would be. Her window was dark. The blinds were open—though, it seemed to him, in a different position than they'd been in when he left. When he peered in the window, he could see her smock hanging on the door, and the back of a painting on her easel. The ashtray was full of butts. Steven let himself into the building. It was empty and silent. He walked past Ann's door to his own, where the new painting, grown to terrifying proportions in his mind, waited for him. For this reason, or perhaps because he really had expected her to be there, his hand was shaking as he put the key in the lock. The little room stank of hot turpentine; he had left the radiator on. Steven looked at the back of the big stretcher sitting on two easels, then walked quickly to the end of the room, not daring to look back. He held his breath and whirled around, and his heart beat faster as his eyes went to work on the painting. "Well, I'll be damned," he said aloud. His chest felt tight, and he sat down on the window-sill. He closed each eye in turn. The painting glowed with a life it had acquired through the week Steven had been away. While he had driven hour after hour, through unstable climates and a screaming family argument, it had made itself.

MONDAY morning was bright, hot, and sunny. Walking up to the studios, Steven saw that Ann's blinds were closed against the light. The front door of the building was propped open. White crocuses with orange tongues were growing by the stoop. Ann's door was closed, and he saw her shadow move across the frosted-glass wall. He went into his studio and sat, arms folded, for over an hour, looking at the painting. The time meant nothing; the painting ate it up. He had only to smear a slight haze of cobalt blue, dry, over the purple corner of the canvas, as a capstone. He kept putting off doing this, waiting for Ann to come and stand in his doorway. She did. "Welcome back," she said.

"Hi," said Steven, still sitting, his arms folded.

"May I come in?"

"Sure." His chest tightened.

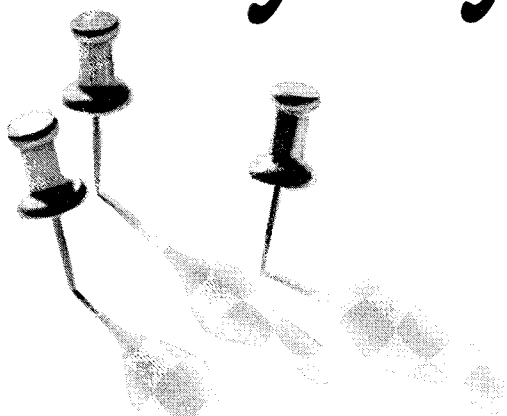
"And look?"

"Sure."

She stepped carefully among the discarded tubes and lumber on the floor—her eyes cast down and her earrings hanging plumb, like a tiny, improbable guidance system—to the end of the

A code of ethics isn't something you post on the bulletin board.

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room where Steven sat, and then she turned unceremoniously, *efficiently*, to face the picture. He fell in love with her again. She stared awhile. Steven suddenly found his own position unnatural, but didn't dare move. He began to blush deeply. Then he stood suddenly and went out in the hall, to get a drink of water he didn't need. She was still standing there, her head slightly cocked, chewing gum and looking intently, when he returned. He walked back and stood nearly hip to hip with her.

"Whatcha think?" he said.

"I don't know. It's too early to tell."

"It's finished."

"Really?"

"Yes, really."

"Well, I'll have to look again later. I haven't been painting in a while." She began to tiptoe back out of the room. Steven wanted to say, "Well, what *have* you been doing?"

"How was your trip?" she asked.

"How'd you know I went?"

"Mr. Kodaly told me."

"It was all right. We had a blizzard driving back, and we had to stay with my friend's crazy relatives in Parma, Ohio." He felt his head.

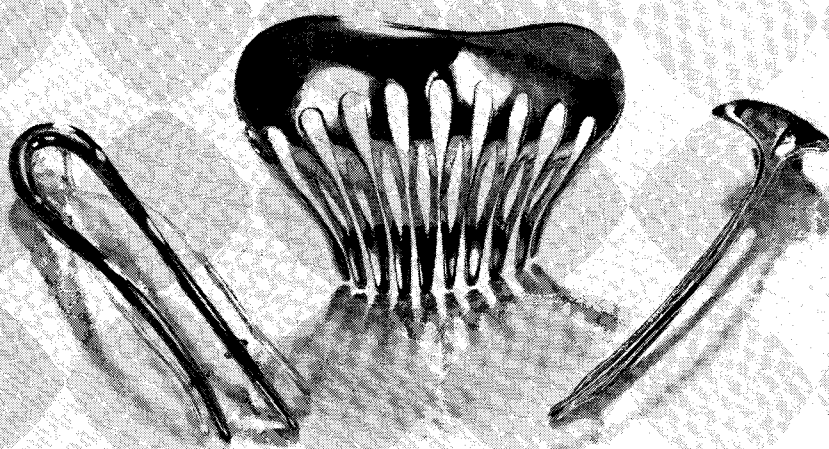
"You got scalped," she said.

"I got it for spring. I hate the way it looks."

"It looks good."

He didn't believe her. She went back to her own room. He wondered what she had been doing, and why she didn't think his painting was finished. He went on staring at it for a long time.

She went home before they had had an adequate reunion. The next morning Steven went straight to her door and opened it without knocking. She was sitting on a folding chair, smoking a cigarette and chewing gum, looking at her canvas. There were tiny dots of light-colored paint on her face, hair,



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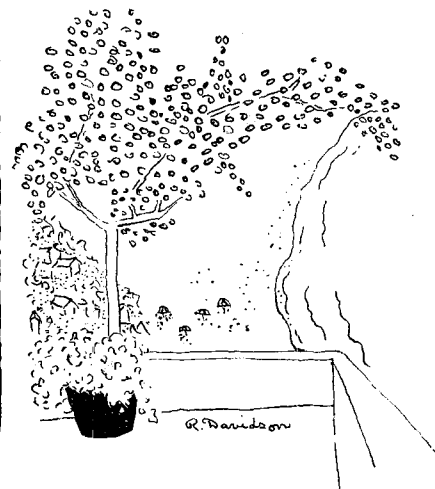
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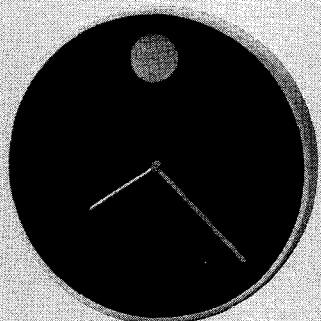
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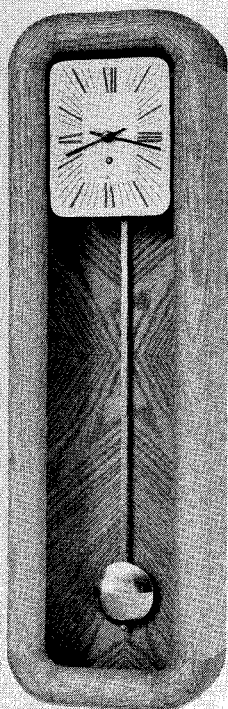
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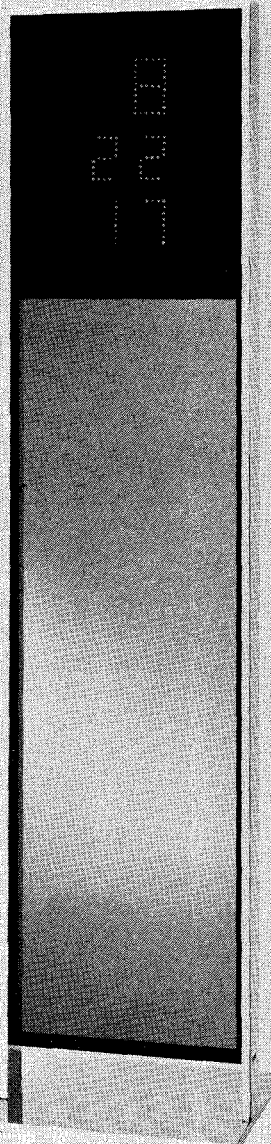
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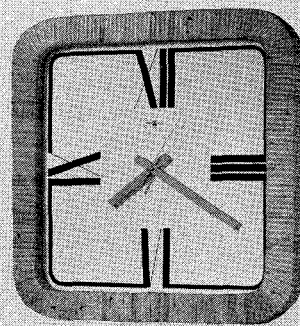
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and hands. She was squinting in her smoke.

"I want to talk to you," he said.

"Yayuss?" she said, like a telephone operator.

"Yes."

"Well-l-l?"

"Stop that."

"O.K."

There was a silence, and they looked at each other. "Christ, I don't know what to say," he said. "What are you painting?"

"Don't look at it," she said.

"Aw, come on."

"All right, look at it, look at it."

Some of the hardness had gone; some of the edges were rubbed, so that the boundaries were less distinct. There were hints of color brighter than she had used before.

"I'm not sure about it," Steven said.

"Neither am I," she said. And then, bemusedly, "Mr. Kodaly likes it a lot."

"I thought you didn't care what he thinks." A few weeks earlier she had done a bright-red painting that both she and Steven liked. Mr. Kodaly said that it would look better with the lights out. He could be very cutting. Ann told him that she had just managed to hold back the tears until Mr. Kodaly left the room.

"I didn't say that," she said now.

"Yes you did, I distinctly re—"

"That was when he didn't like anything. He likes this."

"Your last three things have been pink and blue."

"Mm-hmm."

"Are you pregnant? Those are nursery colors."

"No."

"Am I bothering you? Would you rather paint?"

"No. As a matter of fact, I'm going to can it for today. I don't know what to do with this. He likes it and I can't see it."

Steven peered at the painting. "I like it." He felt queasy, somehow, about Mr. Kodaly's liking Ann's painting.

"Do you want to help me wash my brushes?" she asked.

Lately she had begun to use the men's room to clean her equipment, because, she said, it was closer than the women's. Steven thought she was just being assertive. He took the rest of her brushes and followed her in.

"Don't you knock?" he said.

"Nobody's here this afternoon."

"If somebody was, they'd be pretty surprised."

They washed brushes in the two sinks. He looked over her head at the

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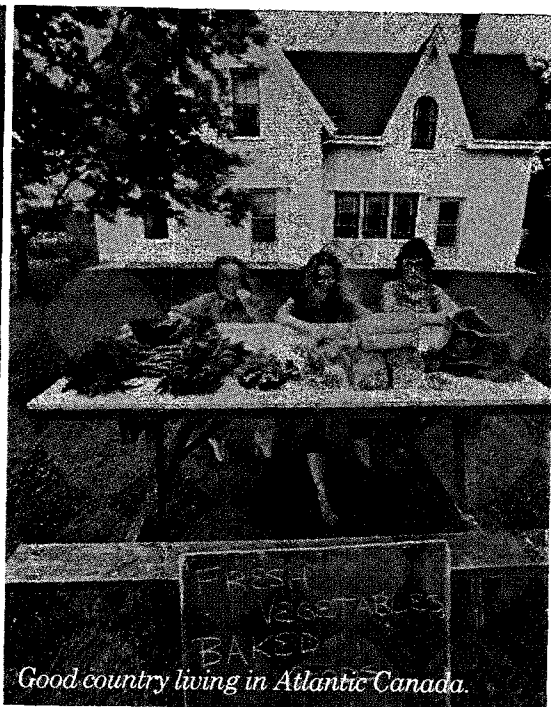


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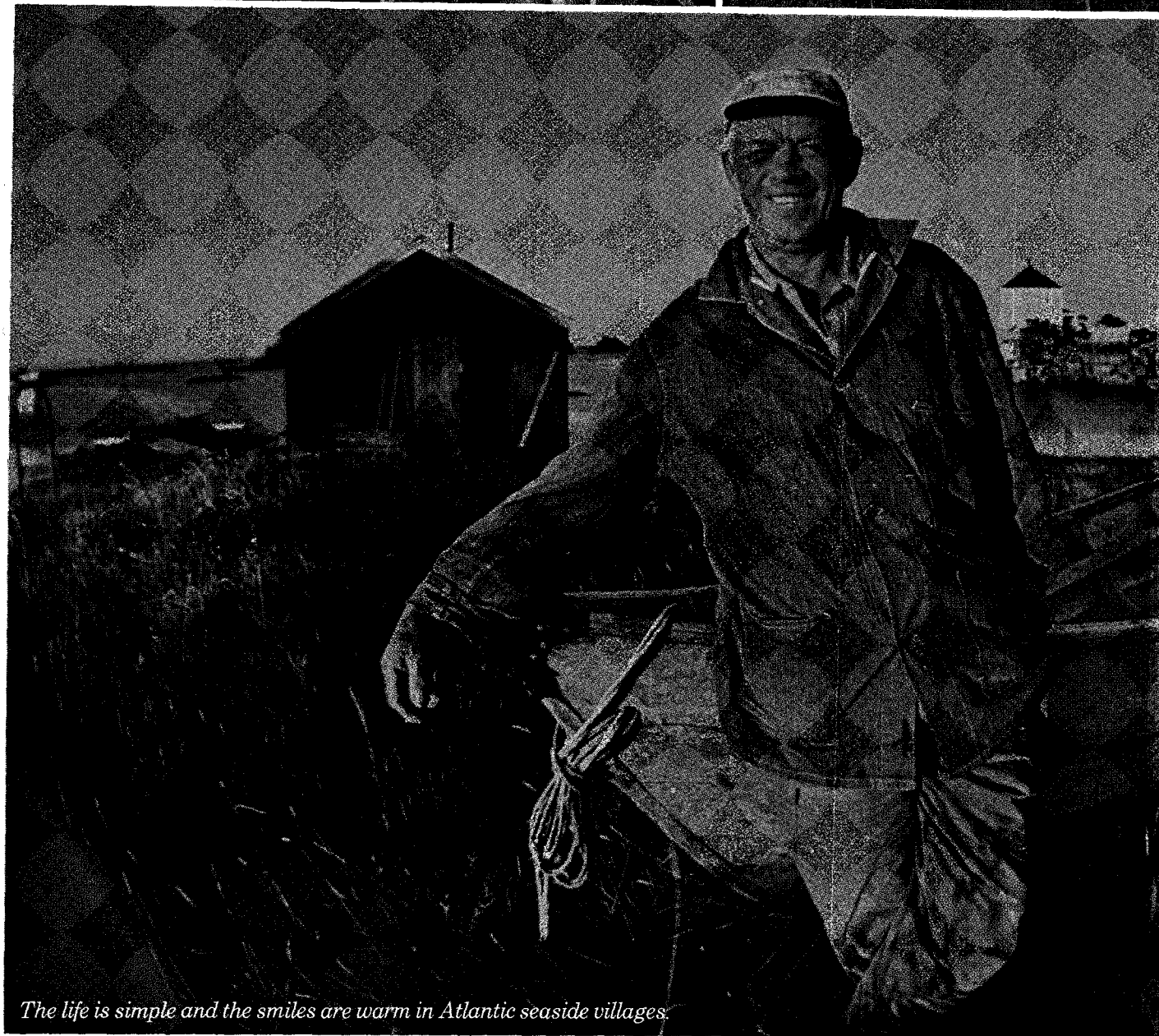
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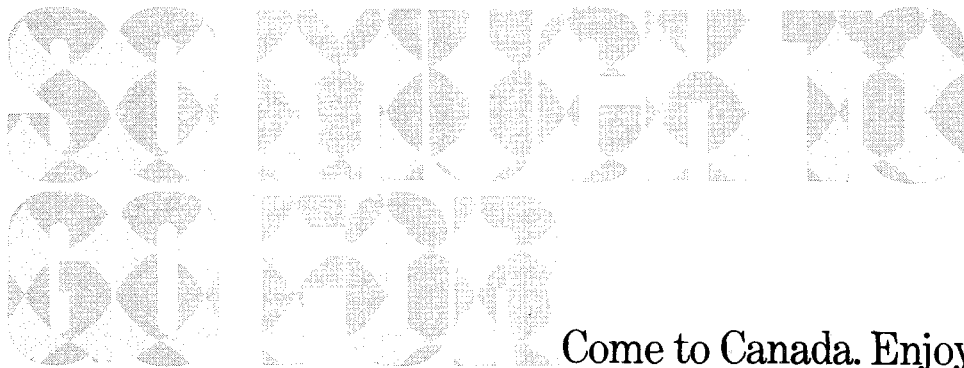


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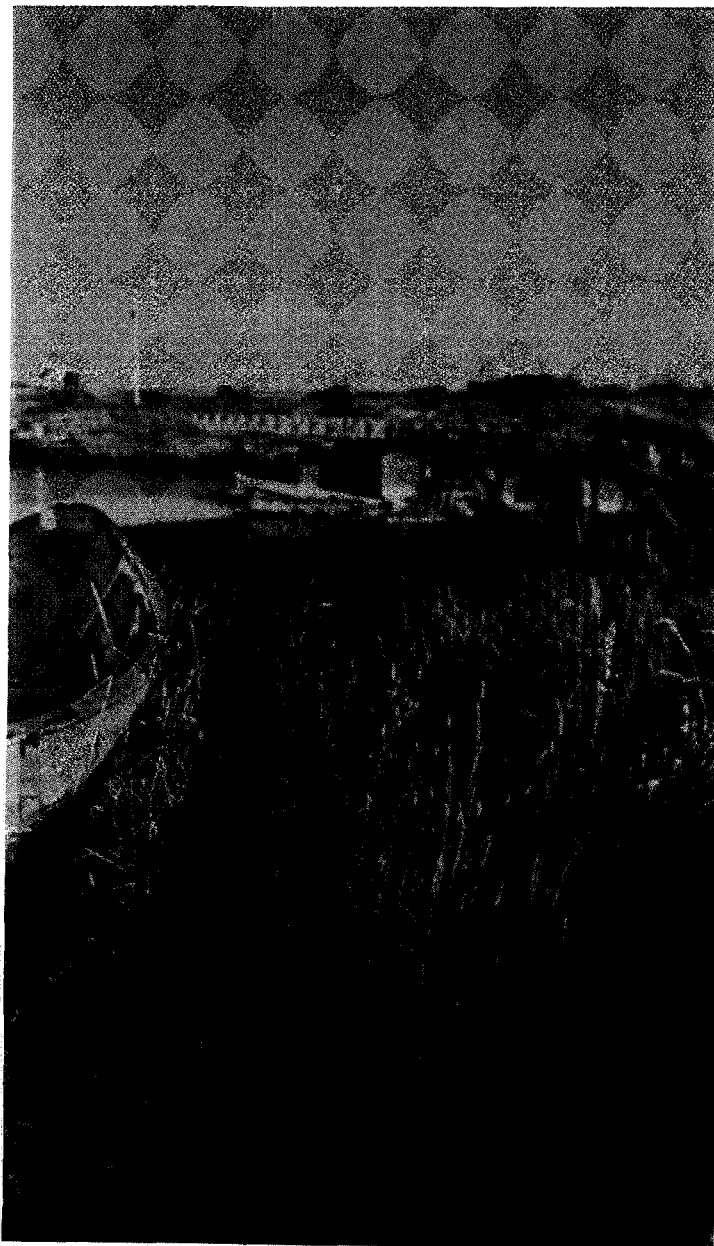


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two of them in the mirror, watching the set of her jaw, the dangle of her earrings, as she purposefully chewed her gum and scrubbed. She was practical; she liked getting things done. He thought they looked beautiful together. She felt his staring and smiled at him in the glass. "How'd you like to give me a haircut?" she asked.

"Jesus, it's so short *already*."

"It's getting scruffy."

"I like it the way it is."

"I'll wet my hair. There's a scissors on my workbench. Bring a chair, too."

"You're nuts," he said, and went and got the scissors and the chair.

Her hair was wet and matted, and she had put some paper towels in her collar. "Now, start at the back," she said.

He snipped in the air. "Here?" he asked.

"Did you cut anything?"

"A little."

"Don't go wild—just a little off the back and sides."

"Yes, Ma'am." He snipped away, mostly in the air; occasionally an end or two fell onto the paper towels.

"Isn't this fun?" Ann said.

"In his heart of hearts, every man's a beautician."

"You'd be a good one."

"Oh yeah?" Steven said. "Hey, why haven't you been painting?"

"No money. I've been waitressing."

He had a weird feeling that she was lying. "Haven't you been here at all?"

"A couple of times."

He suddenly remembered the enormous truth he had carried to Chicago and back, and smiled. "I missed you."

"I missed you, too."

"Really?"

"Uh-huh. Why do you say 'really'?"

Would she lie to him? "Neurotic," he said. "I'm not going to cut any more."

"You hardly took off anything," she said, turning her head and looking in the mirror.

"It's enough." He wiped her hair dry with the paper towels. She closed her eyes as he rubbed her scalp. "Why'd you come in a couple of times if you weren't painting?" he asked, trying to sound casual.

"Mr. Kodaly asked me to pose for his drawing class, and I did, a couple of times."

"Really?"

"Stop saying that. Yes, really."

"Nude?"

"Yes, nude. Of course."

"Good Christ."

"Listen," she said, "I did it because it was four dollars an hour, and because you were away. I wouldn't have done it if you were here."

"Why not?"

"Well, wouldn't you have felt strange about it?"

"Well, didn't *you* feel strange with him leering at you?"

"I can't believe you said that. I can't believe it."

"Why? There's lots of other people he could've asked."

"Listen. You're acting crazy. I don't want to talk about it anymore."

She walked out of the bathroom, the paper towels still stuck in her collar. He followed her into her studio. She slammed her brushes down onto the workbench and wiped her nose with the back of her hand.

"I'm sorry," he said. He put his arms around her shoulders. "I am sorry."

"You're sorry," she said, quietly.

"Come here."

"What?"

"Come here," she said, pulling him down to the floor.

"What?"

"I want you to make love to me."

"Here?"

"Yes, here. You don't have to if you don't want to."

"Of course I want to," he said.

"But the blinds are open."

"Nobody'll see."

He looked at the window.

"It's all right," she said.

"Maybe we could just lie here awhile."

"That's fine."

He put his arm around her neck and looked directly into her eyes for a long time; they were wet with tears and as wide open as a child's. He kissed her; she didn't respond.

"What's the matter?" he said.

"I have to tell you something."

"What?"

She didn't say anything for a while. And finally, "Didn't you wonder where I was before you went to Chicago?"

"Yeah, I did."

"I was with Martin."

"You were."

"My parents had their anniversary in New York. They wanted me and Martin to come. They got us one motel room, and—" Her voice caught. "And we slept together."

"That's not so bad. It's not so bad."

"I feel like a whore," she said, starting to cry and then catching herself.

"You're not a whore."

She held his cheeks and looked in-



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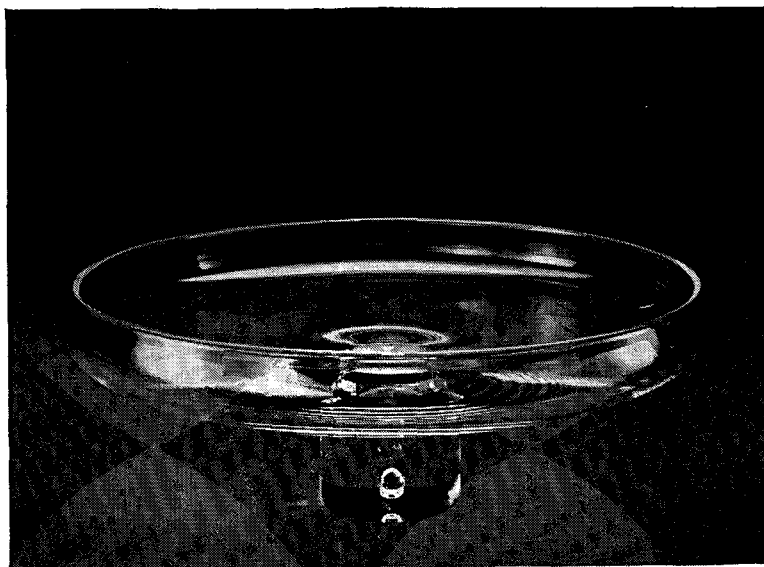


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to his face. "You're so nice, Steven, I like you so much. Find somebody else, someone new. Find someone else, please, baby." Crying finally, she grabbed him and kissed him.

"Don't call me that." It made her sound like a whore. "Don't call me 'baby.'"

"I've got to go," she said, standing up. "I'll call you." She picked up her coat and left the studio door open.

HE didn't think she would come the next day, and he was right. He was sitting in his studio when Mr. Kodaly appeared at the door.

"Are you working on something?" he asked.

"I think I finished one," Steven said.

"May I have a look?"

"Sure."

Mr. Kodaly stood staring for a long time, his forehead wrinkled, his face almost angry in its concentration.

"No, I don't think so, Steven. . . . I question this passage here. And this blue line does not work at all. It looks . . . forced; is this the right word?"

"Yeah."

"Unfortunately, with the way you work, in thin paint, it is difficult to go over what you have done."

"I guess so."

"Steven! You look as if the world is collapsing!" Mr. Kodaly was smiling.

"No, it's just—"

"You may have a different opinion. I just don't think that this is up to the rest of your work."

Ann didn't come or call the next day, or the next. She had finished her courses, and she didn't have to come back.

IN order to graduate, Steven had to have a show, in the new Art Center.

"I have arranged for you to have the main gallery," Mr. Kodaly told him. "It is a great distinction, Steven."

To fill the wall space, he would need another big painting. On a hot Sunday afternoon at the beginning of May, with two weeks left before the hanging of his show, and the last canvas still untouched, Steven went out and played tennis. He played all afternoon, with three different partners, losing steadily. Drenched with sweat, and carrying his racquet, he went to the studio. He put the blank canvas on the easel and sat staring at it. The sun was setting, spilling peach light across the wall. Suddenly he saw that there was a picture in the canvas; all he had to do was apply the paint. The more he looked, the more palpably it

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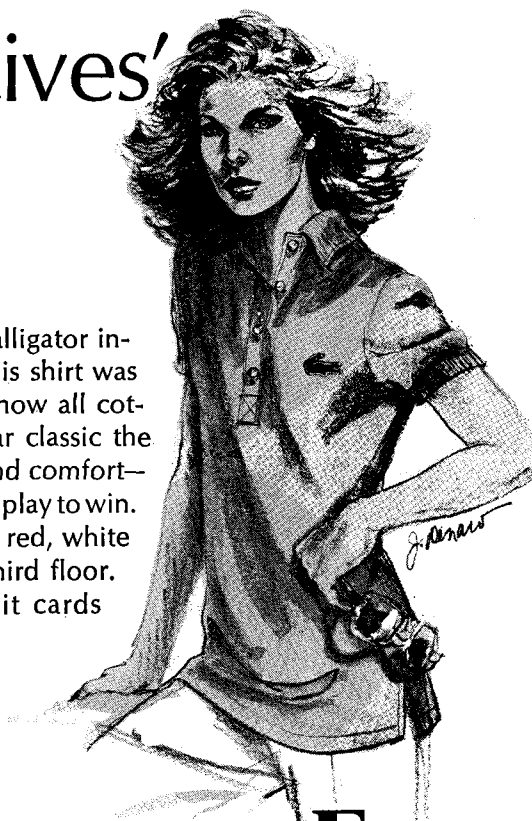


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was there. Steven began to mix paint, sloppily, rushing. He stained the entire canvas orange, then wiped it dry, and began to apply faint hazes of undiluted color. It got dark outside; he could see himself and the painting reflected in the black window. He began to use the window for counsel. It was going well in the window, badly head on. He cursed his lack of subtlety and the mulishness of oil paint. The time went in gulps. It was nearly midnight; standing in his tennis clothes, with two paint-charged brushes in each hand, Steven felt cold and ridiculous. He had come nowhere near the painting he'd seen. He had come in from losing at tennis to make a grand gesture, a victory, and it was silly. The canvas, a green-and-orange configuration something like the letter "A," looked garish. Time spent in making something ugly is far worse than wasted. He walked home shivering, carrying his racquet in hands stinking of linseed oil. The thought of Ann came unwilling to the surface of his mind, and he quickly censored it.

On Monday morning, there was a note on his easel. For a second his heart jumped, but the handwriting was unfamiliar. Steven had never seen Mr. Kodaly's writing before. It was child-like, energetic. It read:

Steven, this is beautiful! Please do not touch it!

EUGENE KODALY

He smiled; he didn't come near to believing it. He turned the canvas several ways, and found that though it looked less clownish than before, there were still too many colors. One area, a green rectangle that seemed entirely inconsistent, bothered him particularly. It was like a cowlick that wouldn't sit down. Maybe everything *shouldn't* sit down, Steven thought. He mixed some paint and began to fuss with the rectangle, remembering not to be fussy.

"It's a beauty, Steven," Mr. Kodaly said, walking into the room.

"You really think so?"

"Oh, God, yes. The strongest thing you have ever done."

"Do you think it's better like that?"—he turned it on its side—"or the way it was?"

"I think the way it was. *Ja*, you have outdone yourself here, Steven."

Soon he came to think of it as the best thing he'd painted. He named it "A."

THE evening of the opening of Steven's show was warm, clear, and fragrant. The sky was velvet. The

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campus was a riot of thick, white blossoms, and the smell of cut grass was so overpowering that it was hard to walk outside in a straight line. Steven felt more than a little crazy. His house was filled with friends and relatives, most of whom had never met. Strange alliances were formed. His uncle, who had had a couple of drinks, was talking loudly about college football to Ralph, who nodded politely. A Catholic friend of his mother's was discussing Orthodox Judaism with his aunt. Steven walked around the house, smiling but never stopping to talk to anyone. His little sister followed him for a while, punching his arm. His father adjusted Steven's tie. Steven made another circuit of the house, looked both ways, and sneaked out the back door.

He went up the sidewalk, trying to breathe regularly. The tie, which his father had pulled too tight around his neck, made him feel there was a lump in his throat. He walked across to the edge of the campus. The Art Center was dark, except for the main gallery. Steven pressed his nose against a huge plate-glass window. There, under a thirty-foot ceiling, on walls of cold stone, were hung all the best paintings he had done. He went inside. The gallery was empty; a long table with a white cloth had been set up as a bar. Steven walked around and looked at the paintings, pretending he was somebody else, his hands clasped behind him, peering at the signatures.

"Do you know who did these?" a voice behind him asked. It was a short girl—a freshman, probably—with red hair down to her waist.

"I did," Steven said.

"Ooh, they're real nice."

He felt pure pleasure spreading like liquor through his torso and legs.

"There you are," his uncle said, and the people from the house began to walk in. Wine was put on the table, many bottles of it, and soon the big room was full of people. They were all there to look at his paintings; Steven couldn't quite believe it. He decided that the best strategy would be to get drunk. He kept going to the table to get more wine; each time he did, someone would grab him by the arm and tell him how beautiful his pictures were.

"I don't know what these are, Stevie, but they're very nice," his aunt said.

Mr. Kodaly was there, in a red velvet jacket, blushing, talking to Steven's father, who was wearing a business suit.

"Well, Steven, you have everyone buzzing," his teacher said; then, turning to his father, "It is a great honor to

have the main gallery. Perhaps you will sell some things, Steven."

"Let's keep our fingers crossed," Steven's father said.

"Iris sends her regrets, Steven. She is ill," said Mr. Kodaly.

"Who?"

"My wife, Iris," Mr. Kodaly said, looking surprised.

Grinning helplessly, Steven looked past his father's shoulder and saw Ann. "Excuse me," he said.

His heart was pounding wildly; he was glad he was a little drunk. She walked right up to him.

"Hello," he said.

"Your show looks really beautiful," she whispered, in an excited voice. She looked terrible. Her face was gray; she seemed tiny, and too thin. Her yellow dress (it was the first time he had ever seen her in a dress) set off her skin badly.

"Thank you," he said, feeling suddenly distant from her. He stared at her for a second, trying to draw them back together. "Listen—" Steven said.

"Here are our two star painters," Mr. Kodaly said, coming up behind them.

STEVEN left Ann talking with Mr. Kodaly and stood in the center of the gallery. He was dizzy, and couldn't make up his mind which side of the room to go to; he stood, glass in hand, watching the people walk around, keeping Ann in the corner of his vision. He closed his eyes to steady himself, but it only made things worse.

"Your uncle would like to buy a painting," his father said, smiling proudly. "How should he go about it?"

His aunt joined them. "We can't decide between that one and that one," she said. "The colors in that one would look so nice in our den, but it's bigger. Does that mean it's more expensive?"

She meant the painting called "A." "It's sort of not for sale," Steven said.

"Why do you call it 'A'?" his uncle asked.

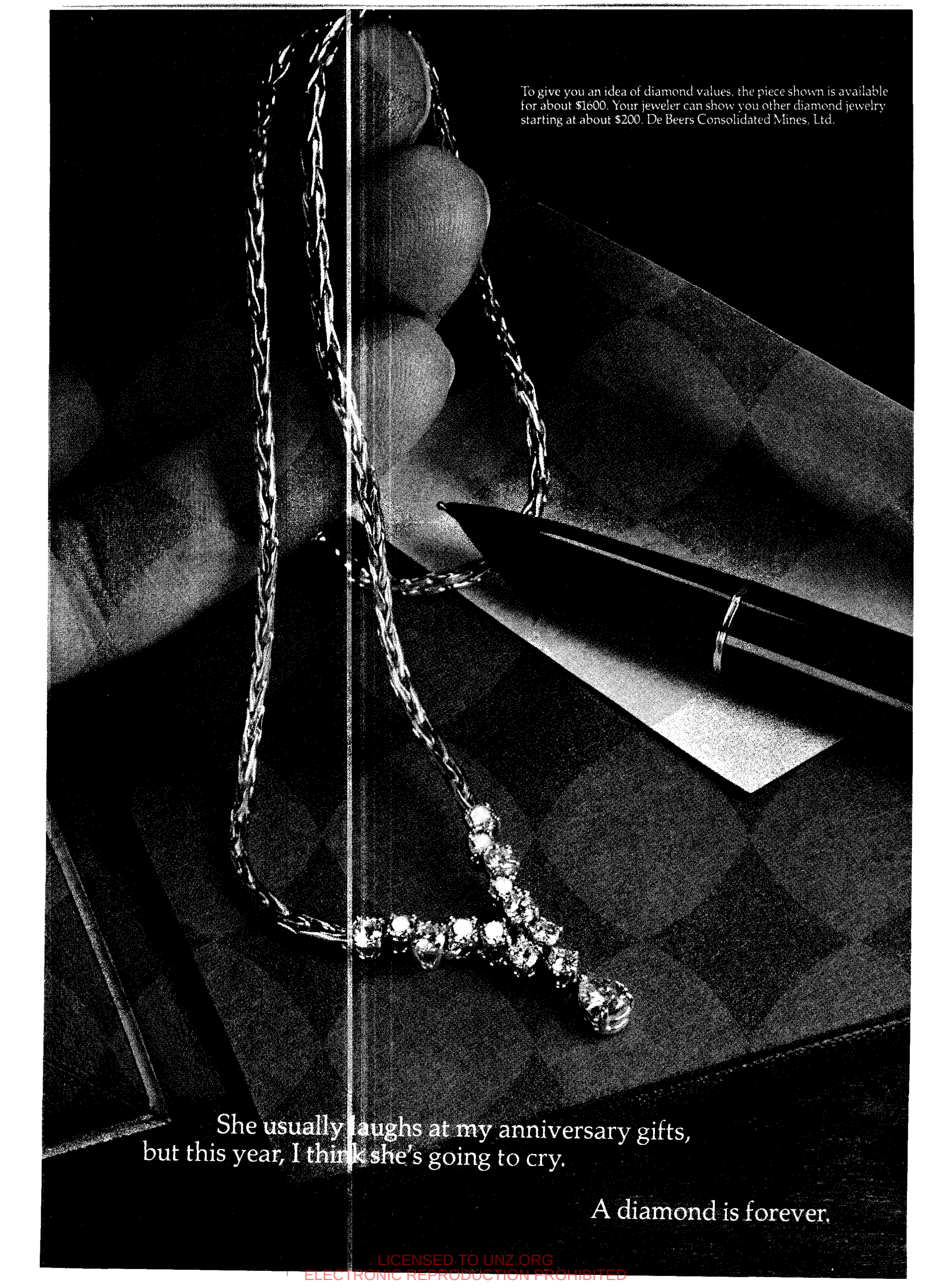
"It's the first good one I did," Steven said, sidestepping the question with a drunk's grace.

"Can we buy the other one?"

His uncle wrote him a check for a hundred and fifty dollars. It was still warm in his pocket when Steven had the sudden dream-feeling that something very important was gone. The painting was no longer his. He looked around frantically and saw that Ann was talking to a very tall man with a mustache.

"Hello," Steven said, interrupting the tall man in midsentence.

"Steven Ockner," Ann said, "this is



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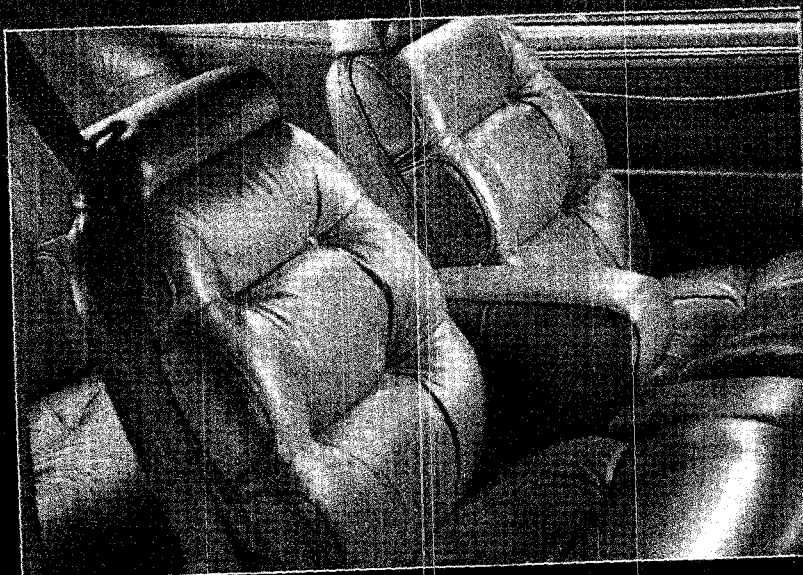
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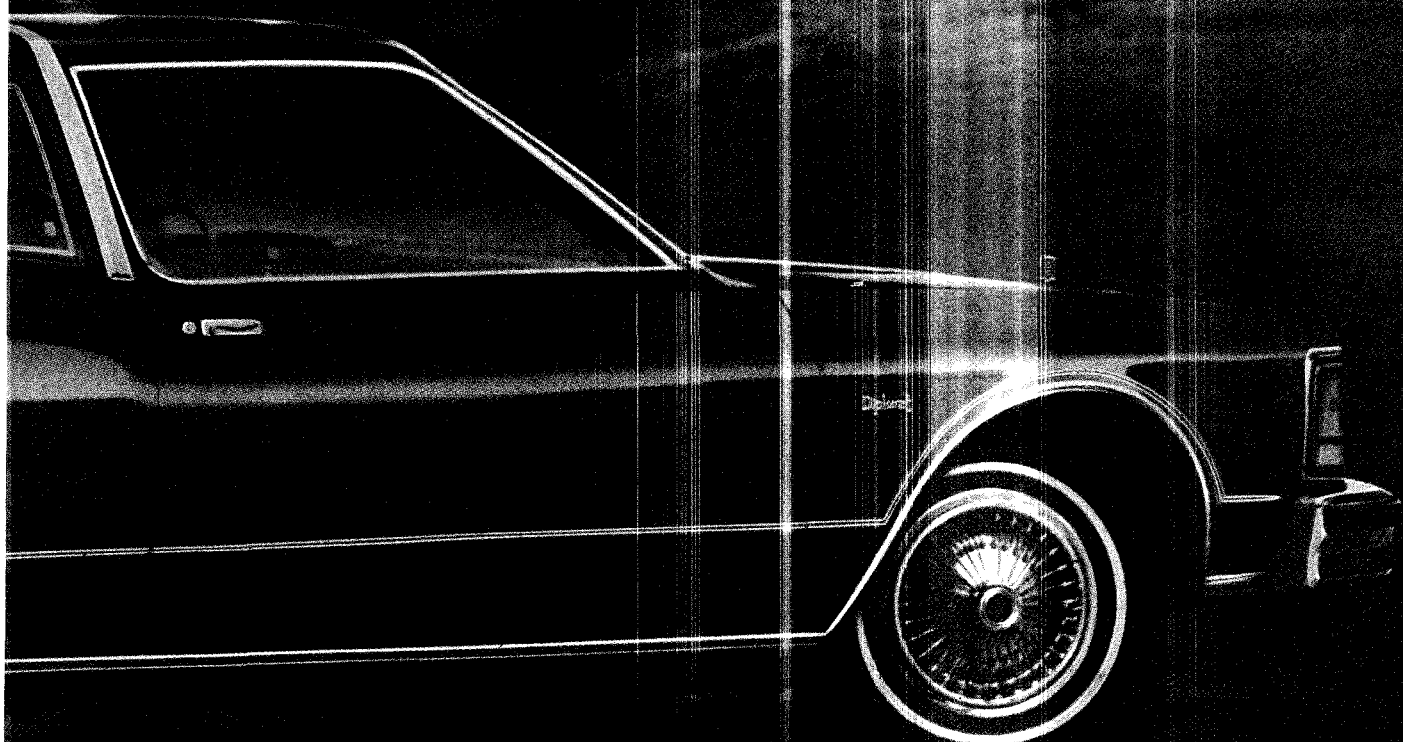
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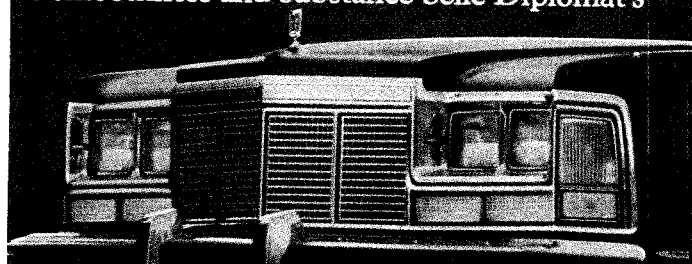


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Howard Barnett. He was kind enough to drive me up here."

"I like your pictures," the tall man said.

"Thank you. Can I talk to you for a minute?" Steven asked, turning to Ann.

Their exit together went unnoticed; the drinking and laughing continued. They went through a door and were in the open air. It was very quiet, and the stars looked large and close. Steven's head cleared.

"I wanted to introduce you to my parents," he said.

"As what?"

He didn't answer.

They walked between the shadowy, monolithic buildings, and out onto a soccer field. They went across the field and sat on a bench.

"Well?" he said.

"Well, here we are again."

"Tell me what you've been doing. Have you been painting?"

"A little."

His eyes just beginning to get used to the dark, he saw that she was looking at him.

"I'm really lonely," she said.

"I'm sorry." He was partly sarcastic.

"Don't you know I think about you every day?" she said furiously.

He was startled. He had thought of her independence, outside of school, as untouchable. "I had no idea what was on your mind. You never called."

"I couldn't."

"Then you're back with Martin."

"He came back; he just moved in. I can't send him away."

"You're back with him, and you're lonely?"

"You don't understand how it is."

"I guess I don't."

"It isn't always so bad. We do things together."

"I really don't want to hear about that."

"What do you want? From me?"

"What do I want? I want... I'd like you to come and be with me for a while, see how it is," he said, wondering if this was true.

Her silence, neither positive nor negative, lasted a long time.

"What are you thinking?" he said.

"I just wish..." she said, grabbing his sleeve.

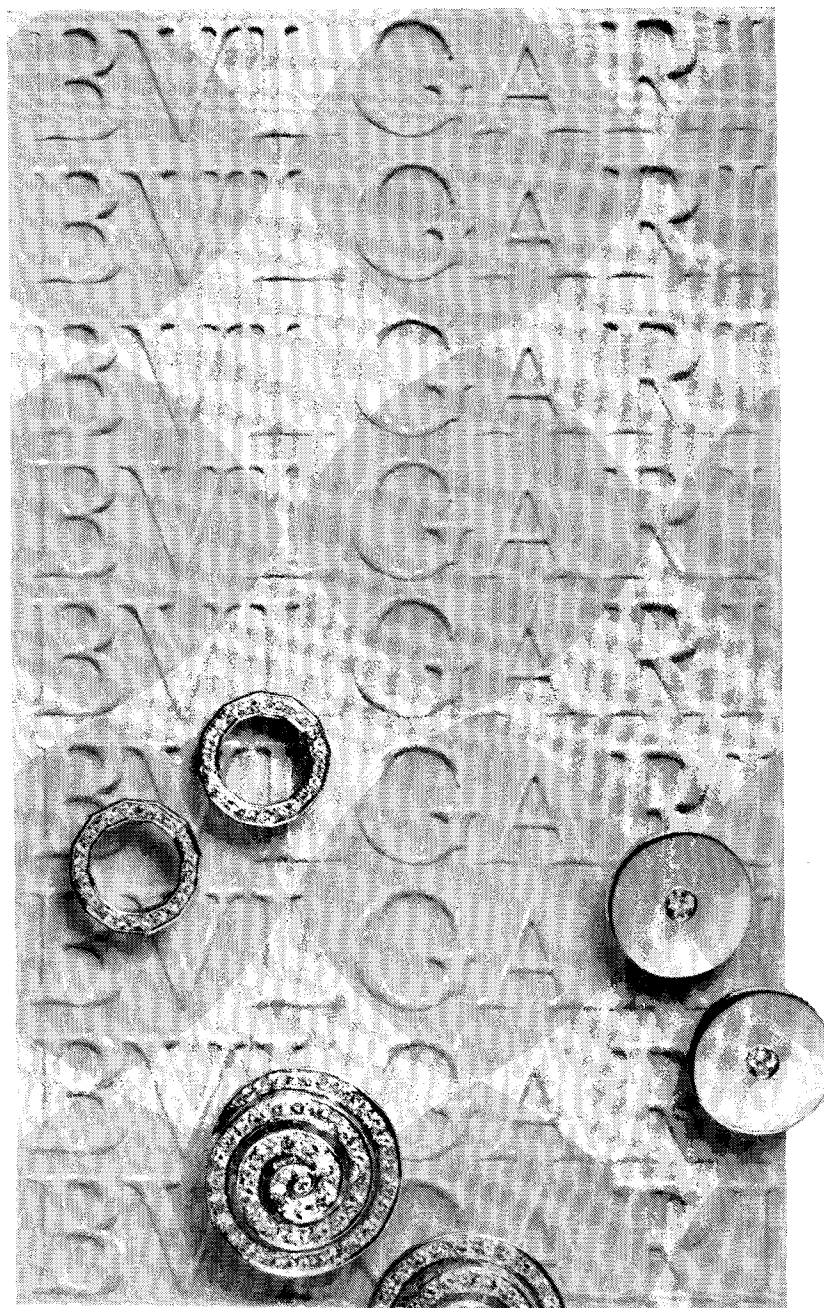
"What?"

"I'm married."

"It's not the Magna Carta."

"Oh," she said, and grabbed the back of his head.

After a while she said, "I have to go." She took his wrist and peered at his watch. "Oh my God, it's after



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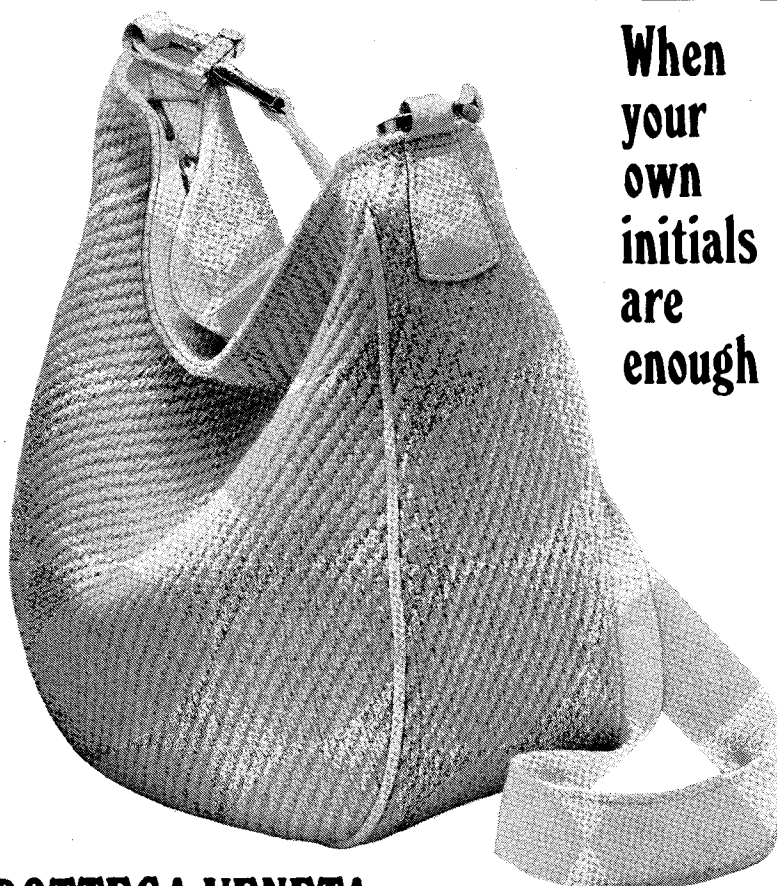
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eleven. I dragged poor Howard all the way up here, and now he's standing in there by himself and he doesn't know what's going on."

"Well, you should go."

"I'd like to write to you. Are you going home for the summer?"

"I think so."

"Do you know what you're doing in September?"

"Christ, no."

"Well, it's only May."

"I'd like it if you wrote," Steven said.

"I will."

"Maybe we could get together sometime. For dinner."

"All right. We'll see what happens."

"We'll see what happens."

She smiled at him and ran across the field. He stood looking at the sky for a while and then walked back to the lighted gallery.

FOR the next few days the weather was hot and bright. One morning Steven went up to his studio. He stood with the windows wide open, wearing shorts and a T-shirt, and began to paint the first picture just for himself. It was to be entirely yellow; he knew, even though it was better not to know what he wanted. The hours dropped away. The painting was various gradations of yellow, with hints of other colors forming the textures and outlining shapes. Yellow is extremely difficult. It is intense through its entire range; it begs to be changed to orange or green. Steven was working with yellow full up, and it was going well. He was getting increasingly excited, walking to the canvas each time with a sure knowledge of what to do. It was like throwing a ball into a cup from a great distance. Now it was late in the long afternoon, and there the painting was, complete, staring at him. He didn't have to call Mr. Kodaly. He had never been more certain of anything in his life.

—JAMES KAPLAN

Here, from some dermatologists and the FDA, are additional tips on tanning:

Persons using medication, including diuretics (water pills), tranquilizers and estrogens, should be especially careful in the sun. Drugs (as well as fragrant after shaves and colognes) can increase your susceptibility to sunburn. If you have questions consult your beach blanket.

—Yonkers Herald Statesman.

Then stretch out on your dermatologist.

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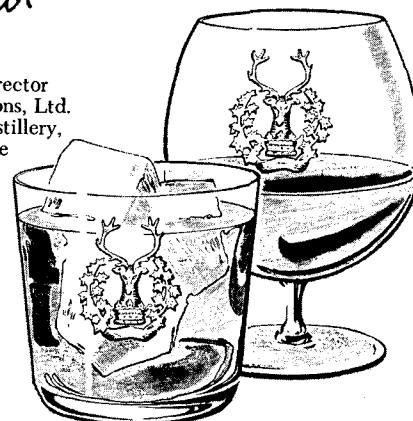
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OFF BROADWAY

AFTER only three weeks of rehearsal, "The Three Sisters" has opened at the Brooklyn Academy, and of these weeks only two were in the clear, since many of the actors were still appearing in the Academy's production of "The New York Idea." That is a short time for any cast—even one as strong as this—to become a company, and a company is what Chekhov, above all other playwrights, demands. The production, under Frank Dunlop's direction, and in Stark Young's firm, lucid translation, is not quite ready yet, but it is on its way. What is important is that so much has already been accomplished. (Un-

fortunately, the play is running only through May 15th.) Rosemary Harris, an experienced and ideal Chekhov actress, has already settled in. She is the pivot that holds the performance together—the guiding spirit, both as actress and as Olga, the oldest of the sisters. Twenty-eight when the play opens, and a schoolteacher, Olga is already, and in spite of her beauty, a doomed spinster. Austin Pendleton is, hands down, the best Baron Tusenbach I have ever seen or ever expect to see—entirely believable as the one character who is not trapped in that provincial town by fantasies or inertia or frustrations of one kind or another. The

Baron's witty self-appraisal, his kindness, his aristocratic breeding (in contrast to the damaging, oppressive gentility of the three sisters), his sensitivity (in contrast to their touchiness), his passionate belief in work and in being of use (which leads him to resign his commission and take a job), and, above all, his undemanding love for Irina (which, though unrequited, frees her, too) are all made evident by Mr. Pendleton. So magnetic is he in the role that it is almost impossible to believe that Irina does not love him back (or is not aware that she does), and his final parting from her as he goes off to the fatal duel with Solyony is the heart-breaking scene of the evening. Every production of Chekhov brings something new to light, or opens up something we may have bypassed before, and in this one it is the character of Tusenbach. The simplicity and clarity of Tovah Feldshuh's Irina—her glow fading, her energy dissipating into romantic daydreams in the four years of the action—are affecting. Ellen Burstyn's wry, love-torn Masha isn't entirely pulled together yet—the bitter humor and tension and boredom and emotion haven't quite fused into the character—but given just a few more weeks of work it probably would have been. Rex Robbins does quite well as the poor devoted donkey of a pedant who had the misfortune to marry Masha, and Denholm Elliott, Stephen Collins, and Barnard Hughes, in other parts, appear to be on the right track.

The performance as a whole is forthright—perhaps too forthright. The story is clear, and it is firmly set in the deadly provincial town so seemingly out of reach of Moscow, but the subtlety and many of the complexities of feeling and personality, and even of action, in this most complex of all Chekhov's plays go by the board or are barely indicated. How possessive we are about Chekhov! I've never seen a truly satisfying production of "The Three Sisters," but this one, in time, might have had a chance. Admirable scenery by William Ritman, admirable costumes by Nancy Potts.

—EDITH OLIVER



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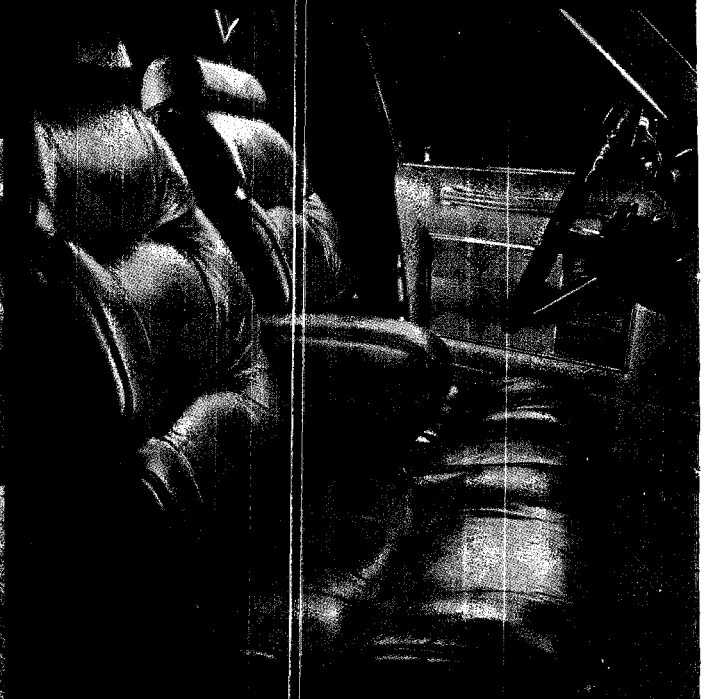
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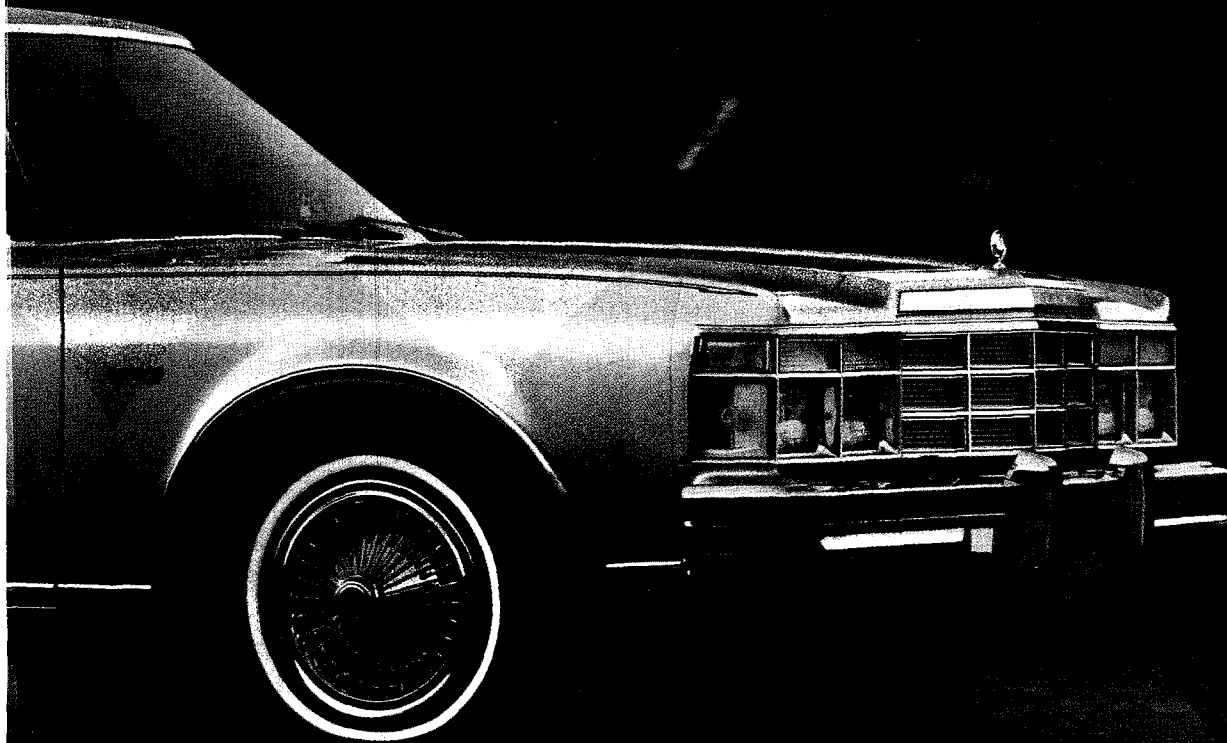


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DANCING

In a Red Tutu

STRAVINSKY's first ballets for Diaghilev, wreathed in legend, are hard to produce, but of the big three—"Firebird," "Petrouchka," and "The Rite of Spring"—the easiest is "Firebird." Its legend is not as daunting (as a Russian ballet on a Russian subject it was immediately eclipsed by "Petrouchka"), its music is relatively tractable, and the vague libretto, pieced together from various Russian fairy tales, yields gracefully to reconstruction. Stravinsky revised and condensed the score several times. In the 1945 version, the Firebird comes to Ivan's rescue at the end of the *Danse Infernale* instead of at the beginning, and it makes not a bit of difference dramatically. Many Firebirds have flown since 1910, in dozens of choreographies. Nijinsky was never involved with the ballet, so it isn't cripplingly identified with him. (He did covet the title role and asked to originate it. In response, Diaghilev had Cocteau run up "*Le Dieu Bleu*.") Diaghilev wanted Pavlova for the Firebird; if she had danced it, the role might have become unapproachable in the same way. Karsavina, who did dance it, was undoubtedly a great artist, but she was not destined for the kind of exclusive personal *réclame* that was to turn Pavlova and Nijinsky into symbols of their art.

Yet could anyone then—can anyone now—dance a bird made of fire? Unlike the Swan Queen, the Firebird is never at any time human. The conception is irredeemably fantastic in terms of Western myth and culture—one of those metaphoric constructions available to dancing, but only *just*. In the Karsavina version, created by Fokine, the Firebird is the only character in the ballet who dances on point. It sets her apart from the other females, and it also makes her a different kind of demon—benevolent, we trustingly assume, though her motives are shrouded in mystery. In the *Berceuse*, she uses those points to drift lulling over the stage, putting to rest the forces of darkness, and, the last we see of her, she is elatedly poised as the spell of the wizard Kostchei is broken. But she is not a Petipa-style ballerina. Except for the points and the large, flashing jump, Karsavina's Firebird might have been imagined by Ruth St. Denis. Dressed by Bakst in pantaloons and peacock feathers, darting and skimming, she flutters her arms or wraps one arm around her head, the other around her

torso, and stares petrified over one shoulder. True to the "Oriental" plastic of the period, the steps are all turned in and there isn't enough variety among them to make up a single Petipa variation. Not that the Firebird is technically an easy role to perform. Opening with a long jumping solo immediately followed by a *pas de deux*, it is an extremely taxing one. And it is a "character" role.

When Bakst's costume was replaced in 1926, along with Golovine's setting, a new Firebird emerged, who wore a tutu. One of the many things that Fokine, who did not supervise the restaging, found to criticize in it was this appearance of the Firebird "in the form of the stereotyped ballerina." Using the décor that Marc Chagall designed for the 1945 version of the score, Balanchine in 1949 produced "Firebird" as a vehicle for Maria Tallchief, who wore a red tutu and a red plume in her hair—a costume that Chagall appears not to have designed. In later years, Balanchine rejected the dancer-in-a-red-tutu idea and sought to bring the Firebird closer to the images in Chagall's paintings. This involved two separate attempts, in 1970 and 1972. In the version we have now, Balanchine has ceased trying to make the Firebird dance. There is even some question whether his version contains the Firebird at all. In spite of the many "Firebird"s that have been produced over the years, the only other version that is

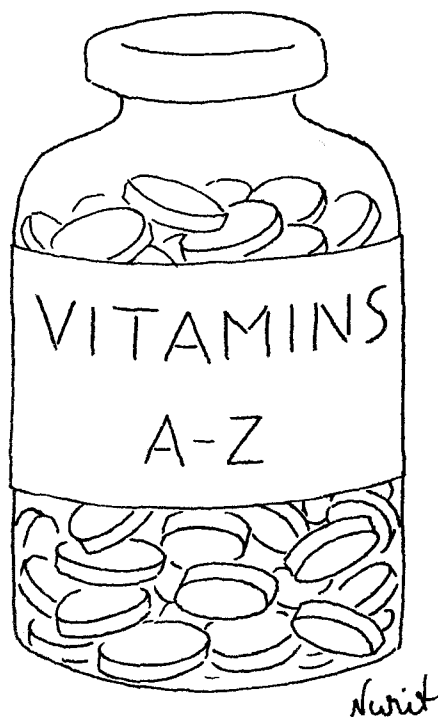
well known today is the abbreviated production by Maurice Béjart, in which the role is danced, but not by a woman. The male Firebird, a dancer in red tights, leads a cadre of revolutionaries in denims. In a skirmish (*Danse Infernale*), he dies but rises phoenixlike, and the others, Clark Kent-like, strip to *their* red tights in time for the finale.

This leaves as the only "Firebird" with a Firebird the Fokine original. Diaghilev's revival of 1926, with the tutu that so distressed Fokine, had sets and costumes by Nathalie Gontcharova. The cast was headed by Danilova and Lifar, with Lubov Tchernicheva as the Princess and Balanchine as Kostchei. Colonel de Basil took over the production after Diaghilev's death, and it tottered into the forties. In 1954, Tchernicheva and her husband, Serge Grigoriev, who was Diaghilev's regisseur, restaged it for the Royal Ballet, and Karsavina was on hand to coach Fonteyn. This is the version that American Ballet Theatre has now acquired, with the help of Christopher Newton, a Royal choreologist. The results, as shown in the first week of the A.B.T. season at the Met, are far from good. A choreologist is a reader and writer of dance notation. Mr. Newton has given the dancers a set of steps, and steps in 1910 choreography are not to be taken at face value. Steps in 1910 were what you made something out of. If the tutu issue has faded with the years, it's probable that the choreography hasn't—that it always was as thin as it looks to us now. What has faded is the spirit behind it. If Fokine could write the following of a 1937 performance, in the days before choreology was widely used, think what he could write today:

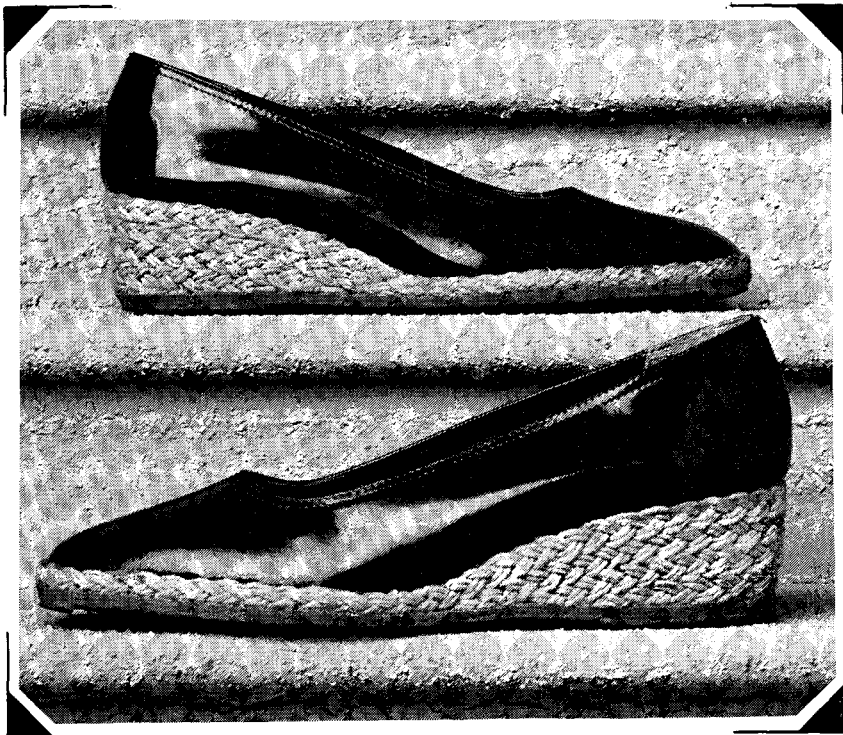
To my absolute amazement, and notwithstanding that there were no members of the original production in the new company, and in spite of the fact that everything was transferred without any written directions from one generation of dancers to another, by word of mouth—or, to be more exact, from feet to feet—I recognized all my steps. Only the groupings had disintegrated, and the climax seemed to be entirely different. I could be amazed, but not overjoyed. Everything seemed to have lost its former force, characteristics and expressiveness, and its former consistency.

In olden times, the dancers performing in the evil kingdom scene went into a frenzy, held together as if by some magic force. Now they were merely performing my steps in a lackadaisical manner.

The historical "Firebird" needs all the help it can get. At the Met premiere, even Natalia Makarova performed steps in a lackadaisical manner. The lack of turnout in the role is not



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flattering to her legs, and she doesn't compensate for it by clearly stretching and broadening the plastic tensions in the upper body. It was this upper-body plastique that Fonteyn seized on to fix herself in our minds, proving that she could be a Firebird even without a jump. Makarova has the jump. One wishes that she'd try jumping toward the role instead of away from it. The performances by the Royal corps, as I remember them, had an exuberant, childish energy, if not exactly a frenzy, but the A.B.T. ensembles in the dance of Kostchei's monsters are strangely disconnected as well as lifeless. If in speaking of the disintegrated groupings of 1937 Fokine meant that they'd disintegrated rhythmically, then it has happened again.

Gontcharova's great contribution to the Fokine "Firebird" was her scene change. Previously, the coronation-wedding took place in the garden set. Diaghilev's idea, carried out by the artist, was that the garden should turn into the Holy City, "a countless swarm of churches crowded together." Against this setting, Fokine massed the celebrants in still ranks. The only motion until the curtain falls is the Prince's left arm slowly lifting in the royal salute. A few miscues at the opening kept Ballet Theatre from bringing off the splendor of this scene, but far more damaging was Nannette Pocher's lighting—so poor in the first scene that I could make little more of the scenery and costumes than if they had been what they were for the twenty years after the Royal Ballet's last "Firebird" in New York: pictures in books.

CHOREOLOGISTS of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries made possible a program called "Baroque Carrousel," which was presented at Alice Tully Hall by the Ensemble for Early Music with the Baroque Dance Ensemble. Shirley Wynne constructed the dances to music by Purcell, Handel, Rameau, and Nicolas Bernier, using dance scores of the period. The results were charming, whether you believed in the authenticity of what you saw or not. Authenticity is so far from the point of our enjoyment in dancing that it wouldn't much matter even if it were possible to be a hundred per cent accurate—right down to the leather in people's shoes, the wood under their feet, and the quality of their muscle tone. Such things reflect the environmental pressure of another day and bear on the dancing of another day. And if you could scientifically repro-

duce these things, you'd still have to guess at the psychology of a dance, on which everything depends. Miss Wynne guessed wrong once. No matter that the title "La Cupis" suggested a portrait of the dancer Marie-Anne de Cupis de Camargo, while a program note invoked her rival Marie Sallé. The real discrepancy was that this "study in mood" for two women with fans was period in technique but modern in temper. If a dance is psychologically in period, it will convince us. In seventeenth- and eighteenth-century dances, the formal academic steps don't need a lot of interpretation, and because of that we can accept a passepied of 1715 more readily than a "Firebird" of 1910. A psychologically in-period "Firebird" would affront our sensibilities. With its Theda Bara leading lady and its chorus-line shenanigans, it's a type of show that dancers of today feel uncomfortable putting on. It's just old enough to be condescended to as old-fashioned but not old enough to be respected as history.

NICHOLAS MAGALLANES, who died May 1st, of lung cancer, began appearing in Balanchine's ballets and partnering Balanchine's ballerinas in the early forties. He was a model partner, strong and gallant yet unobtrusive; he could set off a ballerina like black velvet under a diamond. His self-effacing manner helped an imperceptive audience to underestimate his importance to the repertory, which was by no means limited to partnering. A recurrent male figure in Balanchine's ballets is the man of destiny. Poet, lover, fortune's fool, he appears in ballets as various as "Serenade," "La Sonnambula," "Orpheus," "La Valse," and "Episodes." Magallanes for some twenty-five years was that character. Engulfed by the Sleepwalker, or by several women at once in "Serenade" or in the Concerto section of "Episodes," Magallanes never seemed to lose his ingenuousness; he had it even as the lovelorn cowboy in the second movement of "Western Symphony." His beautiful, unemphatic grace was enhanced by these mime roles. As a dancer, he was never in earnest. His noted lyricism came from what seemed to be naturally loose and flexible joints; he could look stretchy and unstretched at the same time. No one has ever done the slow backbend to the floor in "La Sonnambula" as well as he, and one remembers him, hung head down and writhing, as Ashton's Rimbaud in "Illuminations." As a stage figure, Magallanes was unusually easy to be with. That soft-

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kneed, low-pressure style was ingratiating, he looked good walking, standing, or running, and he lasted. In the seventies, he began retiring his roles, but he never officially retired—a step seldom taken at the New York City Ballet—and one expected to see him next time round as the Duke in "Don Quixote." He died at fifty-eight, having left his imprint on dozens of ballets.

I thought of Magallanes during "A Midsummer Night's Dream" at the moment when, as Lysander, he would draw his sword and make an exit in an ambling sort of run. And I thought of a few other dancers who are no longer in this ballet. For its opening-week run, the company offered several casts in the character roles when it couldn't decently fill out one. You were certain to get a good Puck (Jean-Pierre Frohlich, who danced all performances), and there was an alert and tidy corps, but for the most part the first act was either miscast or undercast. Even Frohlich was, in a sense, wrong for his part. With his beauty of style, he could recapture the elegant, mercurial creature that Arthur Mitchell used to dance. But the conception of Puck has been diminished to that of a conventional, goatishly capering "Shakespearean" figure in brown skimpies and a broccoli wig.

Balanchine has condensed the whole story of the play in this one act; it had never seemed longer than it did last week—indeed, it had never seemed *long*. Padding out the incidental music with a few overtures, he succeeds in conveying the impression that Mendelssohn has written a perfect, airtight modern ballet. The illusion cracks only once, when things get a little too tight and, with a flurry uncharacteristic of the ballet's measured pace, the plot threads have to be seized and tied before the sun comes up on "So ends the Dream!" In the second act, a wedding march leads to an eighteenth-century-style diversion (the youthful Symphony No. 9 for strings) with a tender pas de deux. Its subject is the fulfilled dream of love foretold in the first act, and it ends with the most ravishingly protracted dying fall in all ballet. As performed by Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins, it made up for a lot—and there was a lot to make up for.

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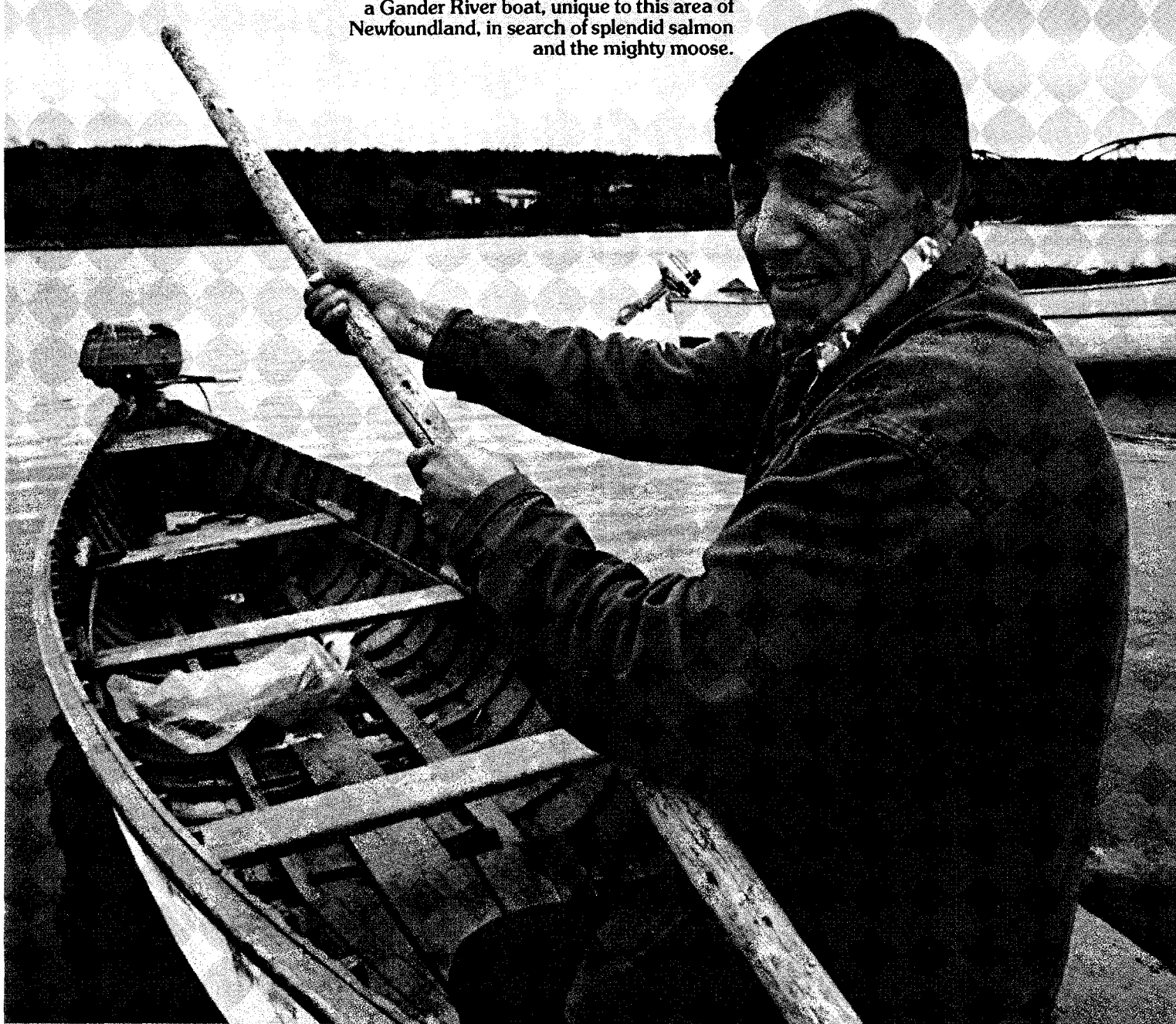
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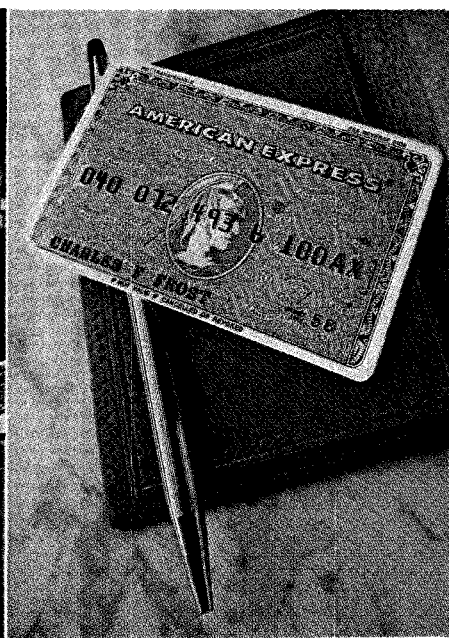
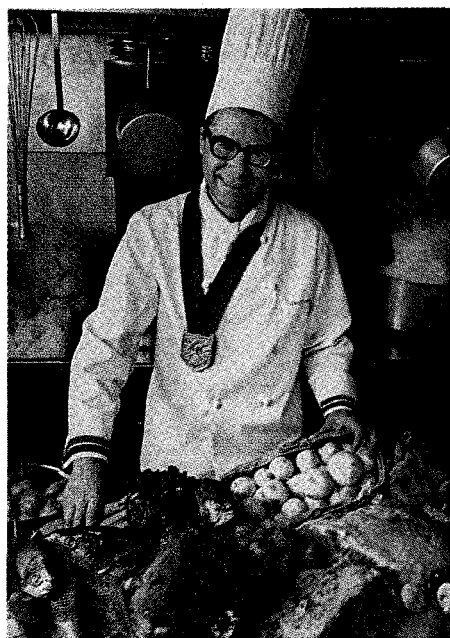
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REFLECTIONS

DISINTOXICATION

THE great accomplishment of European politics since 1945 has been disintoxication. Albert Camus said in the nineteen-fifties that his work, and that of his fellow-intellectuals, was "to clarify definitions in order to disintoxicate minds and to calm fanaticisms, even when this is against the current tendency." Before 1945, politically intoxicated Europeans had pursued murderous ideas into the void, in the midst of a political culture half ruined by what it had already done to itself between 1914 and 1918 in the pits and tunnels of Verdun, at Ypres, amidst the Masurian Lakes. The second half of the century—thus far—has seen a retreat from all that.

The current political tendency of Europe must be described as one of radical moderation. It is not true that recent voting in Sweden, Belgium, Portugal, and Finland signifies a conservative trend, any more than that the rise of Communist influence in Italy and of Socialist strength in France means the opposite. Political controversy in Europe continues to be conducted in the language of drama, of ideology, and, too often, even of revolution and counter-revolution. To read the newspapers, one hardly would have known in the period after the Portuguese Army overthrew the Caetano government, in 1974, that Portugal had a serious alternative to Communist conquest. Yet every contemporary evidence—the voting that occurred exactly a year after the coup, the polls taken, simply the nature of the social and political situation the Army inherited in Portugal—contradicted such a judgment. Spain was treated in much the same way when Franco died. Even now, in some accounts of what goes on in Spain it is hard not to sense a kind of disappointment that the Spaniards are voting for parliamentary democracy and that the worst did not happen, a let-down that the Spaniards have not renewed the bloody civil war of 1936-39. France and

Italy are often treated today as countries threatened by Communist-directed political crises. (A *Times* editorial described the possibility of François Mitterrand's Socialists and their Communist allies in the Union of the Left winning next year's parliamentary elections as perhaps even "endangering democracy in France.") Yet throughout Europe the obvious political trend—one would say the self-evident one if it were not so stubbornly misread—remains what it has been since the nineteen-fifties. It is not rightist, leftist, or even properly centrist. It is toward safety. The people keep voting for the center, to the extent that the politicians will let them, and this is not because the policies of the center are so attractive; it is because the center seems safe. What Western Europe clearly has wanted ever since the war's gunfire lifted and it became possible to put stone upon stone again is security and peace.

CONSIDER Europe's major votes since January, 1976. First, the Portuguese gave a plurality to a Socialist Party of stubborn democratic centrism, and then, in December's municipal elections, confirmed that choice. The Italians in June faced a choice between the Christian Democrats—a party that a good many of the Christian Democrats themselves conceded was divided, out of ideas, and morally exhausted—

and a Communist Party offering reform and plausibly claiming to have become a democratic party, willing to respect the parliamentary system. The Italians chose the Christian Democrats, by a margin that deprived both them and the Communists of decisive power. (The Christian Democratic government formed after the election is a minority government, which exists because the Communists refrain from voting against it.) The voters thus forced the two parties into an unexpected version of the "historic compromise"—collaboration between Communists and Christian Democrats. It was, in fact, the version least likely to provoke anxious reactions by the American government. The frustrations of the Italian people during recent years, as their hard work and talent were squandered by a seemingly unreformable political caste and system, might have made a turn to the left understandable—a drastic act, meant to purge the system, even at the risk of international complications. As it turned out, the Italians acted in the most conservative way possible, doing their best to avoid risk.

The Swedes and the West Germans both elected new parliaments during the early autumn. Sweden's Social Democrats were narrowly defeated after forty-four years in power. The leaders of the centrist parties that defeated them apologetically explained that they certainly would not dismantle the Swedish welfare state, only modify it. The principal issues of the campaign had been whether Sweden should make a further heavy investment in the nuclear generation of electricity (Olof Palme's Socialists favored this) and whether the nation should accept a new Socialist plan by which shares in Swedish industry were to be progressively transferred to the control of the trade unions. The public voted, in the end, for an exceedingly mild shift toward the free market. The global significance of this shift was slight.

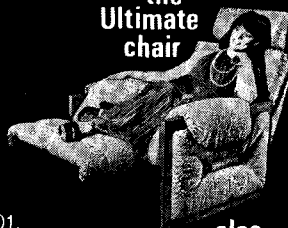
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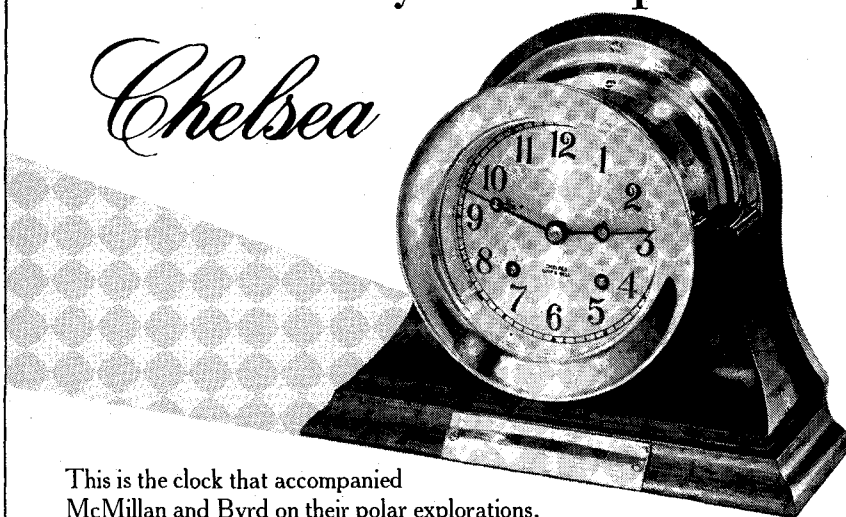


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the moderately conservative Christian Democratic Union and its distinctly conservative Bavarian Christian Social Union allies challenged Chancellor Helmut Schmidt's Social Democratic Party, which had formed a coalition government with the Free Democratic Party. The Christian Democrats made the campaign claim that freedom in Germany was in jeopardy—which it was not, as everyone knew. Schmidt's domestic and foreign-policy programs are by most standards more conservative than those of either the present British Labour government or the French centrist government of Premier Raymond Barre and President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing. Nothing of great moment was actually at issue between Schmidt and the Christian Democrats, and the German electorate returned Schmidt's coalition to power with an even narrower margin of votes in the Bundestag than it had possessed before, choosing the center at a time when rival parties were jostling so energetically to occupy the center as to make it hard to discern where it was. Afterward, Franz Josef Strauss, the leader of the Bavarian C.S.U., was so angry with the moderation of his Christian Democratic partners that he threatened to take his party out of the alliance with the C.D.U., planning to form a nationwide party of the right. But it has yet to be demonstrated that a distinctly right-wing political campaign in West Germany today can beat the center. The Social Democrats themselves came to power in the nineteen-sixties only after a long process of repudiating their own left (symbolized in the figure of their first postwar leader, Kurt Schumacher, who was a gaunt survivor from the nineteen-thirties, a prisoner from 1933 to 1945, and a real believer in a workers' state). Today, it is Schmidt's socialist party that occupies the center in Germany.

In France, much excitement continues to be attached to the rising support for the Union of the Left—the electoral alliance of Socialists and Communists. What has made this rise of the left possible has been the well-calculated and well-publicized, if not wholly convincing, embrace of moderation by the French Communist Party. The French Socialists have been a centrist party since the war. Indeed, while they would prefer today to have it forgotten, their centrism was so indiscriminating that they shared responsibility for the colonial wars of the nineteen-fifties, even while also producing leading opponents of those wars. It was Guy Mollet, a Socialist Premier, who launched

the full-scale campaign to repress the Algerian uprising, and presided over France's part in the Franco-British-Israeli attack upon Suez. When the Algerian war finally was ended, by de Gaulle, the Socialists were a largely discredited force. Their return to influence in the last few years originated in their audacious tactical alliance with the Communists. Basically, it was the Communists' change of policy which made this alliance a success, as they assiduously worked to present themselves as a democratic party. The outcome has justified the Socialist gamble, for the leftist alliance—which includes a third party of the center left, the Radicals of the Left—came within one and a half percentage points of a majority in the last Presidential election, and it gained a clear-cut victory in the municipal elections held in March. But voters are not being called upon to overturn society by voting for the Socialist-dominated left. Indeed, if you listen to the Socialists, voters are merely being asked to choose something like Olof Palme's Sweden. The Communists crossly insist that there has to be more to a government of the left than that, and they and the Socialists have been arguing over the sensitive issue of revising their common program.

It still is by no means sure, of course, that the Union of the Left will win next year's parliamentary elections, despite its gains and the splits that have emerged in the present government. Leaders of both left and right have an interest in emphasizing the left's recent successes—the former to encourage their followers, the latter to frighten theirs. There is furthermore a certain taste among the French for the catastrophic prediction, the pitiless forecast of the worst, whose pessimism shows the forecaster to be a realist, without illusions. In reality, polls that ask voters how they intend to vote in the next national election consistently report something like a quarter of their sample unwilling or unable to state a choice. Among those who express a positive choice, the left always shows an advantage. But that twenty to thirty per cent now silent obviously will decide what happens.

There also is reason to question whether a national victory of the left in France would really produce dramatic change, once the international clamor that followed the victory had died down. The Socialists and their moderate partners, the Radicals of the Left, are middle-class reformers; the impression that the Socialists convey in their public statements and appearances

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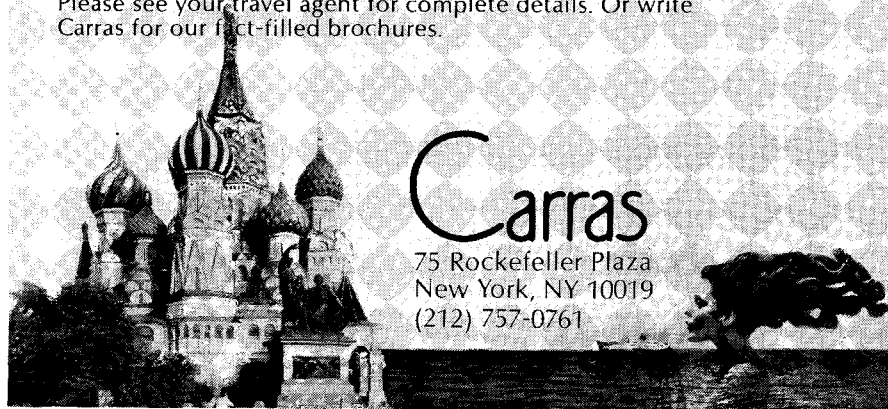
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these days is that they actually haven't given very profound thought to the fundamental problems of the country, as distinct from the problems of campaigning for power. It almost seems that they themselves still do not take seriously the prospect of power. The Communists' role in the Union of the Left has undergone an absolute as well as a relative decline, and the debt to them which would have to be paid off by the Socialists in any new government of the left has declined accordingly. And François Mitterrand, the Socialist leader, is nothing if not a calculating and elusive politician. The Communist Party could easily find that under a coalition government of the left it enjoyed less real influence than it had possessed in opposition, under a government of the center right.

THE center holds; passion falls away. This is what has been happening in Western Europe over recent years. Admittedly, one must choose one's words carefully. The difference between the Europe of 1940—or 1950—and that of the present day is not that ideology now is dead. It is not. But it no longer resonates among the people at large. It no longer dominates voting. It does not produce great popular movements. In 1940, both Fascism and Communism could motivate people to passionate struggles. Political ideologies had the power that religion once possessed—the power to send great masses of people out to sacrifice themselves, convinced that they served truth and could bring about a redemption of society. Even just after the war, the Communists of Western Europe still could command something like that mass allegiance; their parties were tightly organized political forces whose members believed in the possibility of a transformed humanity, a totally new society. Today, the belief in a revolutionary transformation of society—and perhaps the belief in the need for such a transformation—survives chiefly among a political intelligentsia. The workers' movements have shown themselves increasingly interested in pay and working conditions rather than in revolution. The students, whom Herbert Marcuse thought the new revolutionary vanguard, have proved incapable of radicalizing others in society.

As long ago as 1968, it was possible to see all this happening. Even in the country with the most seductive revolutionary myth, France, the "events of 1968" demonstrated weakness, not strength, in the new revolutionary left. The "events" began as an intensely ro-

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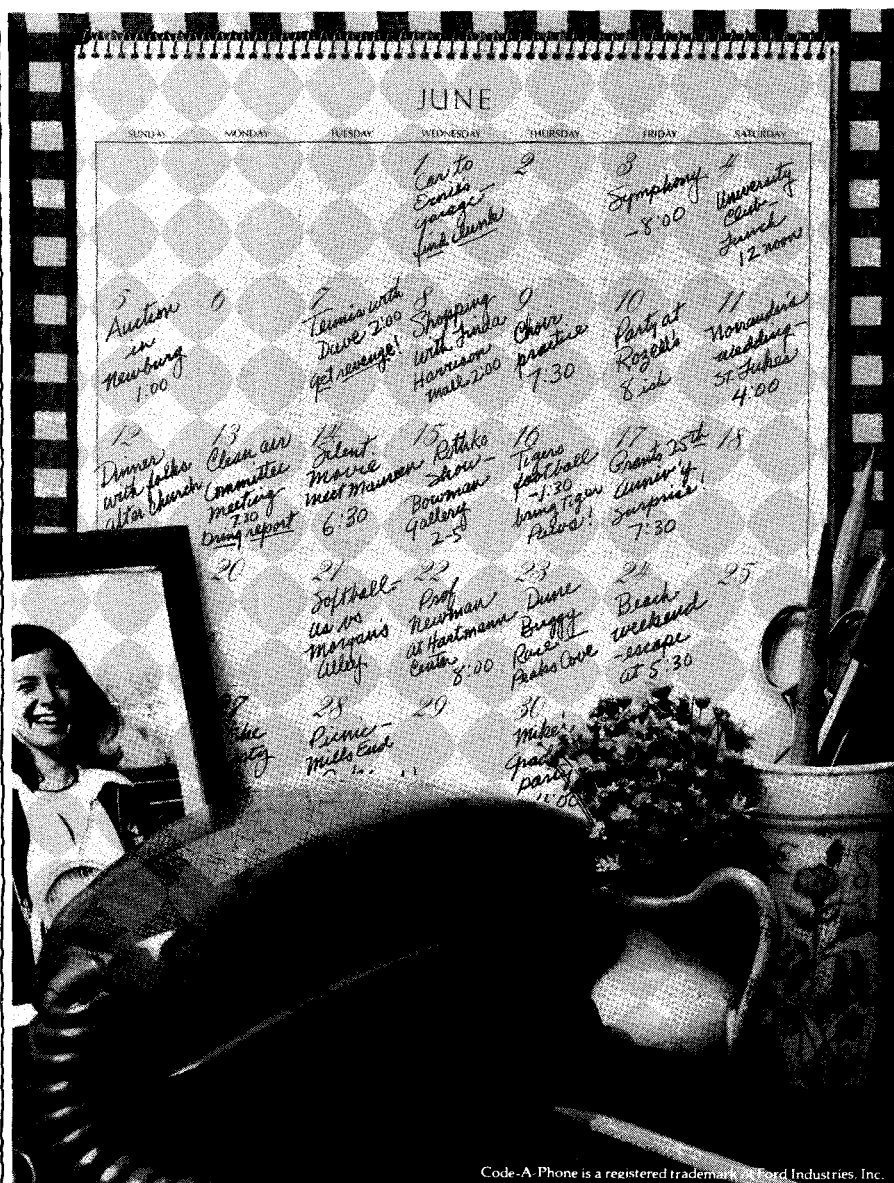
matic, even poetic, challenge to conventional society, but the recruits briefly won by the student revolutionaries proved to be not the workers but the students' own middle-class parents. What happened in 1968 was a passionate and exhausting evocation by members of the prosperous middle classes in French society of the beauty and the possibility of a society without bounds or coercion or cruelty—a vision of a transformed society which was perhaps only imaginable to members of a privileged class still shielded from some of life's darker realities.

The myth persists today that 1968 was a workers' rebellion. It was not. Ten million workers and their unions took instant and astute advantage of the situation that the students had created in order to win practical concessions from the government and from their employers. As disorders in Paris's Latin Quarter spread, the unions made demands concerning wages, hours, and working conditions. The workers mainly ignored those proselytizing student revolutionaries who came to the factories and assembly lines calling for a general strike meant to bring "imagination to power." The unions and the Communist Party eventually collaborated with the government in putting an end to the disorders and getting the country back to work. The ideology of 1968, a lyrical and heterodox ideology of human freedom, was unable to enlist mass support, or even the support of the majority of France's least privileged, hardest-working, most heavily exploited classes. What the French voters actually did, in the legislative election later in 1968, was give a big majority to the government parties, campaigning on a law-and-order platform.

The European generation that followed the First World War, and described itself as feeling like the last link in a broken chain, had by 1940 turned desperately to ideological politics—to Fascism and Communism. Fascism offered strength, mastery, the triumph of the will. Communism purported to be a science of history able to bring to power a classless class, ending human exploitation. Of course, both ideologies fed on hatred as well as idealism. Hatred was an inheritance of that generation, for its members were unlucky enough to have discovered in their own lives the bleak reality the generation of 1914 had died to bring about.

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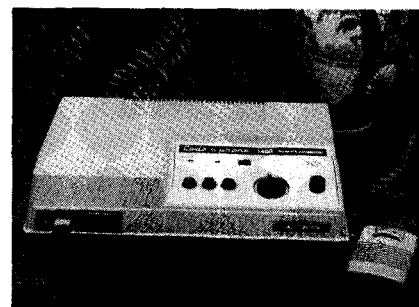
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to take ideological sides. Arthur Koestler wrote, "Fascists and Communists shared about equally the benefits of the social migration. The remainder, who found no consolation in hatred, lived on pointlessly 'like a swarm of tired winter flies crawling over the dim windows of Europe, members of a class displaced by History.'"

But today in Europe hardly anyone remains who can seriously believe in doctrines of political redemption. Revolutionary rhetoric persists. It is the conventional language, especially in Latin Europe, just as globalist and Wilsonian rhetoric is the conventional language of official American discourse on world affairs. But among the Europeans who use the revolutionary vocabulary, even the most deeply committed—Communist Party intellectuals and activists, surviving members of the movements of the New Left, anarchists and latter-day Trotskyites—all have private reservations, like Catholics since Vatican II. The Communist Parties themselves—as in France and Italy—avoid such language. Increasingly, they are in competition with Socialists and centrists to see which of them are most devoted to civil liberties and the economic development of the Third World, most aware of the risks of nuclear power and dangers to the environment: theirs is the agenda of an Aspen Institute, a Club of Rome, a seminar of conscience-stricken businessmen. On left and right, there is an inadvertent alliance of the guilt-driven middle class.

Revolution once meant something desperate and dangerous, action taken because the conditions of life were no longer humanly tolerable. That is not the situation today. Life is not bad for the mass of Europeans, and political action starts with that reality. Most people in the major countries of Western Europe are better off by material standards than they have been at any time in the past. They also undoubtedly are made anxious by this new condition of life—"consumerist," materialistic, possessions-oriented, in important respects cut off from the custom and discipline of the past. There is an anxiety born of this generation's own historical memory—the fear that peace and security cannot last, the fear of inflation and renewed recession, or depression.

The overall record in Europe since 1945 is one of a search for security. This record dramatically contrasts with the adventurism and struggle that followed the First World War: in Italy's liberal republic, doomed by 1922; in

the Weimar Republic; in France's troubled Third Republic; in Britain, where Sir Oswald Mosley's "New Party" of 1931 and then his Fascists represented one version of the national attempt to come to terms with an economic decline and with social tensions that have still not been resolved in that country. Another version, of course, was the vast movement of intellectual defections to the Communist left—the literary conversions, afterward repudiated, of the Day-Lewises and Spenders and Audens, but also the devastatingly revealing defections by the Burgesses, Macleans, and Philbys.

In part, what has changed since then is a matter of banal economics. People no longer are desperately poor. And this economic change has naturally had social consequences. There has been a social levelling. Class barriers are not as savage as before. Aristocracies have been killed off. The old haute bourgeoisie, of which Proust and Mann wrote, has been weakened drastically. The working classes have claimed the place before denied them. With universal suffrage, the removal of the property qualification, and the granting of the vote to women, the Socialist and labor parties were able to take over political power. The left succeeded. The crucial but widely unrealized fact of modern Europe is simply that the democratic left has succeeded everywhere.

The European right is all but extinguished. The revolutionary left is a residue, now mostly a middle-class and intellectual movement. The claims it makes are nominally dialectical and materialistic but actually moral. It protests the moral scandal of soulless New Towns, the moral alienation of the new suburbs, the lack of purpose among young workers. It protests the vulgarity of prosperity, the destruction of community which accompanies the razing of ancient slums. It calls for solidarity, justice; it claims to occupy the terrain of imagination. But it is not a mass movement of the brutalized poor, demanding the right to life and breath. This is what has changed, and it is supremely important.

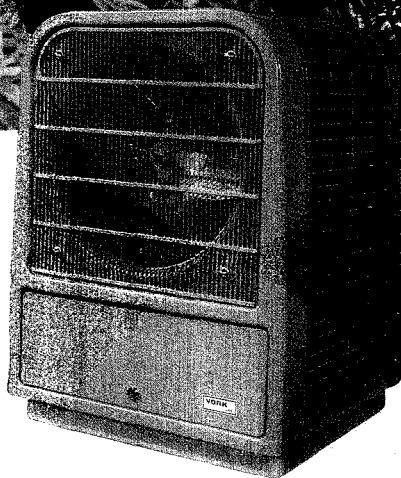
—WILLIAM PFAFF

There's been a recent change in the Leisure Section of the New York Times. Bernard Gladstone, editor, reports that "for the moment we're not buying or running any leisure articles." Gladstone said he couldn't be any more specific and indicated he doesn't expect to be buying leisure pieces in the foreseeable future.

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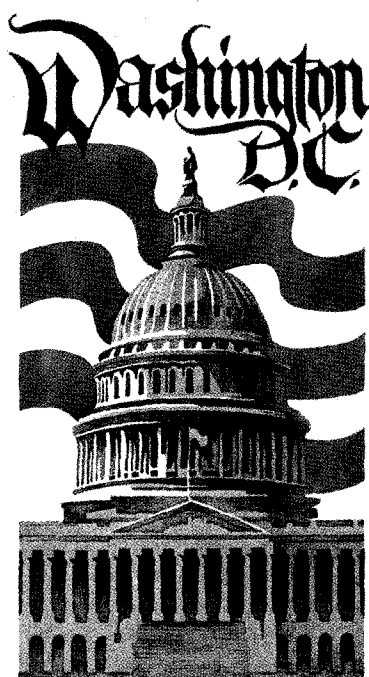
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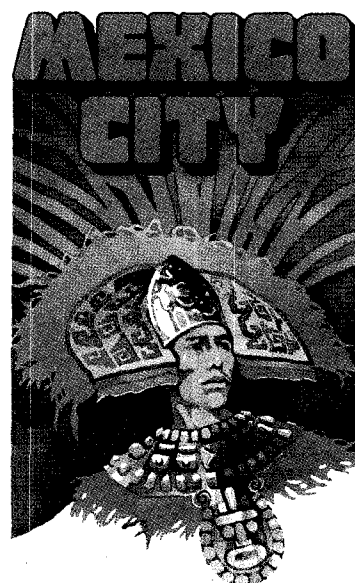
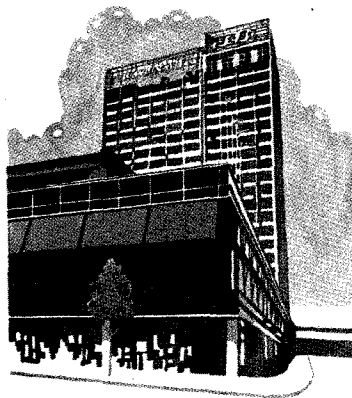
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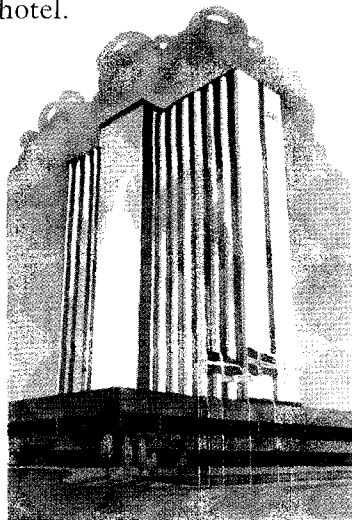
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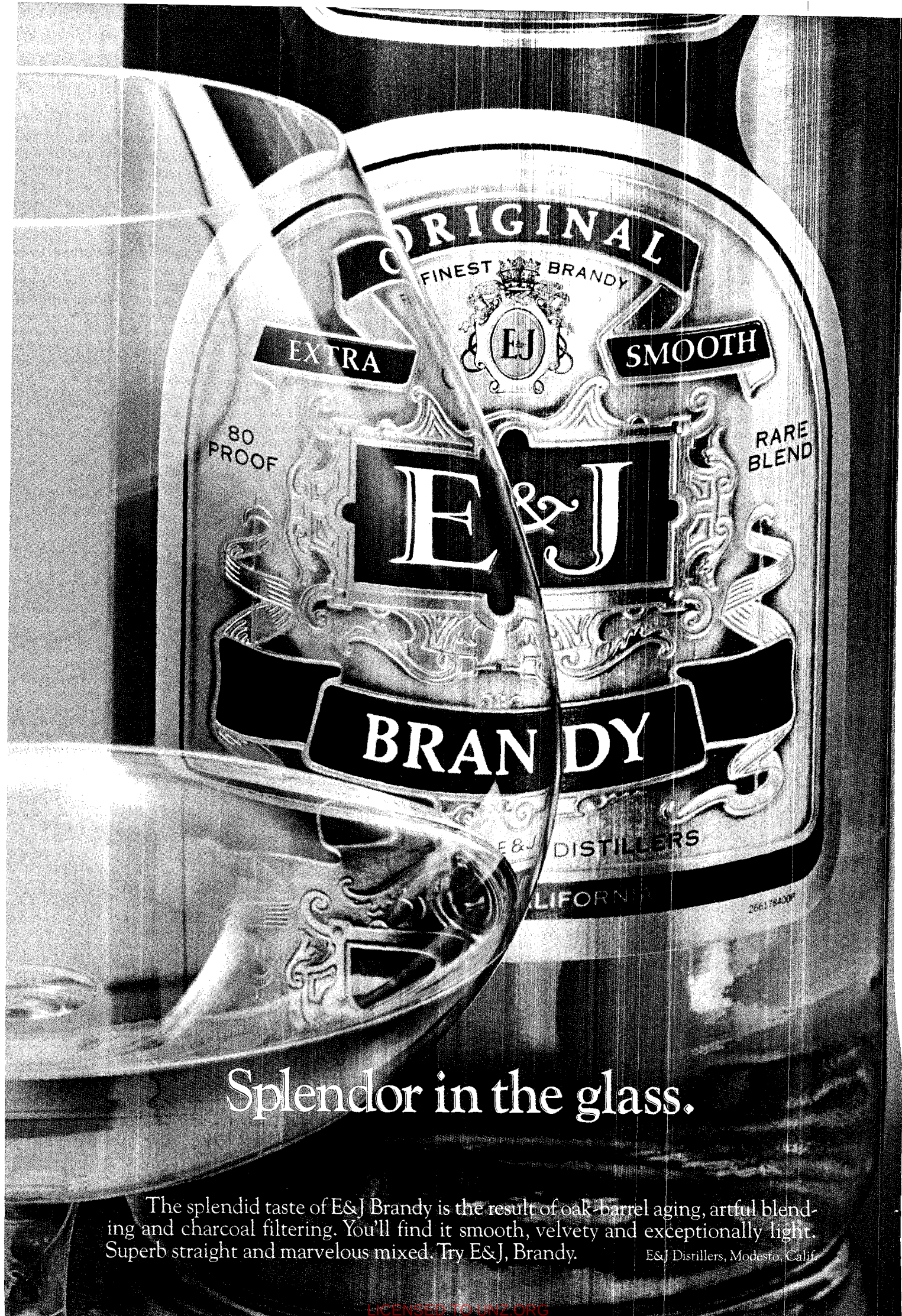
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THE CURRENT CINEMA

About Rebellion: Two Fine Documentaries

NOT SO LONG AGO. Chicago in the thirties. The rise of the labor movement. Three women—Stella, Kate, Sylvia—seen in interviews now: urgent, intent on reviving for us memories that they find by no means faded or quiescent. The struggles of forty years ago have not been put by. “Union Maids”—directed by Julia Reichert, James Klein, and Miles Mogulescu—is one of the most blithe and humorous reports of social struggle we have seen on film. One ballad from it:

There once was a union maid
Who never was afraid
Of the goons and the ginks and
the company finks
And the deputy sheriff who made
the raid.

STELLA is a young-looking woman for her age, in spectacles, with a good grin. She was brought up on a Michigan farm, with her sisters and brother. Their father used to say, “If you don’t work, you don’t eat.” They hadn’t heard that from their friends. “It’s an old Socialist tradition,” he would say. When Stella first reached Chicago, she scratched at the sidewalk to see if grass would grow. She tried to get a job. Thirty-seven cents an hour for women, fifty-two cents an hour for men. She started in the stockyards. She told the bosses she had had experience in butchering on the farm back home. Not in a stockyard, though. She was seventeen.

KATE looks much older, thin as a twig. She tried to get work in a macaroni factory after being turned away from a broom factory. Too young. So she took a job in a place that made “men’s dispensaries and athletic supporters.” She hadn’t then more than the faintest idea what the words were. The white-haired militant still looks bashful while saying them.

SYLVIA is a black; gray-haired, talkative. Her work was in a laundry. In those days, “all black women and poor whites worked in the laundry.” The management decided one day to get a forewoman, and hired a white woman who didn’t know one end of a shirt from the other. The women in the laundry got together—*got together*: that was the clue—and shut down the mangles. The police came, and the women fought them. Throwing bottles at them and kicking and scream-

ing. The police finally managed to throw them out of the laundry, and they didn’t know what to do next.

KATE says it was 1930 and things were already getting very bad. A layoff of a possible fifty per cent of her factory’s employees. Anyone anything to say? She said to herself, “Gosh, Katie, you’ve got some responsibility; after all, you’re a radical.” (All three of these women have obviously always used the word “radical” as though HUAC had never threatened them. The forthrightness, the courage.) She wrote an article for the *Daily Worker* and pinned up copies with thumbtacks. She found one woman saying, “It was printed in the newspaper and it’s about us!” Kate was fired.

STELLA describes herself as gregarious. She’d try talking at work, and the bosses would shut her up. To keep

your job, she learned, you don’t talk, you just do your work. She tells of getting out a paper called the *Yards Worker*. They’d try to sneak the papers into washrooms. Or put them down the front of their dresses before company inspections.

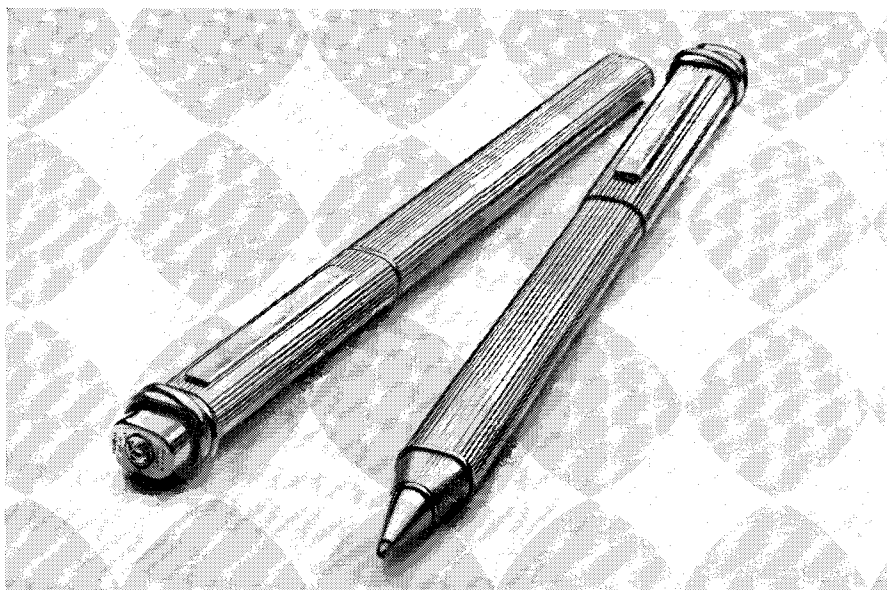
FORETASTE of McCarthy: Kate says that you had to sign a contract pledging, “I am not a union member and as long as I am an employee of this company I will not join a union.”

STELLA speaks of stool pigeons; a big C.I.O. rally; thugs with guns. Of being scared. But they were all together, and all young. To be a radical woman then meant not being a housewife, meant being with friends you liked and respected.

SYLVIA, the avid, plump one, wearing drop earrings and a pendant for the filming occasion, who is no less serious for rocking sometimes with laughter, talks about having got people who slaved for seven days a week to explain an absence by writing on their



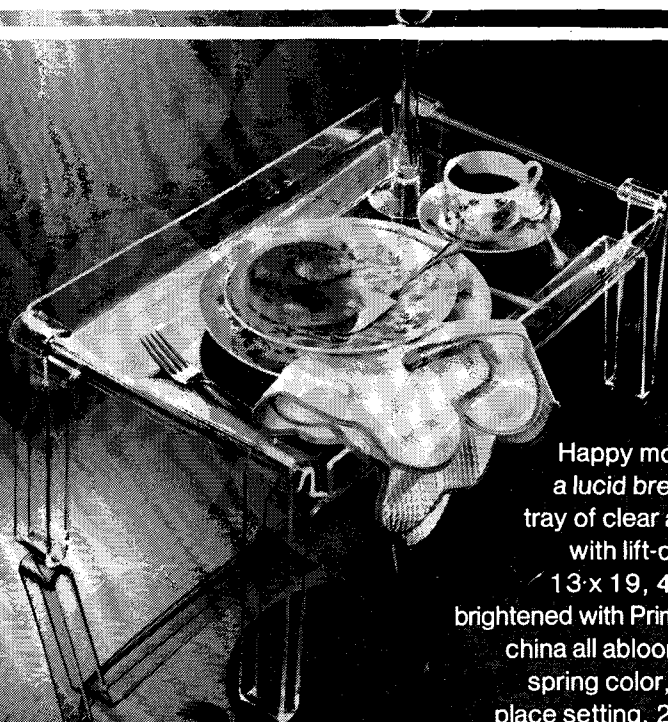
“I’m an environmentalist. I suppose that frightens you.”



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time cards the words "Just tired." The card system was stopped.

KATE talks about more than unions. About organization of a council of unemployed on the West Side of Chicago. About evictions. About a policeman with a sawed-off shotgun. The first person who puts his foot on the steps of this house, he says, is going to have his head shot right off. And she says to herself, "Now, Katie, is you is or is you ain't?" She was. Later on, she speaks of people in her family who reproach her for wasting herself. With her intelligence, she could have been something. And what are you now? Nothing!

BUT these women are indeed something: born innovators, because born learners. At the famous funeral for three blacks killed by the police, a newsreel of the time shows State Street crowded from wall to wall. Kate says, "That was the first time in my life that I had seen white people sobbing, really sobbing." The three sage and aging radicals record a fine tale. Something—perhaps the openness of the interviewing technique, perhaps their own characters—gives the film a peculiar fragrant buoyancy in this self-punishing land.

A CONTINENT AWAY. Hector Olivera's "Rebellion in Patagonia" has a marvellous sweep and historical consciousness. (In this film, the history is reenacted by professionals.) One can imagine something of it by thinking of Visconti's "La Terra Trema" crossed with a Costa-Gavras "The Confession" that had humor. Its topic is the terrible 1921 massacre in the far south of Argentina. The workers of Patagonia, the southern outpost of the rural part of the country, strike for better working conditions; the furious landowners, representing the great wealth of foreign business interests, advise sending in the troops.

THE topic is also the topic of the turncoat. Commander Zavala (Héctor Alterio) begins by wishing the workers well, signing the first labor agreement in rural Patagonia, and ends by slaughtering them. A sombre man, not a weakling, with eyes like the tops of mine shafts; at the end of the picture, they stare one down.

HOW could such a picture be made, and shown to a huge public in Argentina before being withdrawn

from distribution? The production of the film raises reflections about the methods of weaving ways around censorship. One, of course, is to take advantage of a fairly liberal government while it is in existence, however precariously. The Argentine censor who passed the script as being of "special national interest" has been replaced. But it also undoubtedly helped—as it would have helped in all countries with censorship, whether by bulldogs or by the box office—that the director of "Rebellion in Patagonia" was famous as a director of harmless light comedies. There are many ways to trick censors, who are often obtuse men. The late Andrzej Munk, the Polish director, would deliberately put into his scripts a lot of highly censorable scenes that he didn't care about at all, as a means of distracting bureaucratic severity from the points he really wanted to make.

COMEDY in serious matters. Olvera's film begins with a crucial union meeting. An old man spouts something about Kropotkin. He is told to keep his point for discussion in ideology classes.

SOME very rural-looking hotel workers' embrace of anarchism is thoroughly approved at a Patagonian meeting. A taxi-driver wearing a muffler promises that he won't drive a single person to a hotel. The stevedores declare themselves his brothers-in-arms.

IN revolutionary circumstances, surrealism is often realism. There is a cut from the union meeting to a stately dining room with girl musicians in pink flounced dresses earnestly playing light rubbish, and a group of landowners saying that they must get organized and present a united front. Union members in grandees' skins.

PROGRESS can be a downward path. An old revolutionary is talking to a young one. First there were ideals and love, he says, then there was hunger and jail. The old revolutionary (Pepe Soriano), an ancient enthusiast in a stocking cap, is the best actor in the film: immensely endearing, tireless.

AT one of the rich dinners that alternate with the bloodbaths, a speaker says that one mustn't be scared of these simple anarchists. At some grand meal or other, these simple anarchists—a bunch of chefs—come in and announce that the dinner is ready but that nothing on earth will make them dish it up. The dinner-jacketed



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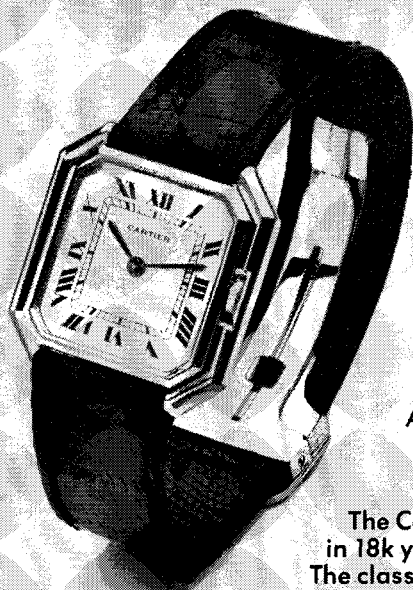
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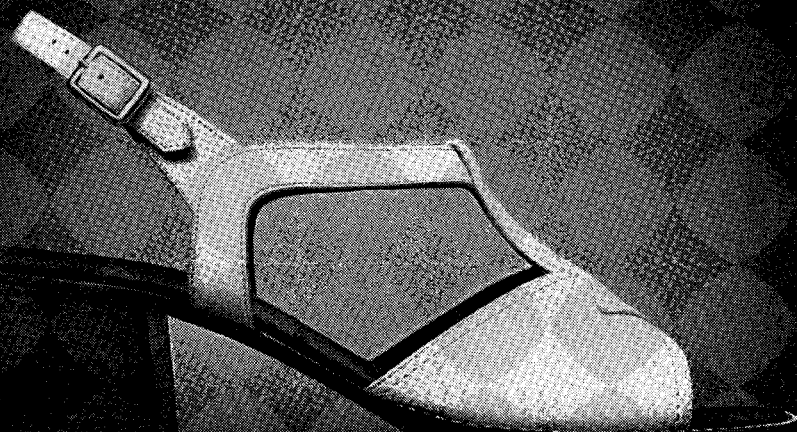
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guests rise to the occasion, go into the kitchen, and emerge triumphantly carrying huge plates of rich food. Much applause for their bravery in the field.

IN a revolution, the bosses can sometimes win because they are less sincere than their antagonists. A rich man in this film concludes with murderous worldliness that it is worthwhile to throw the revolutionaries a piece or two of rank herring: he supposes that the oligarchy, by seeming to give in to them, will make them give up.

WHEN to shoot, when to hold your fire. The rich cattle-owners of Argentina think they can play a cannier game than the poor. Starvation and unemployment are sometimes even more killing weapons than guns. Again: A young union organizer in the film says desperately that his comrades can't throw all their sacrifices away; but the winning side of a revolution is ruthless.

AN idealist like Commander Zavala is a perfect tool for the mercenaries of morality who are a revolution's victors. Military coups against elected civilian governments in Argentina have been successfully carried out in 1930, 1943, 1955, 1962, 1966, and, now, 1976. To remind us of that is not the least achievement of this superbly thoughtful and ironic film.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[From "Energy R. & D. and National Progress," a report prepared by the Energy Study Group in 1965]

The findings of this staff study indicate no grounds for serious concern that the Nation is using up any of its stocks of fossil fuels too rapidly; rather, there is the suspicion that we are using them up too slowly. This suspicion is based upon the view that present prices of fossil fuels, which are subject to regulation, are too high. For instance, the price of transporting coal by rail has not been permitted to fall freely to the level of marginal cost; if it did, coal would be cheaper and would be in greater use. Likewise, even with unitization to overcome the external diseconomies in the extraction of oil and natural gas, the flow of these products to the market under competitive arrangements would surely be greater than it has been under the regulatory controls. Thus, rather than fearing a future day when fossil-fuel resources will be largely exhausted and the Nation will want for energy, we are concerned for the day when the value of untapped fossil-fuel resources might have tumbled because of technological advances and the Nation will regret that it did not make greater use of these stocks when they were still precious.

U.S. JOURNAL: NEW ENGLAND

THOUGHTS BROUGHT ON BY PROLONGED EXPOSURE TO EXPOSED BRICK

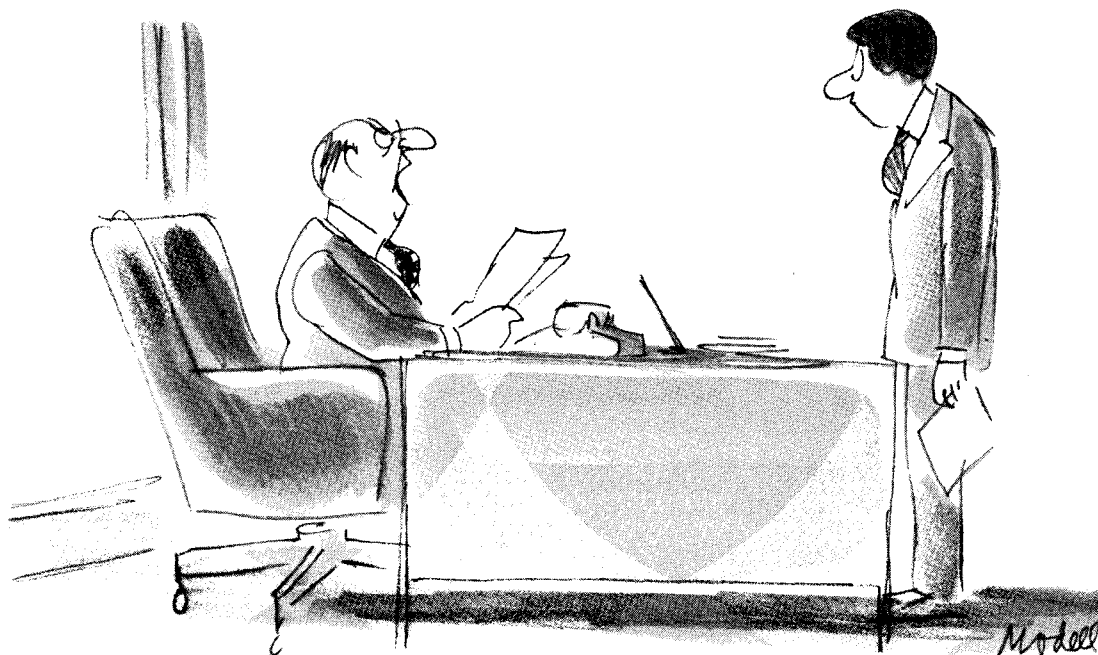
IN my version of a melancholy walk on the waterfront, I find myself walking through a cold Atlantic mist along the docks of some East Coast city, wearing a turned-up trench-coat, making the best approximation of the traditional clip-clop sounds on the cobblestones that can be expected from a man in crêpe-soled shoes, and ducking into a passage that turns out to be the entrance to a gourmet kitchen-supply shop called something like The Wondrous Whisk—where I soberly inspect imported French cherry pitters and antique butter molds and Swedish meat slicers. The melancholy is produced by wondering why someone who cannot cook spends so much of his time in gourmet kitchen-supply shops. There are some people, of course, who find melancholy aspects in the prospect that, at the present rate of brick-exposing and paint-stripping and beam-uncovering, all the old warehouses in all port cities will someday be thoroughly renovated as shopping areas that feature gourmet kitchen-supply shops and purveyors of hardwood toys and restaurants with names like The Purple Endive. The entire Boston waterfront, Andrew Kopkind predicted not long ago in an article in the *Real Paper*, may someday be “one vast stack of exposed bricks, a forest of butcher block, a jungle of asparagus ferns.” I recently travelled down the Atlantic Coast—clip-clopping, more or less, along the waterfronts of Portland, Maine, and Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and Boston—and I can report that in those cities a citizen who happens to feel an occasional yearning to inspect a copper bowl or a wire whisk is never far from succor. After I arrived in Boston, I realized I could have tried out an automatic apple parer on the waterfront of Newburyport, Massachusetts, as well—or so I gathered from seeing an advertisement for Newburyport eating establishments which included restaurants with names like Steake & Steinn (“Elegant, relaxed dining in an historic 1817 brick building”) and The Grog.

When old warehouses and abandoned factories all

over the country started being scrubbed up into boutiques several years ago, we travelling people accepted them more or less the way we had accepted the advent of Holiday Inns—at first marvelling at their presence, and then grumbling that they all looked alike. The brick exposed in Ghirardelli Square in San Francisco tended to look like the brick exposed in Pioneer Square in Seattle, which had some similarity to the brick exposed in Old Town, Chicago, or Underground Atlanta or the River Quay in Kansas City or Larimer Square in Denver or Gas Light Square in St. Louis. A jaded travelling salesman would say, while standing in the rental-car line, “If you were led into one of those places blindfolded, you wouldn’t have any idea what city you were in when they took the blindfold off”—to which an equally jaded but slightly more observant travelling salesman would reply, “If you saw Lester Maddox selling auto-graphed axe handles, you’d know you were in Underground Atlanta.” By now, though, a travelling salesman would notice that in some places he might be blindfolded with hand-blocked fabric imported from the South of France, and in others with a miniature Confederate flag or a dish towel that said “Dy-no-mite.” Some of the historic renovations are chic and some of them are tacky. Some of them are self-contained markets and some of them

are parts of neighborhoods that have become largely residential. I walk through all of them—the ones whose buildings do evoke the history of a city and the ones whose buildings seem a comment only on the history of American brick. I find myself with the conflicting impressions that might be expected of someone who has an aversion to names like The Wondrous Whisk and a weakness for the gadgets that stores with names like The Wondrous Whisk have in them. Sometimes, on my walks, I speculate that this post-industrial society may have in the past decade produced more handmade pottery than was produced by all of the primitive clay-fashioning societies in the history of the world. Sometimes, I am grateful that in an era of suburban chain bookstores run like suburban chain shoe stores it seems natural for a place like the Portland waterfront to have a children’s bookstore whose proprietors have actually read the books they sell. Sometimes, I am fearful that my commitment to civil liberties will someday collapse in the face of a proposal that all producers of macramé be jailed without trial.

IT may be that middle-sized cities in states like Vermont and Maine and Colorado and New Mexico have acquired a surfeit of overeducated shopkeepers partly through a demographic phenomenon called splashback. In the West, the term splashback came into use several years ago to describe the process of people from, say, the crowded cities of the industrial Midwest migrating to California in search of the



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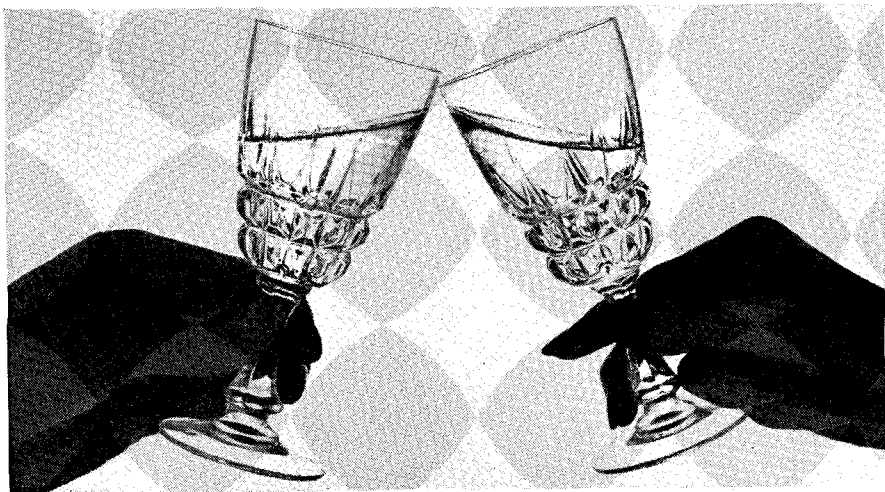
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good life, staying until it became obvious that California was becoming very much like the crowded cities of the industrial Midwest, and then retreating as far back as Idaho or Montana. I think some of the college graduates of the sixties who decided to avoid the empty urban struggle for money and success by turning to subsistence farming in Vermont eventually, through boredom or a strong inclination not to perish by starvation, splashed back to the nearest place where their managerial skills or education could be put to some use in making a living—often a middle-sized city. Some of them, I suspect, made that compromise on the way to the subsistence farm rather than on the way back. The restoration of the abandoned warehouses along Exchange Street in Portland began in 1970, when a local businessman bought some of the buildings and started renting storefront space cheaply to the sort of people Portland citizens tended to refer to as hippies—people who sold beads and worked with leather and ran draft-counselling operations and, I suspect, attempted to create instant atmosphere in their shops with the sweet-smelling incense whose burning in public should obviously, under guise of air-pollution control, be declared a felony. In some cases, the hippies moved on; bead-stringers were replaced by serious silver-smiths. In some cases, the hippies, running shops that became prosperous small businesses, no longer seemed like hippies.

The area in Portland that became known as Old Port Exchange developed more or less naturally, with the gradual restoration of some handsome old brick buildings that would probably have otherwise been demolished. These days, the area is pleasant and prosperous enough to be discussed in terms of which way it might eventually be ruined. A pair of monsters are often mentioned—the tackiness of Jaws T-shirts threatening from one side, the chicness of Marimekko fabric from the other. Underground Atlanta, for instance, gradually became more and more like the sort of shopping area that specializes in embroidering names on funny hats, and is now somewhere between honky-tonk and dangerous. When I wandered in there a few years ago, I found that the level of merchandising had deteriorated to the point at which Lester Maddox's axe-handle operation was beginning to look like a class act. Old Port Exchange has managed to avoid the Jaws T-shirts, but the Marimekko outlet has already opened. When it became obvious, a few

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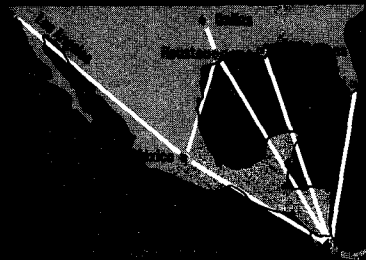
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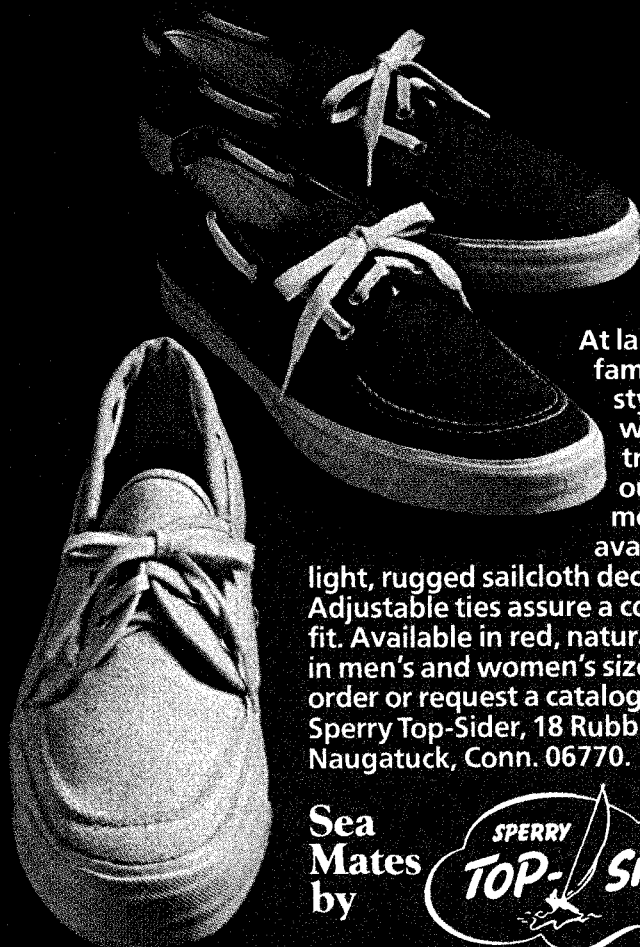
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years ago, that Old Port Exchange was going to be a commercial success, assessments naturally started to rise, and renovations, which had once consisted of shopkeepers' peeling off paint themselves in return for low rent, became ambitious building-gutting operations that produced huge brass doorknobs and attorneys' offices renting for eight dollars a square foot. Shopkeepers are now beginning to grumble that all rents in the area will eventually be geared to chic shops or chain operations—forcing out the mildly funky, single-owner businesses that made Old Port Exchange interesting in the first place.

I HAVE always wondered how the word gets around. How, for instance, do all local television newscasters, without having an opportunity to see each other on the air, manage to know when to lower their sideburns three-quarters of an inch or narrow the spread of their collars an inch and a half so that they can continue to look precisely alike? How do the proprietors of exposed-brick/hanging-plant/butcher-block-table restaurants in New England know what is being served in exposed-brick/hanging-plant/butcher-block-table restaurants in Seattle? They don't seem to be the type who attend industry conventions. Did the spread of spinach-mushroom-and-bacon salad just happen, or was it engineered by some brilliant agent of the spinach interests, trying to pull another Popeye? Who spread the word on putting a celery stalk in a Bloody Mary? Was it the same agent who told everyone about serving Bloody Marys in goblets? How does everybody know what sort of quiche to have and what to stuff the crêpe with and what sort of cheese to have melted on the special bacon-cheeseburger? I thought about these matters in Portland, where I had just eaten the special sandwich at a restaurant called The Seamen's Club ("Aged sharp cheese blended with eggs and seasoning, broiled with bacon"), having narrowly decided on that instead of the special sandwich at The Hollow Reed ("Avocado, sprouts, and tomato with melted cheddar"). My thoughts were interrupted by the realization that I had rather enjoyed the special sandwich at The Seamen's Club, and I don't really mind a celery stalk in my Bloody Mary.

THE city planner of Portsmouth, New Hampshire, speculates that the city may have been saved by some fortuitous apathy in the fifties. Portsmouth is known outside the state as a

naval-shipyard town, but a planner or architect who takes a good look at it sees something closer to an English market town. The shipyard is actually across the river, on an island that is part of Maine; the other major industry is a nearby Air Force base. The city itself has an extraordinary number of fine-looking old buildings, even in the market square that is the center of downtown. They are just the sort of buildings that towns with forward-looking businessmen and shrewd city councils got enough federal money to tear down during the days of urban renewal.

Apparently, Portsmouth in those days was lacking in either the money or the energy to destroy itself. Main Street businessmen in military towns, like Main Street businessmen in one-company towns, are sometimes lacking in get-up-and-go. Portsmouth now has a young, forward-looking city council, but when it comes to planning, forward-looking city councils these days often look toward the past. The city is about to spend four hundred thousand dollars in federal funds to change its downtown, but the money will be used for cobblestones and brick plazas and sidewalk-widening in the market square rather than for tearing buildings down. The city government and the police department and the library are all in nineteenth-century buildings. The council is expected to pass a historic-districting ordinance this month which will include restrictions on the size and design of signs, and there is already a program for providing assistance to any merchant who wants to trade in his neon atrocity or his asphalt-siding façade for something the planning department thinks might fit in a bit better with the brick row house next to him. The Olde Harbour section that has been developed from abandoned warehouses on the waterfront is practically downtown, and it is possible for a planner of some optimism to see a time when the entire area will blend together. Portsmouth planners hope to retain the town's historic character without becoming cute or overpreserved. The fact that the buildings for such an undertaking still exist may be testimony to the ultimate efficacy of lethargy.

PEOPLE who design or preside over restored shopping areas naturally have a strong interest in signs—or signing, as they tend to call it. In Quincy Market, on the Boston waterfront—where Marimekko is not considered one of the monsters, the market



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renovation having been designed by the founder of Design Research, the original Marimekko outlet—a vegetable stand is likely to be identified by a hand-carved slab of wood or by a piece of black-and-white graphic art that appears to my untutored eye to be a sixteenth-century radish. The revisionists creep back, of course, a few tradesmen being unable to restrain themselves from adding “Today’s Special” in Magic Marker or sneaking in the sort of cardboard sign that has the word “HOT” printed in bright red with flames emerging from the tops of the letters.

I have a strong interest in the names on the signs myself: I would be less offended by a plastic-and-neon sign than by an artfully understated, hand-carved wooden sign that said on it “Plastics ‘n’ Neon.” I am already on record as believing that, in the face of such names, an ordinance requiring shopkeepers to spell out all connectives would not be a violation of the First Amendment. I feel the same way about requiring shopkeepers to refrain from describing animals or vegetables as being colors that the animals or vegetables in question do not happen to come in. If someone wanted to name a bar after an elephant, he would simply have to call it The Gray Elephant or The Dun-Colored Elephant. The Blue Strawberry would be out, which is a pity, since I had a spectacular meal in a restaurant by that name in Portsmouth. But a rule is a rule.

QUINCY MARKET, the most ambitious market restoration in the country, provides an anchor for the redevelopment of great stretches of Boston waterfront—an anchor being what some real-estate people call a project that commits an investment of public money so large that it protects the investment of private money nearby. So far, the restoration is of only one of the three huge buildings in the Faneuil Hall Marketplace, but it is already an enormous success—considered by many planners to be a brilliantly designed masterstroke in the constant urban effort to “get people back downtown.” Many of those who have come back downtown now live there—in flashy apartment buildings that a few years ago were abandoned warehouses. The restored area now extends from the water to push up against the Italian North End, where people were downtown in the first place. There are some who look on this entire process as “revitalization.” There are some, like Andrew Kopkind, who look on it as a group of middle-class sophisticates tak-

ing territory away from working people—a phenomenon he describes with a marvellous word that is apparently used by British planners, “gentrification.”

Kopkind and others have described Quincy Market as basically a suburban shopping mall done up in the instant charm of ye olde exposed brick—“the new kitsch of advanced capitalism.” Its detractors see it as a Disneyland model of a market rather than a market—an Eastern-urban version of the sort of carefully controlled clusters of boutiques in the West that a Coloradan once described perfectly in the *Straight Creek Journal* as “candy-ass towns.” Even critics who have praised Quincy Market highly—Ada Louise Huxtable of the *Times*, for instance—write about it with some uneasiness. Mrs. Huxtable reported that she spent her first hour there nostalgic for the cluttered old market and irritated at the overcute signing, and then had a fine time for the rest of the day—resigned to the reality that the only way such renovation could work economically was, in fact, by designing a slick, controlled atmosphere for the affluent and sophisticated. The truly sophisticated in Boston, of course, now treat Quincy Market the way they might treat a large and overcrowded cocktail party—explaining to anyone they happen to meet there that they just dropped in for a minute and really despise large gatherings and just wanted to show a friend from out of town what all the talk was about. They say they can’t wait to walk across the street to shop in the raucous stalls in Haymarket Square and the family-run stores of the North End. I was ready to leave fairly quickly myself—less quickly than I might have been, I may as well admit, if I hadn’t come across a slicer that reminded me of one I used to see demonstrated at the Missouri State Fair by a man who could cut a tomato into slices as thin as playing cards and then spread them into a fan shape on the cutting board, like Doc Holliday showing his aces. I had passed one restaurant called The Proud Popover and another called The Magic Pan, and I felt the need to lunch in the outside world, at some restaurant named after something that had no astonishing properties whatsoever.

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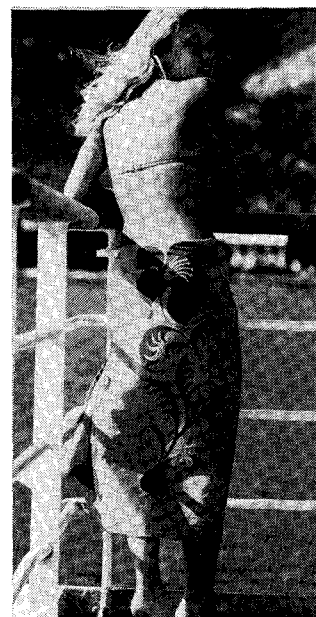
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THE SPORTING SCENE

FROM IS MOLAS TO MEMORIAL TO AUGUSTA NATIONAL

AFTER the extremely harsh winter just past, I think most golf enthusiasts now appreciate much more keenly that chief among the attractions of the Masters tournament—and one that has contributed incalculably to its rise to a position among the world's four major golf events—is that it takes place not in summer, like the United States Open, the British Open, and our Professional Golfers' Association Championship, the other members of the big four, but at the perfect psychological time: in early April, when many of us, after huddling indoors physically and spiritually for months, can think of few things more to our taste than to hurry down to Augusta, Georgia, and there, in the soft Southern spring, which is as flamboyantly colorful as autumn in New England, watch the great golfers in action. The second most important treat provided by the Masters, I would suppose, is the course itself, the Augusta National. It is very likely the most beautiful inland course there is. It occupies a long green incline, which drops nearly two hundred feet as it slopes from the clubhouse down to Rae's Creek, a half mile or so away. Stands of majestically tall pines frame a number of the holes, and each hole is named after a flower or shrub or tree that grows in profusion alongside its fairway—white dogwood, camellia, redbud, golden bell, flowering peach, magnolia, azalea, and so on.

But the Augusta National offers more than scenic beauty; it offers golfing beauty. Designed in the early thirties by Bobby Jones and Alister MacKenzie, its holes from the outset possessed sound strategic qualities, and down through the years most of them have been intelligently modified so that they still demand crisp, controlled shot-making by men who would match par—72—and bold, attacking shot-making by those who would break par. Since the Masters is the only one of the four major tournaments which is held at the same venue each year, the Augusta National has now replaced the Old Course at St. Andrews as the most publicized in the world, and golfers everywhere know the physiognomy of the eighteen holes perhaps as well as film addicts know the faces of Liv Ullmann, Catherine Deneuve, and Faye Dunaway.

On Wednesday afternoon, the day before the tournament, when the course is closed to play and the green-keeping staff is giving it a final primping for the opening round, I have made it a point for some years now to walk the course, not only to check on any changes that may have been made but also to enjoy the sense of continuity one derives from revisiting a locale that one has known fondly for decades. I find that an increasingly large number of Augusta regulars now walk the relatively empty course on Wednes-

day afternoon rather than battle the horde that watches the competition that afternoon on the club's nine-hole par-3 course. My guess is that they do this partly because they want to reaffirm *their* ties with the Augusta National, and partly because nearly everyone who plays the game has grown much more interested in golf-course architecture over the last quarter of a century. Speaking for myself, if there is such a thing as reincarnation I am now fairly sure that, unless I can return as Plantagenet Palliser or the young Ronald Colman, I should like to come back as a golf-course architect. In any event, there are few diversions that give me as much pleasure as walking over an interesting new course. For an erratic golfer like me, walking a new course is infinitely preferable to playing it. It affords a chance to see more of the fairways and to study the golf value of the key shot—the approach to the green from the fairway.

This past year, I was fortunate enough to visit several relatively new or brand-new courses I had heard a good deal about, among them Seven Lakes, near Southern Pines, North Carolina, which was designed by Peter Tufts, a member of the family that founded Pinehurst in 1895 and operated it until 1970; and Arcadian Shores, in Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, a superb plexus of strategic holes built in 1973 by Rees Jones, the younger son of the celebrated international golf-course architect Robert Trent Jones, who has now left his imprint in thirty-two foreign countries. Seven Lakes and Arcadian Shores deserve detailed discussion, but at the moment I feel that precedence should be given to two other courses of recent vintage, because, in utterly different ways, they are such unusual and interesting enterprises. The first is Is Molas, near the town of Santa Margherita di Pula, on the southwestern tip of Sardinia, about a hundred and fifty miles from the island's only other modern course—the Pevero Golf Club, on the Costa Smeralda, in its northeast corner, which Robert Trent Jones built for the Aga Khan about ten years ago. The second is the Memorial course at Muirfield Village, which was created by Jack Nicklaus, a native son, in the wooded, rolling countryside on the rim of Columbus, Ohio, and which, last spring, two years after it was opened for play, was the scene of the first Memorial



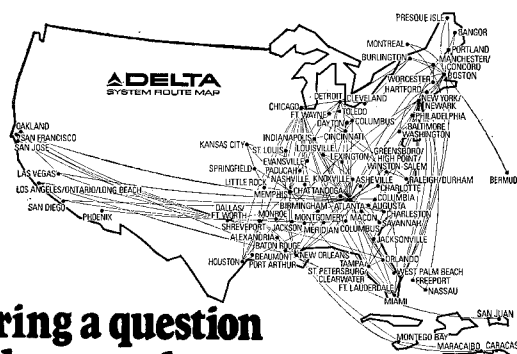


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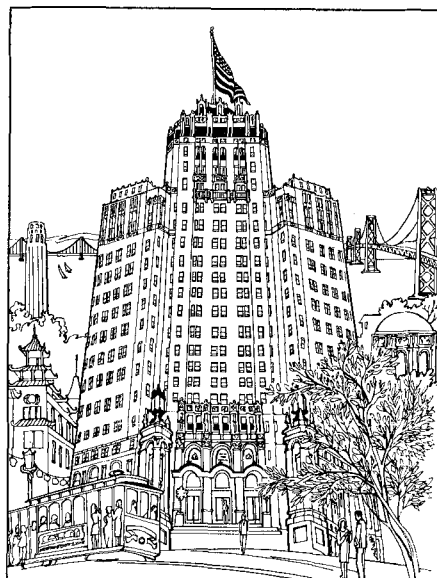
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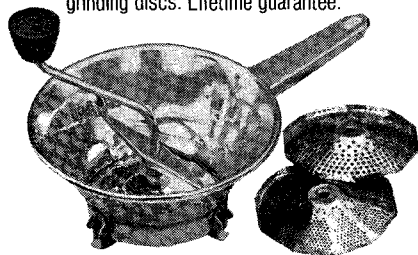
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Tournament, an event that Nicklaus hopes will grow into a golfing occasion of the same major significance as the Masters.

NO two courses could be further apart in raison d'être, method of development, or atmosphere than Is Molas and Memorial. Perhaps the most effective way to approach their multiple differences would be by introducing the architect of Is Molas, Piero Mancinelli. Now in his middle fifties, Mancinelli, who was born in Treviso, near Venice, is like no other golf-course architect I know. Indeed, he is like no other person I know. There is such intensity to his temperament that although he has gray-blue eyes, in my experience usually an index of a basic calmness, they actually seem to smolder when he gets wound up about something, which happens frequently. I first met Mancinelli in 1961, when he was serving as the site manager during the construction of the Olgiata Country Club, the heart of an upper-stratum, American-style residential community fifteen miles from Rome, which was a project of Immobiliare, the giant Italian firm. (Immobiliare, at about the same time, was also engaged in building the Cavalieri Hilton in Rome and the Watergate complex in Washington.) At Olgiata, which marked Mancinelli's first professional foray into golf-course construction, he received an exceedingly sound on-the-job education from C. K. Cotton, the veteran English golf-course architect, who laid out its eighteen-hole and nine-hole courses. When Olgiata was completed, Mancinelli, with Cotton's encouragement, went into golf-course architecture on his own. He designed or remodelled a number of courses in northern Italy and one on Elba, and quickly became a considerable force in Italian golf.

On his mother's side, Mancinelli is a member of an old Tuscan family of strong intellectual leanings. His maternal grandfather was a professor of Greek at the University of Pisa, and his mother, an archeologist, was connected with the administration of the Etruscan Museum in Rome. His father, who came from a noble family of limited means, enjoyed a successful career in the colonial service; before the Second World War he was the Deputy Governor of Italian Somaliland. After the war he became a major official in Italy's Reconstruction Department and an assistant to the Under-Secretary of Agriculture. Piero, after attending an English public school and an Italian state school, spent three terms at King's

College, Cambridge University, where he read economics and history. He then returned home and entered the University of Rome, and it was at this point that his activities became so improbably numerous and diverse that in retrospect his life resembles nothing so much as an amalgam of three or four biographical motion pictures, all of which happened to arrive simultaneously at the same cutting room, where some undeterrable editor fused them into one epic. Anyhow, at the University of Rome, Mancinelli studied biology and architecture. He somehow also found the time to study orchestral conducting, along with piano and organ, at the Rome Conservatory of Music. At the outbreak of the war, he went into the Italian Air Force and became one of its youngest squadron commanders. After the Allied armies landed in Italy, he pulled off the sort of exploit one would expect of him: he got hold of a vehicle with a German permit, crossed the battle lines at the Volturno River, and turned himself over to the advancing British Tenth Corps. With the coming of peace, he returned to the University of Rome and did graduate work in the School of Engineering. He played Rugby for the university, and also for Italy in international matches; was appointed music critic for *Paese*, a leftist newspaper; and then went to work as a civil engineer for the Astaldi Company, putting in eight years in Africa, mainly in British East Africa, where he built nearly eight hundred miles of roads, including the Great North Road in Tanzania, which runs close by Mt. Kilimanjaro. During his African period, he rediscovered golf, which he had played a few times in boyhood. Some friends of his, homesick for the old topped 9-iron shot and the three-putt green, persuaded him to spare some men from his labor force to construct a rudimentary course. A hyper-Renaissance man like Mancinelli naturally approached the game with great seriousness, and found it fascinating. When he went with Immobiliare, in 1957, and was assigned to work on Olgiata, it was the next thing to a labor of love.

In the late nineteen-sixties, Mancinelli terminated his affiliation with Immobiliare, and, after treating himself to a quick fling as a consultant to the World Bank and establishing an Italian golf magazine, he formed his own architectural and engineering firm in Rome. One of his first projects was the restoration of the Holy Name Cathedral in Chicago. Then, in 1971, he was hired by Immobiliare's long-

time rival, COGECO (for Compagnia Generale Costruzioni), a subsidiary of the Bastogi Finanziaria Group, a huge holding company, whose activities include finance, shipping, and manufacturing, but which also busies itself with many other interests. One of these is tourism in southern Sardinia, under the personal direction of COGECO's president, Roberto Caporali, who is a hopeless Sardinophile. In the Pula area, which is some twenty miles from Cagliari, the island's capital, COGECO built the de-luxe Is Morus Hotel, and, in partnership with Trust Houses-Forte, a worldwide hotel company with headquarters in London, built another impressive inn, also fronting on the Mediterranean. In that corner of Sardinia, the climate is mild enough for vacationers to play golf the year round, and Mancinelli's assignment was to create a first-class course that would be the centerpiece of the resort. After this was done, COGECO planned to erect some condominiums near the course, develop a marina for yachts, and take steps to preserve what, for me, is the pearl of its properties near Pula—the remarkable ruins of the promontory town of Nora, which the Phoenicians founded around 700 B.C., and which was a Carthaginian colony until the Punic Wars. (I am no authority on the subject, but I have never seen ruins that can compare with Nora in the completeness with which their stones and mosaics evoke the whole fabric of an ancient town—its warehouses by the water, the homes of its inhabitants, the stores they shopped in, the public baths, temples, theatre, and burial grounds that were part of their lives.)

Back to Mancinelli. The terrain in Sardinia is so rugged that it took him two years to find a relatively flat tract close to Pula, to acquire, through COGECO, the adjoining acreage that was needed, and to rough out a course plan. Aesthetically, the spot selected for Is Molas (in translation, The Millstones, for pressing olives) was all one could ask for. Rising behind it was a jagged mountain range called Su Bagadiu, or The Bachelor; it received this name because it was the practice of the sheepmen in that locality to ship their less vigorous animals, the ones they didn't want to breed, to the poor grazing land south of the mountains. In 1973, Mancinelli began construction of the course. It was a fearsome job, since two and a half feet below the ground lay a deep stratum of pink granite. In the process of blasting out his eighteen holes, he had to excavate well over a hundred thousand cubic

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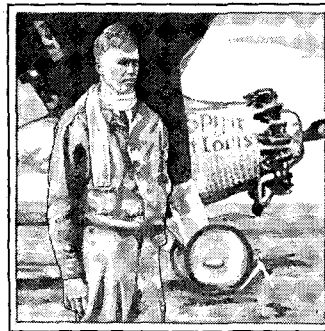


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yards of granite. He then put in his drainage tiling and, on top of that, a layer of gravel aggregate and a thin layer of sand. The fairways were later topped off with humus and the greens with about a foot of compost, peat, and topsoil. When Mancinelli was ready to shape his course, Bert Williamson, a third-generation English golf professional, who had been the pro at Olgiata and had been hired to fill that post at Is Molas, assisted him in contouring the greens and sculpturing the bunkers around the greens. In the autumn of 1974, thirteen months after it had been started, the construction of Is Molas was finished, and the grass seed—three different mixtures for the greens, fairways, and tees, respectively, prepared by Sutton's, the famous English firm—was sown. The following spring, nine holes were ready for play. In March, 1976, the course was officially opened, with a tournament called the Gran Premio, in which Billy Casper edged out another American, Lanny Wadkins. Then, last October, the course was the venue of the Italian Open, an important European tournament, which attracted a fairly strong international field and was won, appropriately, by a twenty-three-year-old Florentine, Baldovino Dassu, who a few weeks earlier had won the Dunlop Masters, in Wales, and who may well be the best golfer ever produced in Italy.

What sort of course did Mancinelli come up with? Considering the severe problems he encountered, a very good course, I should say. As a matter of fact, from its appearance one might think that he had been given terrain ideally suited for golf—gently rolling land, with many natural sites for tees and greens. In its overall aspect, Is Molas resembles a British heathland course with a Mediterranean accent. The rough bordering the fairways is punctuated with cork oaks, carobs, and occasional clusters of tamarisk, laurel, wild-olive, almond, white-pear, and wild-cherry trees; some were on the property to begin with, and others were planted. Broom, heather, wild lavender, and hibiscus were also planted in the rough, to give it color and toughness. Basically, Is Molas, par 72, is long enough to test the modern golfer, measuring 6,700 yards from the members' tees and 6,975 yards from the championship tees. The tees set up well, the fairways have a pleasant swing to them, and the greens possess a nice sense of receptivity. There are many enticing golf holes. Some of the ones I remember most clearly are the fifth, a

402-yard par 4, which doglegs to the left and demands a strong middle-iron approach over a creek to a plateau green; the sixth, a touchy drive-and-pitch par 4, on which the raised green is rather shallow; the tenth, a 192-yard par 3, across one of three ponds on the course to a well-bunkered green; the eleventh, a 393-yard, dogleg par 4 that tempts the long hitter to try to cut the corner by bashing his drive over a hillside of rough; and the twelfth, a par 5, 510 yards long, on which the golfer must carry a stream with his second shot en route to a tight and narrow green. For me, Is Molas presented only one disappointment: the greens do not drain properly, because the top layer of soil and compost is too clayey and not porous enough. No one is more conscious of this defect than Mancinelli. "The drainage of the greens has to be corrected and will be," he said to me one evening, fixing me with those smoky gray-blue eyes. "And you may be sure that when we build a second eighteen here we will profit from that experience. Otherwise, considering that Sardinia is a much sterner proposition than, say, the island of Jersey, I'm not unhappy with what we've done." Then he raced off into a description of how certain stretches along the Mediterranean have altered over the centuries from forest to fuzzy steppelike land. I think the intervening stages he mentioned were called *macchia* and *gar-riga*, but I wouldn't vouch for it.

IN building the Memorial course at Muirfield Village, a sixteen-hundred-acre real-estate development, Jack Nicklaus ran into none of the horrendous difficulties that beset Mancinelli at Is Molas; in fact, he had a marvelous piece of golf land to work with. Occupying some of the highest ground in that part of Ohio, it offered wonderfully tumbling—and malleable—terrain laced with three winding, spring-fed streams, and, before the fairways were cleared, it was more than half covered by handsome stands of oak, maple, black walnut, ash, poplar, hickory, and dogwood. At the same time, Nicklaus did have quite a few problems, because, though he differs in many ways from Ben Hogan, he does share Hogan's aversion to half measures, and his aim from the outset was to build a course that would constitute a pleasant challenge for the members and a hard, fair, stimulating, and enjoyable examination for the top professionals. In short, Nicklaus was out to build a great course.

Although the sports public was really

not aware of Nicklaus's baby until last May, when the first Memorial Tournament was held, the history of the Memorial course—almost an exact contemporary of Is Molas—goes back to 1966, when Nicklaus selected the parcel that forms the heart of the property from a total of eleven tracts that had been put together for his inspection by Ivor Young, a longtime friend who is in the real-estate business in Columbus. After some complicated land acquisitions to enlarge the property, and attendant financial restructuring, the actual work got under way in 1972, when Desmond Muirhead, a California-based golf-course architect with whom Nicklaus had collaborated on a number of projects (including Kings Island, near Cincinnati, and Mayacoo Lakes, in West Palm Beach), finished his plan for routing the holes. Nicklaus, who, before his affiliation with Muirhead, had worked with Pete Dye, one of our most inventive architects, in designing the Harbour Town Links, on Hilton Head Island, and other courses, took an increasingly prominent role in developing the kind of holes he wanted at Memorial. (Nicklaus decided on that name because each year the tournament held on the course is to be dedicated to the memory of some great golfer. The first tournament, in 1976, honored Bobby Jones, and this spring's tournament will honor Walter Hagen.) Taking into account the alterations made on eleven holes last summer, the layout now measures 7,101 yards from the championship tees and 6,455 yards from the members' tees.

Memorial is rather individual in a number of respects. For example, on all but three of the fourteen par 5s and par 4s, the tee is elevated and the tee shot plays downhill, for Nicklaus believes that players of all degrees of skill prefer hitting that kind of drive and also receive tremendous pleasure from following the full flight and run of the ball. (The only other course I know of that places a similar emphasis on downhillness off the tee is the Peachtree Golf Club, in Atlanta, which Robert Tyre Jones, Jr.—Bobby Jones—working with Robert Trent Jones, built shortly after the Second World War. At Peachtree, however, the majority of the approaches are to high, plateau greens, and that is not the case at Memorial.) Another feature of Nicklaus's course is that the greens, which vary in size from medium to small, present possibly the fastest putting surfaces in this country. This is due equally to their Merion-like firmness and to the

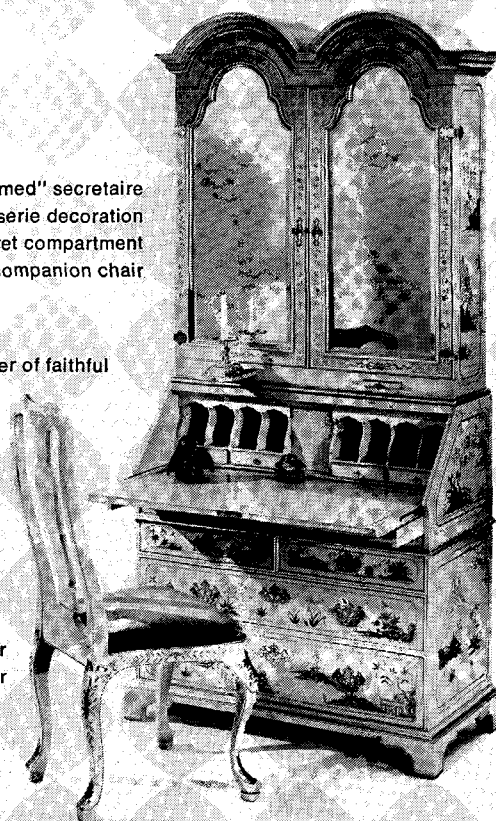
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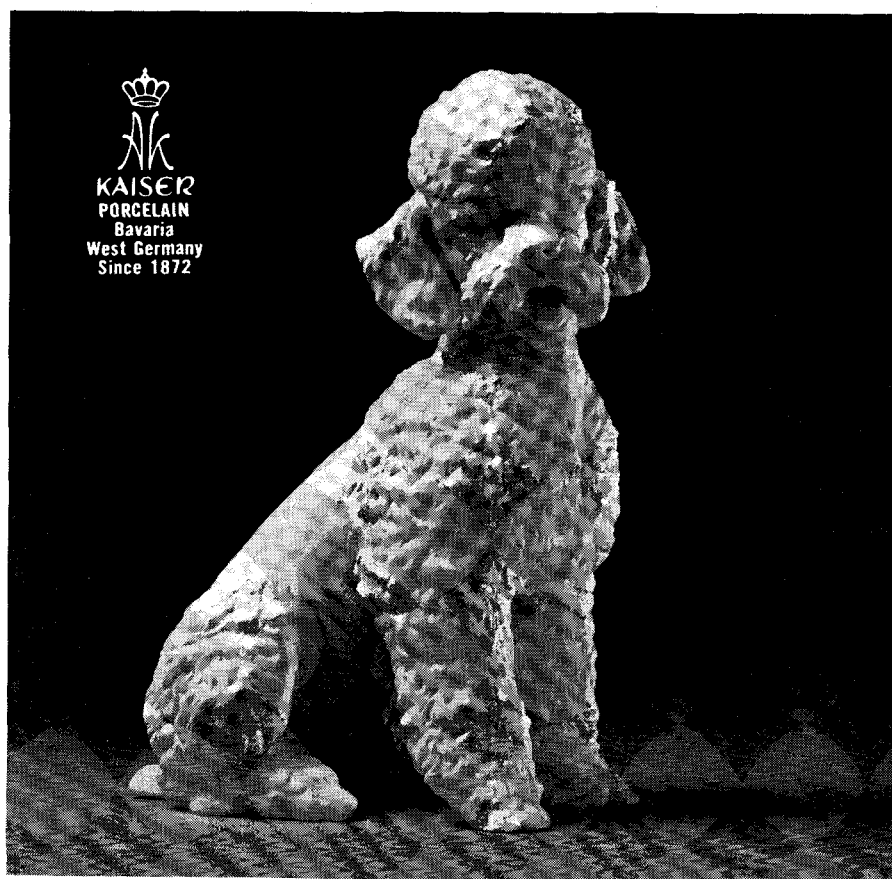
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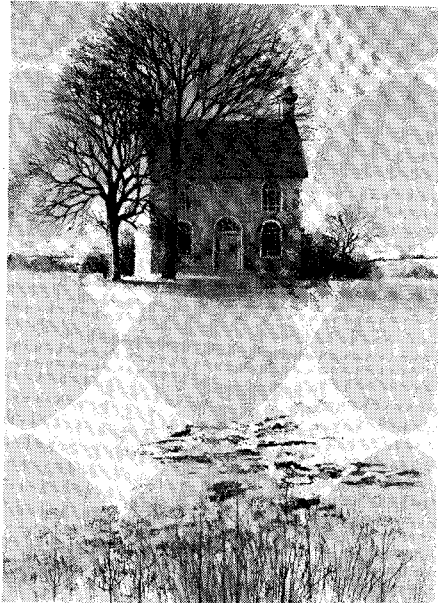

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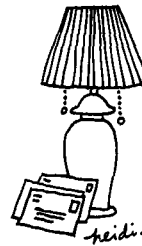
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fact that during tournament play the grass is cut to only five sixty-fourths of an inch. (The greens on United States Open courses are usually cut to five thirty-seconds of an inch, if that is possible.) Nicklaus has always been partial to fast greens, but to putt greens of this chilling speed requires the nerves of a James Bond and the touch of a Jimmy Valentine. Cutting the greens this short was possible only because of the superlative job done by Ed Etchells, a grass specialist from Philadelphia, when the course was seeded, in the autumn of 1973. Using a mixture of Astoria and Seaside bent for the fairways, a mixture of fescue and bluegrass for the rough, and Toronto bent for the greens, Etchells got the finest "catch" of grass I have ever seen on a course in the northern part of our country. When I made my first visit to Memorial, last October, nothing about it impressed me more than the sparkling health of the grass.

One other general point should be made: Knowing well in advance that he wanted this course to be the home of an annual tournament, Nicklaus, taking a cue from the Augusta National, carefully molded his holes for exceptional viewability. To provide ample room for thousands of spectators on each hole, an enormous amount of earth was moved, since a number of fairways had to be lowered and a good many of the slopes flanking them had to be heightened. Nicklaus also planned specific sites for television cameras on the last seven holes. As you may have gathered, money was no object in building Memorial. Well over two million dollars went into it, and in each of the last three years four hundred thousand dollars—at least twice the annual amount spent by most well-to-do golf clubs—has been poured into course maintenance and into making the changes that Nicklaus thinks will turn good holes into better holes. "The common practice when you finish a new course is to leave it alone and give the land five or six years to settle down and fill in," Nicklaus said recently. "I don't agree with that. Those are exactly the years you should be working hard on the course—sodding and plugging the areas that require attention, revising certain features, top-dressing the greens regularly, and so on. At Memorial, we top-dress our greens once a week. That's what gives them their firmness. You also get a fine blade of grass. I think our greens at Memorial putt like championship greens all the time."



Many people regard Nicklaus as the greatest golfer in the history of the game. Others think that it is perhaps more valid to group him with Harry Vardon, Jones, and Hogan as one of the four greatest golfers of all time, on the ground that each man during his period of primacy did all that could have been asked of him. Of this quartet, Nicklaus is the only one who embarked upon golf-course architecture as a second profession while still at the top of the ladder as a player. Nearly everyone who plays golf is aware, up to a point, of what makes a hole good, bad, or mediocre, the intertwining of the game and the use made of the terrain on which it is played being that indivisible. Consequently, I would gather that it is finally a matter of a champion's makeup as to whether he chooses to enter golf-course architecture on a large scale, as an occasional change of pace, or not at all. Nicklaus has always had a passion for it. Exposure to a quality course at an early age generally helps to engender such an attitude, and Nicklaus grew up at the Scioto Country Club, in Columbus, which was built by Donald Ross, a Scot from Dornoch, who was not only the most prolific but also the finest of the golf-course architects who practiced in this country during the first half of the century. Pinehurst No. 2, in North Carolina, and Seminole, in Florida, are Ross's masterpieces, but nearly all of the hundreds of courses he worked on have many charming and pleasantly testing holes. Once having gained a sensitivity to golf-course architecture at Scioto, Nicklaus learned from many other outstanding architects. To begin with, there was Alister MacKenzie, whose work he first got to know at his college, Ohio State, where MacKenzie had done both the Scarlet and the Gray courses, and whose versatility he came to appreciate when he later played Cypress Point, Augusta National, and, most recently, New South Wales, an all but forgotten MacKenzie course on Botany Bay, in Australia. Nicklaus later learned from A. W. Tillinghast, particularly from his West Course at Winged Foot, in Westchester; from George Crump, whose majestic Pine Valley, in western New Jersey, dramatizes unforgettably the principles of the island fairway and the island green; and from his association with Desmond Muirhead and with Pete Dye. There are echoes of all these architects in the holes at Memorial. The twelfth, for example, a 158-yard par 3 over a pond,

is Nicklaus's variation on the twelfth at Augusta National. The green on the eighth, another short hole—174 yards long—is almost completely surrounded by sand, and so recalls the third at Pine Valley, where the green is literally an island in a sea of sand. The fifteenth, a straightaway 490-yard par 5, can be reached with two big blows, but usually even the long hitter will be hitting a little pitch on his third shot to a Ross-type green—a crown green that occupies the graded top of a steepish hill. Many knowledgeable golfers, however, are of the opinion that the “original” holes Nicklaus came up with at Memorial are the cream of the course. While Nicklaus himself is not entirely happy with the fifth, a 531-yard par 5, I must say that I found it a striking hole, for I had never seen a par 5 quite like it. About three hundred yards out from the tee, a brook moves in from the left, twists, and runs straight down the middle of the fairway; some days the second shot should be played to the right of the brook, other days to the left of it—it all depends on where the pin is placed that particular day and, accordingly, on what is the best angle from which to approach it. I also thought highly of the fourteenth, on which certain changes had recently been made. This is a 363-yard par 4 to a long, narrow green wedged between a water hazard tight along the right and an upslope on the left studded with bunkers. During the first Memorial Tournament, this hole did not play well; if a player caught a bunker on his approach, he was invariably faced with a downhill lie, and it was next to impossible to stop even the most delicately played sand shot from scooting across the slippery green and down the bank into the water on the far side. This was one of the holes that were remodelled last summer. The bunkers now resemble bathtubs, with good flat bottoms, and a golfer can play a controlled recovery from a fair lie.

I probably should have noted earlier (though perhaps the thought has come through) that Memorial is not a course tailored to order for Nicklaus's own game—that is, it does not demand immense power first and foremost, and it does not favor a man who hits his shots from left to right. The fairways are comfortably wide, but the ball must be placed in the proper spot for a golfer to be able to use both the opening to the green and the green itself most advantageously on his approach shot. Nearly all the professionals who have played the course agree that it is the

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second shot that makes you or breaks you, and quite a few of them claim that they have never confronted a comparably difficult succession of approaches. Seven of the par 4s are 430 yards long or longer, and the green areas are fashioned so that if your approach is misstruck or misgauged, you will most likely end up in either sand or water. However, like any well-designed course, Memorial will yield to inspired shotmaking. In the first annual tournament, there were thirty rounds under par—72—and on the second round Rod Funseth birdied five of the first six holes on the second nine. In my estimation, it is already an outstandingly good course, and there is no doubt at all in my mind that it will end up as one of golf's classic examinations. As we all know from watching him play golf, Jack Nicklaus is a most tenacious, determined man, and I do not think he will stop revising and improving Memorial until he has made it an absolutely great course.

In the past few years, Nicklaus has been devoting at least as much time to building golf courses as to playing tournaments. His recent course credits include Glen Abbey, near Toronto, which is scheduled to become the permanent home of the Canadian Open; Shoal Creek, in Birmingham, Alabama; La Moraleja, outside Madrid; and New St. Andrews, north of Tokyo. In addition, he has remodelled the Greenbrier course at White Sulphur Springs, which will be the scene of the 1979 Ryder Cup Match, and the Australian Golf Club, in Sydney. On top of all that, he is ready to begin work this summer on a second course at Muirfield Village. This one will be designed primarily for the members of the club. While I am sure that it will be a topnotch course, I have an idea that Nicklaus's thoughts will continue to center on the big course, Memorial, and how it stands up to the annual assaults of the best players in the world.

THIS year, with so many previously unregarded young professionals surging to the front—men like Bruce Lietzke, Tom Purtzer, Andy Bean, Gary Koch, and Danny Edwards, each of whom won a P.G.A. tournament during the first three months of the tour—there was considerable interest at the recent Masters in how well this new youth movement would acquit itself in the first major event of the season. With rare exceptions, golfers on their way up have not fared too successfully in their first few starts in the Masters, and veteran golfers have

generally dominated the competition. A principal reason for this is that the Augusta National is one of those courses that take a while to learn to play. Raw power can be a valuable asset on the long, spacious layout, but, at the same time, there is far more subtlety to the individual holes than first meets the eye, and to avoid disaster a player must think more clearly and with fewer lapses of concentration throughout his round than on nearly any other championship course. He must know which side of the fairway to favor off the tee under various conditions, and, far more important, when it is worth the gamble to go for the pin on his approach shot (the pin positions are, of course, changed on each of the four rounds), and when he must block his ears to the siren song of boldness and play his approach shot away from the pin and for the safe side of the green. In order to adhere to such a prudent plan, a golfer must have confidence in his ability to get down in two putts from forty or fifty, or even sixty, feet on the Augusta National's huge and undulant greens. It has long been said that the Masters consists of two separate games—how you hit your shots from tee to green and how you handle the difficult greens—and, when you think of the high number of outstanding putters who have won the tournament, there is obviously a great deal to this.

On Thursday, the day of the opening round, I watched a good many of the young pros in action, but, as so often in the past, I made it a point to see a good bit of Nicklaus's round. Not only has he won five Masters but for a full fifteen years now he has been the man to beat in the tournament. There is no question that the Augusta National is ideally suited to his game—indeed, much more so than his own Memorial course—since it emphatically rewards the golfer who can fly the ball prodigious distances off the tee, who has the stamina to think out exactly how his approach shot to each green should be executed, and who is a cool, careful, solid putter. This year, on a warm, windy day, Nicklaus—who was thirty-seven in January—led off with a 72, par for the course. From tee to green he played much better than that score would indicate, but he had no touch on the greens, and ended up by taking a total of thirty-seven putts. That is an awful lot; on a fairly good round, a tournament golfer expects to average thirty-two or thirty-three putts. Because of the swirling winds and some demanding pin positions, only

three men broke 70 on the opening round—Don January and Bill Kratzert, with 69s, and Hubert Green, with a 67. One of the traditional keys to scoring well on the Augusta National is to bear down on the par 5s, each of which can be reached with two fine shots, and Green birdied all four of them.

On Friday, the temperature soared into the eighties, and the bright, torrid sun was much more dazzling than it usually is in Georgia in early April. For the most part, the scores were down, mainly because the wind was down. The best that Nicklaus could do, however, was a 70. Again, his score hardly reflected the high standard of his shotmaking, for he needed thirty-five putts. Last year, Nicklaus, who is basically a very sound putter, holed practically nothing in the major championships—a main reason he won none of them—and it began to look as if a similar stretch of frustration might be in store for him. Nevertheless, standing at 142 at the halfway mark, he was only three strokes off the lead, which was shared by Funseth, a large, shy, forty-four-year-old native of Spokane, and Tom Watson, the twenty-seven-year-old scion of an old Kansas City family, who won the 1975 British Open, and who is looked upon as a definite oddball by most of the other talented young men on the tour. For example, Watson, a Stanford graduate, did not go to college on a golf scholarship. In January of this year, he won two tournaments, the Crosby and the San Diego Open, but in March, when he was in an excellent position on the last round to win two others, the Tournament Players Championship and the Heritage Classic, he played some loose shots and some perhaps unwise shots down the stretch, and lost both. In previous years, Watson had several times shown this same collapsibility when he was within sight of victory. After his two wavering finishes in March, at nearly every press interview he gave before the start of the Masters and after the early rounds he had to put up with endless questions about whether he thought he would be able to avoid choking under the pressure if he played himself into a position where he had a chance to win. This was quite an ordeal, but Watson, an exemplary young man, endured it patiently and politely, explaining that Byron Nelson, whom he goes to for instruction and guidance, had told him that his errors were principally the result of swinging too quickly, particularly as he came into the hitting area. Watson said he would be working to slow down not only the

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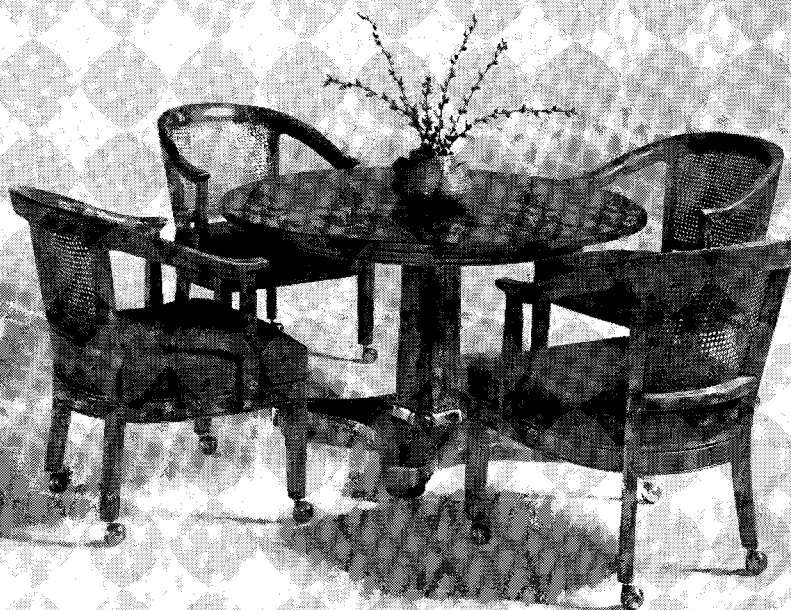
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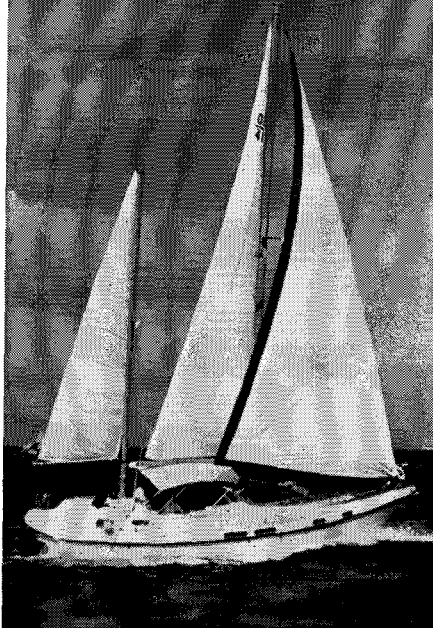
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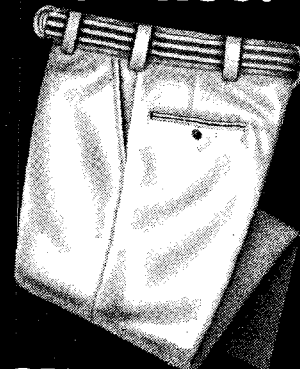
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tempo of his swing but the tempo at which he walked between shots, set up to play a shot, took his waggle—everything.

When the third round got under way, twenty-three players were within five strokes of Watson and Funseth, so, in effect, the tournament was really just beginning. (Incidentally, the unknown young men who had won tour tournaments earlier this season had performed more than creditably. Edwards, Lietzke, Bean, and Koch had all made the 36-hole cut, though none of them was close to the lead.) Throughout the day, the field remained tightly bunched. At one moment, when I consulted the leaderboard near the tenth green—it was around three-thirty, I believe—six players were tied for the top at four under par for the tournament: Funseth, Watson, Green, Ben Crenshaw, Tom Weiskopf, and Rik Massengale. It was a day I will long remember, for I do not recall ever seeing such exceedingly hard and tricky pin positions in the Masters—or, for that matter, in any other major championship. On a good many greens, the pin appeared to be positioned no more than fifteen feet from the back edge or from aprons contiguous to water hazards. And yet, despite the rigors of the test, one watched a succession of brilliantly played irons spin to a stop a dozen feet or less from the hole, and one heard salvos of applause constantly bursting all over the course. It is clear that the present professional pack is so capable that unless there is a strong wind abroad—which there wasn't that day—or unless the greens are as hard as rocks—which they weren't—the players can more than hold their own on just about any course. While Massengale's 67 was the low round, no fewer than twenty-three contestants broke par—a remarkable figure considering the way the course was set up.

When the third day ended, there were seven golfers within four strokes of the leaders, Watson and Crenshaw, who were locked at 209 after a 70 and a 69, respectively. Massengale was at 210. Nicklaus was two shots farther back. He had played what was for him a rather indifferent round, but he had finally made some putts—he took only thirty in all—and had brought in a 70. The old Golden Bear is a pretty tough customer to shake off, and I am sure he remained very much on the minds of Crenshaw and Watson. They had played the third round together. Crenshaw, a twenty-five-year-old Texan, who is as handsome and intelligent as Watson (he is the only player on

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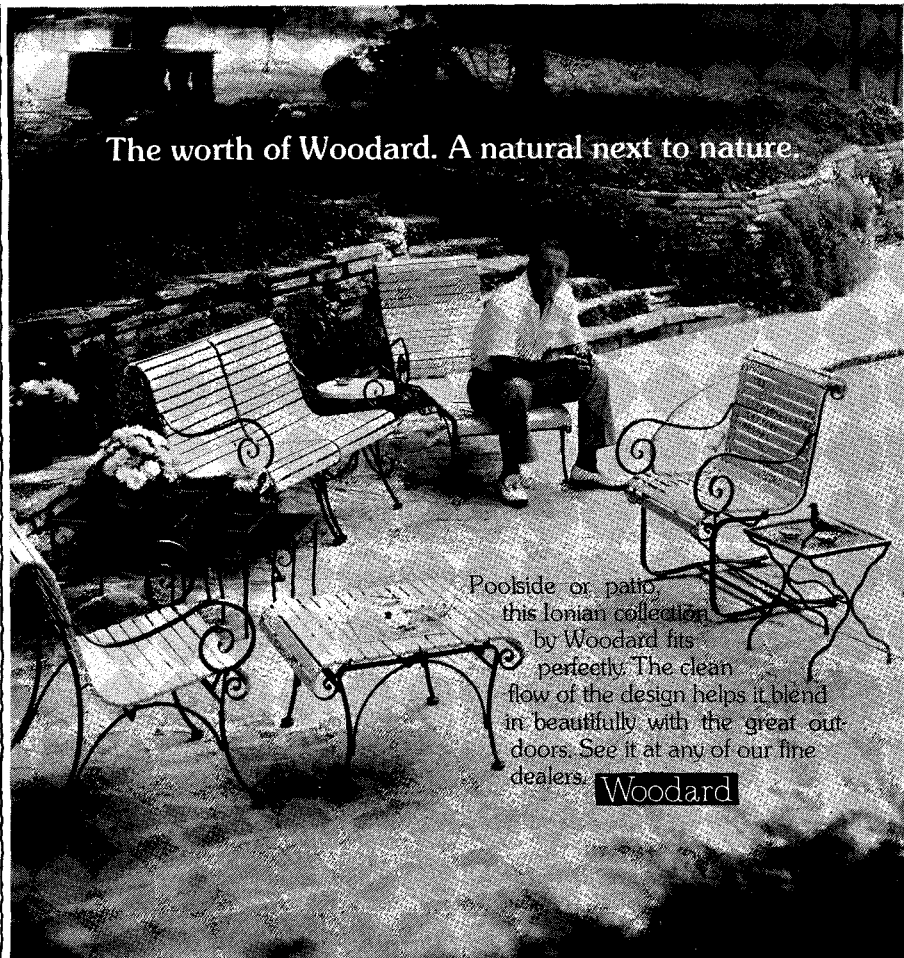
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the tour I know of who has collected an imposing golf library), got his round going when he birdied the eleventh, holing from thirteen feet. He proceeded to birdie the two remaining par 5s—the 485-yard thirteenth and the 520-yard fifteenth. Watson had to work harder. Although to those of us who were following along outside the ropes there seemed to be only a breath of wind that day, Watson said, in commenting on his round, that he had misjudged the force of the wind on four holes and had left his approach well short of his target each time. However, he had retrieved his par on all four holes. What made his round was a superb birdie on the eighteenth. This 420-yard par 4 is one of the few holes on the Augusta National that require an extremely accurate drive, for the fairway, which swings to the right as it moves up a long hill toward the clubhouse, is shut in by trees on both sides over its first two hundred yards. Until some ten years ago, when an intimidating double bunker was cut into the left side of the fairway at about the two-hundred-and-fifty-yard mark, many golfers—Nicklaus in particular—purposely aimed for the harmless rough on the left. That is now a risky tactic. If a golfer cannot thread the needle off the tee with a controlled left-to-right shot with his driver, his wisest recourse is to play a 3-wood; under most conditions, his tee shot will then end up safely short of the double bunker. Anyhow, on his third round, Watson, after an excellent 3-wood, had a 6-iron left to the two-level home green, which sits at the top of the incline, and which is protected in front on the left by a large, deep bunker and along its right side by another good-sized bunker. Watson flew his approach over the left bunker and put the ball five feet past the hole. He stroked his putt into the center of the cup. Inevitably, he was asked what he now thought of his chances of winning and which players he was most worried about. He produced an eminently Watsonian answer, repeating a statement he had made the previous evening: "The person I fear most on the last two rounds is myself."

SUNDAY, the day of the last round: The sun again gleaming down hard. Scarcely a waft of wind in the air, but considerable tension. The pairings were arranged so that Crenshaw and Nicklaus would be going out in the next-to-last twosome at one-forty-two, eight minutes before Watson and Mas-sengale in the final twosome.

Crenshaw's bid was over early. He

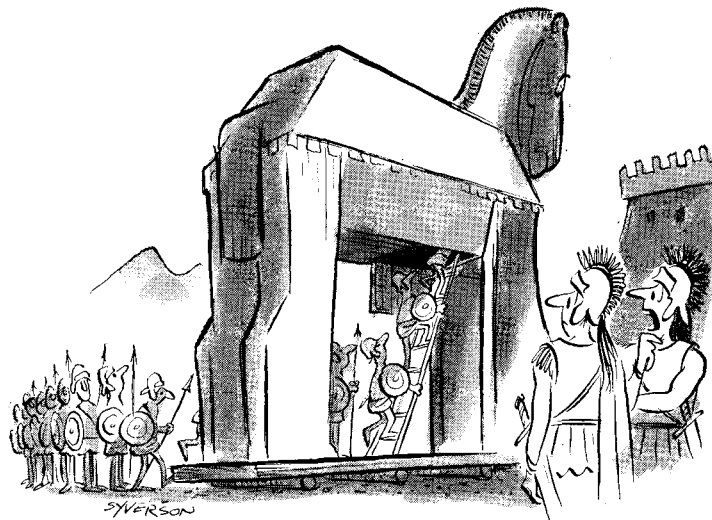


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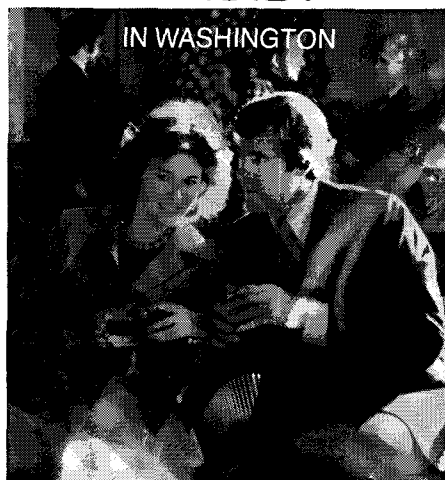
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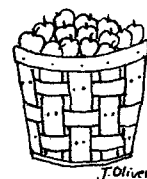
was bunkered twice on the second and bogeyed it, but what riddled his composure was his bogey on the third, and how he made it. Lying two off the back edge of the green thirty feet from the cup, he let his chip shot get away: the ball rolled fifteen feet past the cup on the now slick green, caught a down-slope, and plunged into a bunker. Crenshaw has a lot of resilience, but that day he was unable to recover from his disheartening start. The fact that his playing partner, Nicklaus, birdied the first and second holes no doubt added to his deep unhappiness with himself. Nicklaus, who thrives on the crush and stress of competition the way an angler does on solitude, continued to play first-class golf, turning in 33 after three birdies and six pars. Incredibly, he dropped a stroke to Watson and Massengale, both of whom were out in 32. (Watson, with a terrific burst, had birdied the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth holes.) So, with ten holes to go, Watson remained in the lead, a stroke ahead of Massengale and four strokes ahead of Nicklaus. As it turned out, Massengale fell out of the hunt when he failed to make his pars on the tenth and eleventh, and, except for a stirring dash by young Tom Kite, who birdied seven of the first fifteen holes to move close to the lead, the afternoon resolved itself into a dramatic struggle between Watson and Nicklaus. Their duel was something to savor, and it should be reported in detail.

Resuming his chase, Nicklaus cut away two shots of Watson's lead on the tenth, which he birdied by hitting a 4-iron approach five feet from the hole, and which Watson subsequently bogeyed when he missed a three-foot putt. On the eleventh, Nicklaus saved his par when he got down in two with a courageous sand shot—not many feet behind the pin was a water hazard, an offshoot of Rae's Creek—and a fine putt from twelve feet. On the twelfth, he moved to within a shot of Watson by holing from eighteen feet for his birdie. In full flight now, he birdied the par-5 thirteenth, drilling his second, a 3-iron, nicely onto the green. Now—momentarily, anyhow—he was tied for the lead.

If ever there was invitation to crack, Watson had received it. Playing half a hole behind Nicklaus, he had observed this tremendous charge by the man whom every golfer would least want to be pressing him down the stretch. From the eleventh tee on, Watson knew only too well what he

had to do to hang on. After pars on the eleventh and twelfth, he, too, got his birdie on the long thirteenth, but he then three-putted the fourteenth, and with that slip he lost the last stroke of his lead. I recall that at that point in the afternoon a friend asked, "Do you think that Watson is just too intelligent, too imaginative to be a winning golfer?" I answered that this possibly could be true, and we both tramped on.

Nicklaus then moved into the lead with yet another birdie—his seventh of the round—on the par-5 fifteenth.



Watson matched that birdie. Tied again. Two pars on the short sixteenth, but Watson, after a lovely 5-iron to fifteen feet, had much the better chance for his birdie. On the seventeenth, a drive-and-pitch par 4 on which the pin was set fairly close to the glistening front bunker, Nicklaus missed a holable birdie putt from about eighteen feet. Watson—he was swinging beautifully now, and with conspicuous assurance—then planted a 9-iron sixteen feet or so beyond the cup. He made the putt, which broke from right to left, for his birdie.

In retrospect, that putt was the shot that won the Masters. It was probably not a shot heard round the world, but the roar it produced was heard loud and clear on the eighteenth fairway, where Nicklaus, standing just short of the double bunker after driving with his 3-wood, was studying his shot to the green. The pin, as on the day before, had been placed on the lower terrace on the left side of the green, some thirty-five feet beyond that Cerberus-like front bunker. Nicklaus, who had not hit anything resembling a mediocre shot all day while unleashing his awesome, sustained charge, now played a very poor one. His original intention had been simply to aim for the middle of the lower terrace to make sure of his par and still give himself a chance to hole a putt for a birdie. After hearing the salvo from the seventeenth green that greeted Watson's birdie, he had to revise his tactics. "I hadn't counted on anyone else making a birdie," he said calmly after the round. "My mind wasn't ready for that." In any event, knowing that he would probably need to finish with a birdie to tie Watson, Nicklaus decided to try to drop a light 6-iron just over the bunker, so that he would be left with a shortish putt. With his ball in a thin uphill lie, he moved into the crucial approach shot. He never really got to the ball, as he said later, and hit the shot "fat"—striking the

ground behind the ball. It was almost as if he had suffered a highly untypical lapse of concentration. Up the fairway, the ball fluttered down about fifty feet short of the green and spun left into the extreme back of the bunker. Pulling himself together quickly, Nicklaus then played a wonderful explosion shot to eleven feet and almost made the putt. However, the critical fact was that Watson, with two shots in hand now, could take a 5 on the eighteenth and still win. He played the hole just right. He drove with a 4-wood to offset the extra yardage a golfer gets when his adrenalin is flowing, and his ball finished a few yards short of the double bunker. He then hit a comfortable 6-iron that finished on the right side of the green, about twenty feet from the pin. He lagged his approach putt twenty inches or so from the cup, and knocked in the short one. The 72-hole scores: Watson, 276, after a 67; Nicklaus, 278, after a 66; Kite and Massengale, 280.

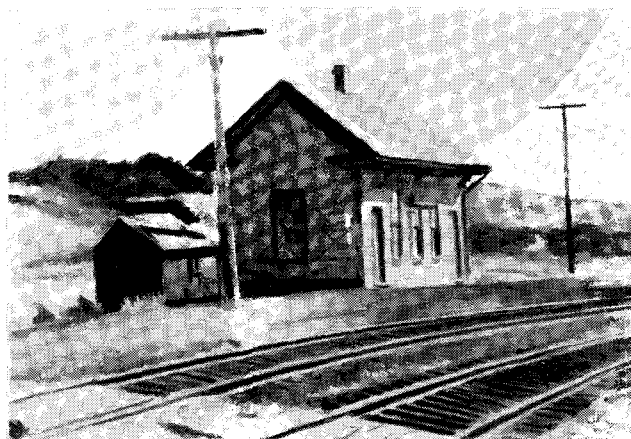
The 1977 Masters will undoubtedly go down as one of the best golf tournaments in history. For one thing, it is a long time since so many golfers played so exceedingly well over seventy-two holes in a major championship held on a most exacting course. Twenty-seven men either broke or equalled par. For another, in defeat Jack Nicklaus produced one of the most heroic rounds of his career. And last of all, no one is likely to forget the courage that Tom Watson exhibited in holding himself together despite the huge psychological burden of watching the man he was up against, one of the greatest golfers of all time, play the first eight holes of the back nine in birdie, par, birdie, birdie, par, birdie, par, par. Watson's golf under those circumstances was magnificent. He seemed to have complete faith in his uncomplicated, natural swing, and, never for an instant losing his rhythm or sense of purpose, he came through with an unbroken sequence of perfectly struck shots. Furthermore, he knew he had to make one big putt to win, and on the seventeenth he did so. He won the tournament before Nicklaus lost it. I should think that Tom Watson has now demonstrated once and for all that he has the stuff to stand up to the most protracted pressure an athlete faces, and I trust that in the future he will be spared any more questions on that subject.

THIS article has been concerned principally with golf architecture, and since it has, I should like to tack on an envoi: Most of the game's vet-

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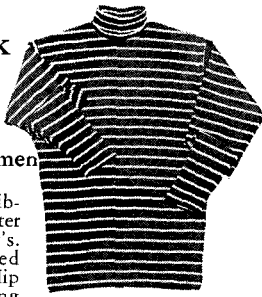
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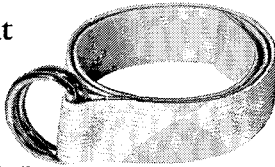
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eran observers agree that over the last fifteen years or so the top golfers have come to hit the ball ten to twenty-five yards farther, chiefly because the clubs have been made more powerful and the balls have gained an additional liveliness. As a result, many of the traditional championship courses have been rendered obsolete unless a good strong wind is blowing. (In the 1970 British Open at St. Andrews, you may remember, just about half the field equalled or bettered par on the opening round, when there was no wind to cope with. Fortunately, a brisk wind came out of the west on the second day and never left, and St. Andrews again played like an authentic championship course.) In our Open, whether or not the wind blows, the narrowed-down fairways flanked by high, thick rough serve to discourage the players from banging away off the tees as if they were on a practice range; in fact, because of the high premium on accuracy in our Open, the golfers must play defensively off the majority of the tees. At the Augusta National, on the other hand, there is no rough to speak of and only about three holes on which there are worrisome fairway bunkers, and, with so little to perturb them, the golfers feel free to lean back and whack the living daylights out of the ball off the tee. They now hit it so far that whereas twenty years ago Hogan on most rounds had to play a 3-iron or 4-iron on his second shot to the tenth, say, today the long hitters can get home with a 7- or 8-iron. In the Masters, the chief means of keeping the scoring under control has been, and still is, to put the pins in treacherous positions. Though there is nothing wrong with this in principle, the men who run the tournament would do well, I believe, to consider tightening up the landing areas, where most of the drives come down, with rough, bushes, mounds, or bunkers. Then the long hitters, knowing that they would be penalized for wayward tee shots, would have to give much more attention to accuracy and, in the process, would be forced to sacrifice some of their colossal yardage. Under these conditions, the approach shots to the greens, being longer, would regain some of their former difficulty and become the tests of skill that Bobby Jones intended them to be.

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

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THE ART WORLD

Souvenirs of an Avant-Garde

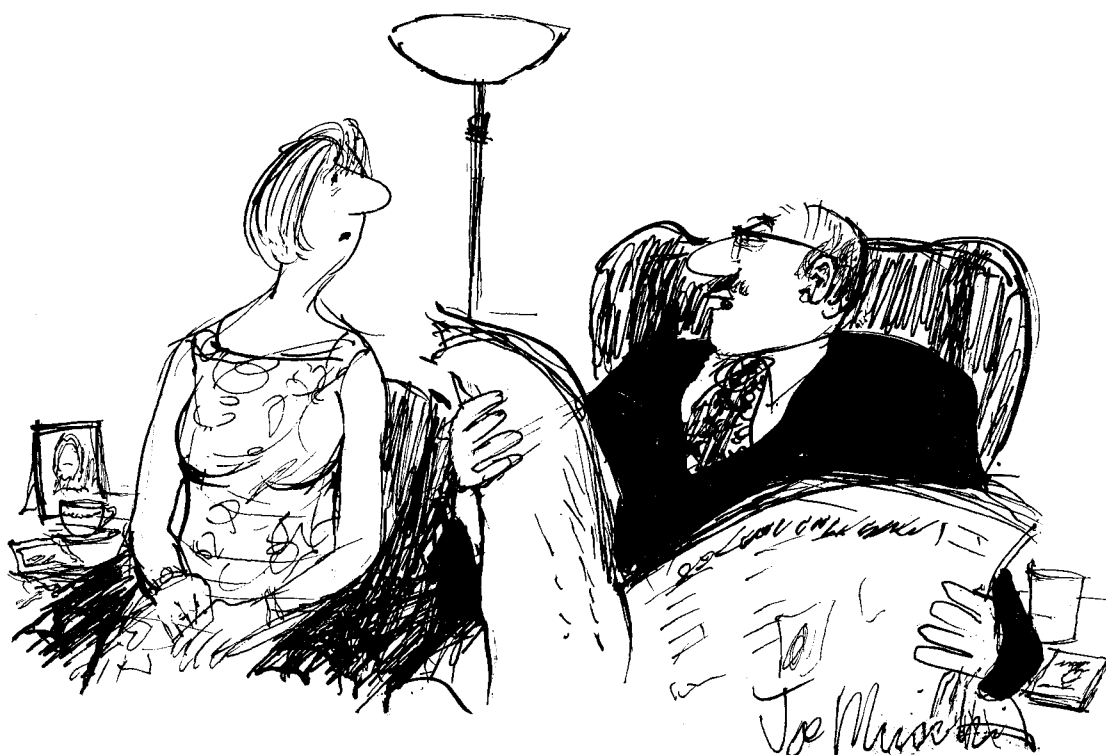
ROBERT RAUSCHENBERG is undoubtedly America's No. 1 artist of the 1976-77 season. His current retrospective of more than a hundred and fifty creations in various mediums was a Bicentennial feature last fall at the National Collection of Fine Arts, in Washington, D.C., and was hailed by record crowds and with appropriate enthusiasm in the press. *Time* awarded him a cover story entitled "The Most Living Artist," and this was matched by the *Times*' "Art That Sings," illustrated with a half-page montage announcement by Rauschenberg himself, when the show opened in New York, at the Museum of Modern Art. John Russell found in the retrospective "some of the finest art that has been made in our lifetime," and he opined that "Mr. Rauschenberg's 'combine paintings' of the mid-1950's were the epitome of all that is best in the traditions of this country." Mr. Russell's feelings ran so high that, although he is customarily the booster of everybody, he was carried into an attack on members of the art public who had failed to appreciate early enough "that these works represented a critique of pure painting as radical as anything in Immanuel Kant's 'Critique of Pure Reason,'" and he abused the late Hans Hofmann for having "beaten into his students" the use of blocks of color whose "crashing obviousness" in Hofmann's hands was the extreme opposite of their "singing" in a canvas by Rauschenberg.

It is a stereotype of the nineteen-seventies that the original Abstract Expressionists (Pollock, de Kooning, Hofmann, Kline) went around bowed to the earth by inner anxieties and profound metaphysical ponderings. The image of their black sufferings, to which Rauschenberg himself has been an important contributor, provides the intellectual background for the current homage to Rauschenberg. The theme of his celebration is "Joy." "He is," wrote *Time*'s art critic, "a model of the joy of art." "Brash and joyful work" was the lead of the Museum of Modern Art's press release announcing the show; it went on to describe Rau-

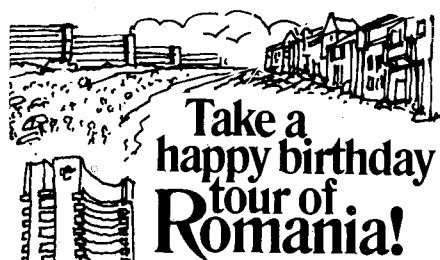
schenberg as "perhaps the most innovative, prolific, and audacious artist since Picasso." Dr. Joshua Taylor, director of the National Collection of Fine Arts, found that Rauschenberg had achieved a state of "continuous freshness" by lifting himself above a consciousness of art history: "His career has been characterized not by a set of styles but by a persistent creative exuberance that has the happy effect of belittling categories, invalidating definitions, and freeing the viewer to discover beauty and meaning where he might least expect it." Joy and exuberance provide an alternative to ideas; in literary circles this set of values is known as anti-intellectualism. One is urged to believe that the art world has been overburdened with thought, and that Rauschenberg has come as an embodiment of inarticulate energy—a kind of Mynheer Peeperkorn or Harpo Marx—to liberate art and the art public from excessively precise thinking.

Rauschenberg has claimed again and again, to rounds of applause, that he never starts with an "idea" but that his works evolve through "collaborating" with materials. In the interest of clarity, one feels obliged to point out that an artist needn't start with an idea when the ideas he employs have been at work long before he began. Finding in the street or in shops things that art can be made of has an extensive and

complicated history in the twentieth century. From Josef Albers, under whom he studied at Black Mountain College, Rauschenberg learned about Bauhaus students' combing city streets after the First World War for debris to make up for the scarcity of art materials. His buying a stuffed goat from a store window in order to incorporate it into a sculpture was a reenactment of the Surrealists' street-foraging expeditions of fifty years ago. It is true that Rauschenberg has never been respectful of the thinking or the history behind the works on which his creations have been based. He has maintained that he owes little to art, and that for anyone to call attention to influences upon him is an affront. "Influences in my case," he recently told an interviewer, "are rarely art works." In his view, the origins of his paintings, collages, and assemblages (for some reason, the art world has accepted his term "combines," as if he had conceived a previously nameless form) lie in the actual objects that are incorporated or reproduced in his compositions. The notion that the artist's materials—canvas, paint, ready-made images, found objects—can be made to "work with" the artist in determining his creations is a traditional element of twentieth-century avant-garde magic. Miró, for example, believed his canvases to be alive with energies that could be induced to generate significant signs. Anything added to a surface is sufficient to animate its space and set the image-forming activity in motion; Hofmann's



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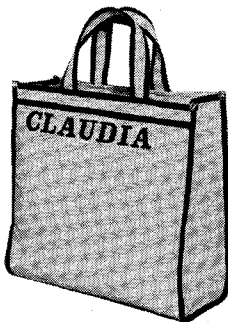
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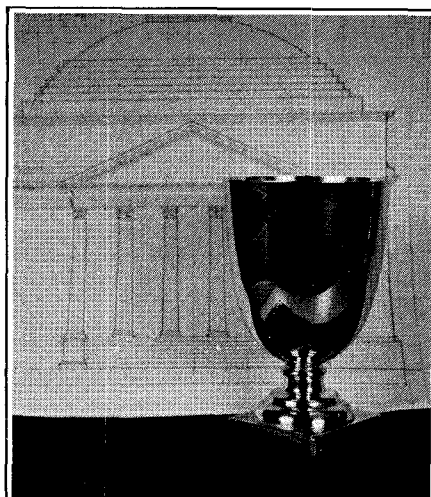


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"push and pull" and Pollock's "contact" with the canvas are variations of the same approach. The painting surface becomes the equivalent of the artist's unconscious, and he could say with Rauschenberg that his "method was always closer to a collaboration with materials than to any kind of conscious manipulation and control." Instead of moving toward resolution in a structure, the spontaneously conceived composition remains open, to attract an indefinite quantity of visual data (images, brush marks, accidental stains, objects) that seemingly place themselves at random. In employing this method, Rauschenberg has added data provided by photographs and by silk-screened or otherwise transferred images. The powers attributed to the artist's materials are insufficient, however, to qualify these accretions as works of art. That involves the evolution of modern ideas and modern taste, in which the pioneering of earlier artists is indispensable.

Rauschenberg's claim to aesthetic autonomy in the face of his obvious debts—to Schwitters' buildups of random scraps on painted areas, to Abstract Expressionist untidy surfaces, to Dada dissociation, to commercial photomontage, to bizarre combinations of objects in Surrealist window dressings—implies a state that is hardly joyous. Reviewing Rauschenberg's first exhibition, in 1951, Stuart Preston, of the *Times*, described it as "stylish," which is more to the point than the current critics' formula of unpremeditated discharges of delight. From the start of his career, Rauschenberg has been in and of the art world; he is an art-world wit, attuned and responding to prevailing opinions and phases of taste. He is frequently quoted as saying that he wishes to function in the gap between art and life; but for him there is no gap—art is life. There is nothing discreditable in his role of Mannerist of postwar American vanguardism. But his performance has been anything but playful, particularly in his disengaging himself from artists to whom his work is indebted. Mr. Russell may have instinctively reflected the spirit of his subject when he accompanied praise of Rauschenberg with an attack on an ancestor.

Rauschenberg's relation to art is stated with maximum succinctness in his explanation of "Erased de Kooning Drawing" (1953), his first major coup in calling attention to himself: "I was trying both... to purge myself of my teaching and at the same time exercise the possibilities." He wanted, in sum, to discard the philosophical and emotional motivations of the Abstract



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Expressionist mode while elaborating on its visual traits. One wonders whether he was aware that he was embracing a formula for parody—for it is parody adjusted to changing art-world fashions which best characterizes his accomplishment. When Rauschenberg effectuated his erasure of the de Kooning (it took, he has said, a month of labor, and traces of the original are still apparent), Abstract Expressionism was the reigning advanced mode in painting, and hence the gateway to recognition as a member of the vanguard. One of the aspects of the Abstract Expressionist style which are responsible for its effect of freedom is the accessibility of the artist's forms to his whims and afterthoughts. The triumph of this style over the fear of overt disorder makes it receptive to non-art images and objects, thus harmonizing it with aspects of Dada. Pollock and John Little glued driftwood into paintings; de Kooning pasted into his paintings fragments of advertisements and segments of discarded canvases, and he retained fingermarks and used offprints left by newspaper columns and pictures on wet paint.

With the deletion of the subjective content on which the tension of its compositions depends, Abstract Expressionism could appear a program of wantonness. But along with the Action painters—Pollock, de Kooning, and so on—the Abstract Expressionist movement included painters of expressive colored rectangles: Newman, Rothko, Reinhardt. Like hundreds of other artists of the nineteen-fifties, Rauschenberg reflected the Abstract Expressionist mode in coagulations and drippings of pigment on geometrically organized grounds. The "Black Painting" (1951-52) in which he divides the canvas equally into an all-black area and one activated by strokes of color is a compositional duplicate of a Newman that combines the two poles of the Abstract Expressionist manner. Rauschenberg, however, was among the first consciously to discard the "expressive" program of the Abstract Expressionist leaders, and this left him free to "exercise the possibilities" of the apparent randomness of the style by building his compositions out of an unlimited range of materials: rags, photos, soft-drink bottles, earth, painted-over reproductions of masterpieces, bits of wood and metal. (He seems especially attracted to neckties.) A major work in the retrospective is the significantly titled "Collection" (1953-54), which consists of three vertical wooden panels on which vertical bands of red, yellow, and blue



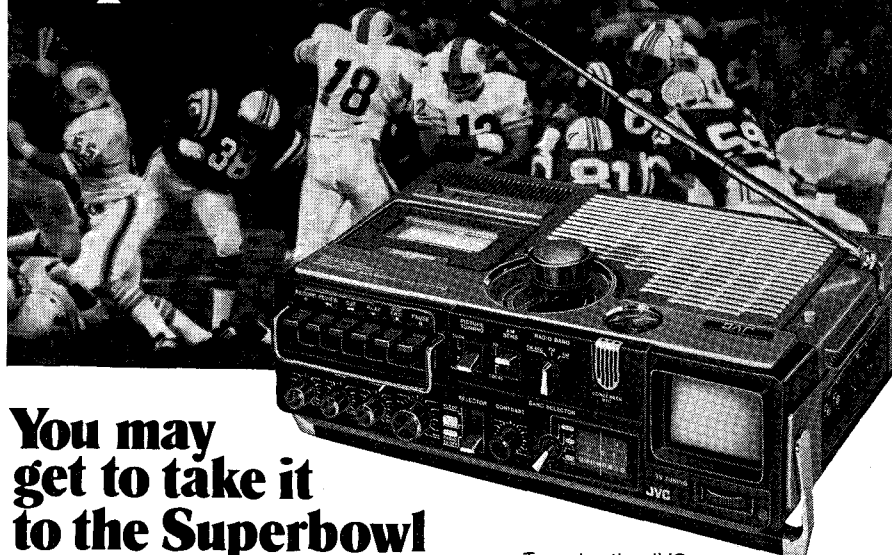
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of different widths, like boards in a patched-up fence, are overlaid with scribbles and runnels of paint and a collage of items that include rectangular cuts of cloth, torn newspapers, and a picture of a man on horseback. A good part of the Museum of Modern Art exhibition consists of variations on Abstract Expressionist clutter—at first actual substances but later largely ones simulated through montages of images silk-screened or transferred from photographs and reproductions.

Rauschenberg's reputation has grown through a series of *succès de scandale*. The earliest of these, and the most effective after "Erased de Kooning," were "Bed" and "Monogram;" more recent efforts, including staging himself as a dancer, collaborating with engineers, and, in the "Carnal Clocks" show, exhibiting photos of sex organs, never quite came off. "Bed," done in 1955, is, I think, the artist's most original creation and, almost accidentally, the most comprehensive and symbolically intelligible of his works. It transcends his often expressed ideal of impersonality—his desire to be, or present himself as, a "material," like the materials he uses. "Bed" affirms the autobiographical essence of Abstract Expressionist painting by constituting itself out of one of the most intimate of objects at the same time that it underlines, by acts of mutilation, the formal structure of that object as a rectangle fastened to a frame. "Bed" consists of a patchwork quilt under which Rauschenberg slept for several years and to which he has added his pillow and a sheet. This assemblage is daubed with paint and hung vertically, like a canvas. Nostalgia is recurrent in Rauschenberg's early collages—later his associations became more public. The quilt of "Bed" evokes rural domesticity, while the serial pattern of squares associates it with advanced abstract art. At the meeting of the quilt with the pillow and bed sheet there is an effect of something cut open; stained with red paint, the gash suggests violence and, in the context, nightmares. According to the exhibition catalogue, "Bed" has, since its first appearance, "stirred heated controversy"—in 1958 it was banned from the international exhibition at Spoleto—but we are not told why or about what. In any event, it is, in my opinion, the apex of Rauschenberg's inventions: an authentic Abstract Expressionist vision brought to fulfillment by utterly original means.

In contrast, "Monogram" (1955-59) seems to me to be a disagreeable and pointless work. That it is Rauschen-

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enberg's best-known and most extensively reproduced piece is a comment on the kind of admiration that accounts for his current preëminence. In its final form (despite his belief in things as they are, Rauschenberg strained over it for five years), "Monogram" is an assemblage of a stuffed Angora goat with an automobile tire around its belly mounted on a wooden platform on wheels, to which a variety of objects—a tennis ball, a rubber heel—have been affixed. Rauschenberg bought the goat on impulse, and his problem over the years was how to transform the goat, with its heavy fleece, which descends almost to the floor, into art by fitting it into a setting, or "frame." One may see this as essentially a decorator's problem. On another plane, however, it is an extension of Duchamp's aesthetics, in which a ready-made object is "aided" to become art by means of changes that leave its identity intact—as with his urinal and bicycle wheel—while situating it in the orbit of art through mounting, signing, and display in an art gallery. Rauschenberg solved the problem of his goat by applying the Surrealist principle of incongruity: he ringed its body with a tire whose tread he painted white. He also slopped paint on the face of the goat. "Monogram" has always struck me as offensive—particularly the disfiguration by paint of the noble face of the goat, like a pie landing on the face of an old lady in a slapstick comedy. There is an element of slapstick or college humor (collage humor?) in Rauschenberg's approach to art which is often gratifying—including the deadpan nonsense by which he explains what he has done: the tire around the goat was "something as familiar and unavoidable as the goat." But recently I have learned, with surprise, that many spectators have objected to the goat's paint-sullied face, and that Rauschenberg has offered a practical excuse for the paint: the goat's muzzle was damaged when he bought it, and he applied the paint to hide the defect. If this is a fact, it is inconsistent with Rauschenberg's philosophy of "with me, it's a matter of just accepting whatever happens."

The major strength of the retrospective is to be found in its takeoffs of Abstract Expressionism, and in its resort to Dada in sculpture: "Empire II," "Oracle," "Sor Aqua," "Factum" (1957), a two-part painting, is a model of intra-art-world satire. A composition executed with apparent spontaneity is duplicated almost exactly, down to the last drip, smudge, and collaged photos, on a second canvas. See-



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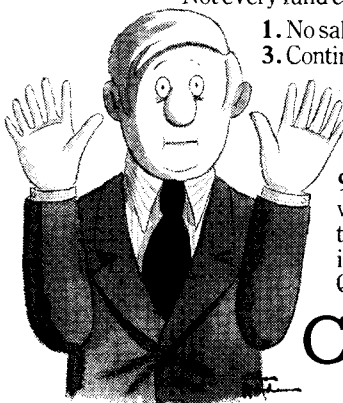
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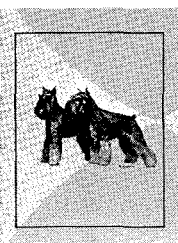
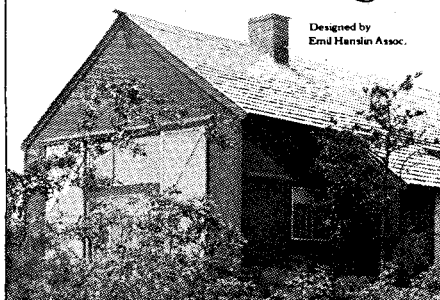
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ing the pair together demolishes instantly the spectator's belief in the spontaneous improvisations of the Abstract Expressionists—and also in Rauschenberg's own spontaneity. (Oddly, the paintings have been separated, one having gone to Milan, the other to Chicago, and this dissipates the interest of both.) Rauschenberg's art depends for its substance on the art that it negates—his richest period was the nineteen-fifties. Later vanguard modes have failed to arouse his reactions to the extent that Abstract Expressionism did, and he has had to repeat himself in experiments with different techniques. His stream of compositions assembled from silk-screened and transferred images in paintings, prints, and posters seems endless. All his novelties have acquired a fully developed familiarity. The 1975-76 "Jammer" series—beautifully designed assemblages notable for their sparseness and air-lofted fabrics—suggests an attempt to take a new direction. But, without an art-historical analogue to flesh them out with references, these works are a reversion to decoration, and could serve as nautical displays in the windows of Abercrombie & Fitch.

Whatever the condition of art itself may be, a vanguard art public still exists, its energies concentrated in its professionals: museum directors, art journalists, history-conscious collectors. This public needs avant-garde artists, and if no genuine ones present themselves it will take what it can get. The slogan of contemporary art showmanship can only be "Great Events As Usual." The fervor over the Rauschenberg retrospective has something about it of a closing of ranks against a threat—the threat of running out of living sources of masterworks. That Rauschenberg's energetic search for novelties, if only in his experiments with materials and technologies, has not declined qualifies him as the standard-bearer of the partisans of the new, regardless of whether his discoveries are new, aging, or old.

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

CORRECTION

In a picture caption yesterday, it was incorrectly stated that the Junior Womens Club would be sponsoring the kissing booth at the Promenades Shopping Center on Monday, Feb. 14. The Junior Womens Club decided not to sponsor the booth and has been replaced by a group from the Senior Lounge at the Port Charlotte Cultural Center.—*Punta Gorda (Fla.) Daily Herald-News.*

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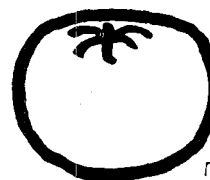
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THE RACE TRACK

Slew Comes Through



SEATTLE SLEW'S Kentucky Derby at Louisville last Saturday proved what a good horse he really is. Though he was undefeated (indeed, he had never even been touched by a whip before, except in the Champagne Stakes), critics wondered aloud early last week whether he could win at the Derby distance of a mile and a quarter, and what he might do under pressure—if some horse looked him in the eye, as the saying goes. Well, after he beat Run Dusty Run by a length and three-quarters, with Sanhedrin third, a neck behind, and the twelve other three-year-olds strung out down the stretch at Churchill Downs, it was generally agreed that he had answered those questions, and had earned full marks for the answers. And he did it the hard way. First off, in his stall in the noisy and overcrowded saddling shed and when he came out on the track for the parade to the post he was in a lather of sweat—a sign of nervous anticipation, and not a good omen to horsemen. Furthermore, he didn't have too easy a passage in the early running, for he was away slowly at the start, going into close quarters and being repeatedly blocked in the frantic run of the field the first time past the stand. He managed to bowl his way through the pack as the field went round the first turn. Quickly disposing of Bob's Dusty, he was joined by For the Moment, who was wearing the blinkers that seem to have brought back his best form of last season. The two raced together down the long backstretch and round the far turn, and watchers wondered which of them would crack first. To my surprise, For the Moment headed Seattle Slew for more than a furlong. Even more surprising was the fact that Cruguet sat still and made no effort to send Seattle Slew past him. Then, on the turn for home, it was For the Moment who cracked. He finished eighth, while Run Dusty Run, who had always been well up in the running, pulled into second. That's the Derby as I saw it on TV. The other starters might just as well have stayed in their stalls for any part they played in the race. Although the track was listed as fast, and was in remarkable condition after the heavy

rains earlier in the week, the time for the Derby was not impressive: the fractions were 0:23, 0:45 $\frac{1}{5}$, 1:10 $\frac{3}{5}$, 1:36, and 2:02 $\frac{1}{5}$. In spite of the threatening weather, the crowd at Churchill Downs was 124,038—the fourth largest ever.

There is always a lot of hoopla in Louisville the night of the Derby. There was also much merrymaking at Esposito's Tavern in Elmont, across the road from Belmont Park, to celebrate the success of Billy Turner, Jr., a long-time customer who, as you know, trains Seattle Slew. Turner has done a fine job. But this isn't the first Derby winner he has trained. He had Dust Commander—the winner of the race in 1970, and the sire of Run Dusty Run—as a two-year-old. Robert Lehmann, who also owns Bob's Dusty, fired Turner at the end of the season, on the ground that he had done too little with the colt.

Owned by Mickey Taylor, a young lumberman from White Swan, Washington, and his wife, Karen, in whose name Seattle Slew runs, the hundred-and-third Derby winner is an unusually powerful dark bay; I would guess he girthed four more inches than any colt in the race. Two years ago, the Taylors, who had come into racing in California not long before, went to Lexington for the Fasig-Tipton sales, and they bought the colt for \$17,500. Jim Hill, the veterinarian who advised the Taylors to make the purchase, is from Florida, and Karen Taylor hit upon the name Seattle Slew as a happy combination of the Taylors' bailiwick, Seattle, and Hill's, using the word "slew" to accord with her notion of Florida as being "gator country." Now Seattle Slew has won \$470,040, of which \$214,700 was first money in the Derby. He was sired by Bold Reasoning, winner of the Withers Stakes in 1971 and second in the Metropolitan Handicap in 1972, out of My Charmer, a mare by Poker, winner of the Fair Grounds Oaks in 1972. The day before the race, the Taylors went out to pay their respects to Slew's dam. My Charmer is no longer at Ben Castleman's White Horse Acres, in Lexington, where she foaled Seattle Slew, because she was sold to Warner Jones and W.S. Farish III last January. So now she is at Hermitage Farm, in Goshen, where, I venture to say, they had quite a party. By the way, she was booked to be bred to Secretariat, and no doubt has been by now. Imagine the

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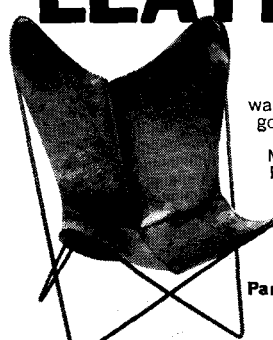
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THERE was some good racing for the crowd of 25,596 who went to Aqueduct last weekend. The famous old Carter Handicap had so many starters that it was run in two divisions. In the first, Quiet Little Table and Gentle King finished in a dead heat, with Full Out third; in the second, Soy Numero Uno won, with Barrera, named after the trainer, second and Gallant Bob third. Horsemen were delighted: it was a break for Homer Pardue, Soy Numero Uno's trainer, who has had such bad luck. As you may remember, Clev Er Tell, with whom he won the Louisiana and Arkansas Derbies, broke down in a workout for the Wood Memorial a couple of weeks ago.

TO get back to Seattle Slew, he paid a three-dollar mutuel at Churchill Downs—a big price. But in the OTB betting shops around town and on Long Island he paid three dollars straight, three dollars to place, and three dollars to show. Fancy that.

—AUDAX MINOR

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Last evening,
listening for owls,
cold filled the caves
of my chest—
fear for a second
I'd inhaled the first star.

All night this coast
was chewed and spit back
on itself, crossed
with tides, channels
adrift in their beds;
this house was
a test of wind against glass,
rainy spikes hammered home.

I kept waking to
the trickle, somewhere,
of water driven to enter
a weakness in wood,
or the too human
cackle of something
wandering in the static
above dreams.

Wet trunks alive
with the barium glow of moss;
red pine duff;
a heel's depth below,
sand waiting for
any mover.

This morning my shoulders
ache—sockets of freshly
wrenched wings.

—BRENDAN GALVIN



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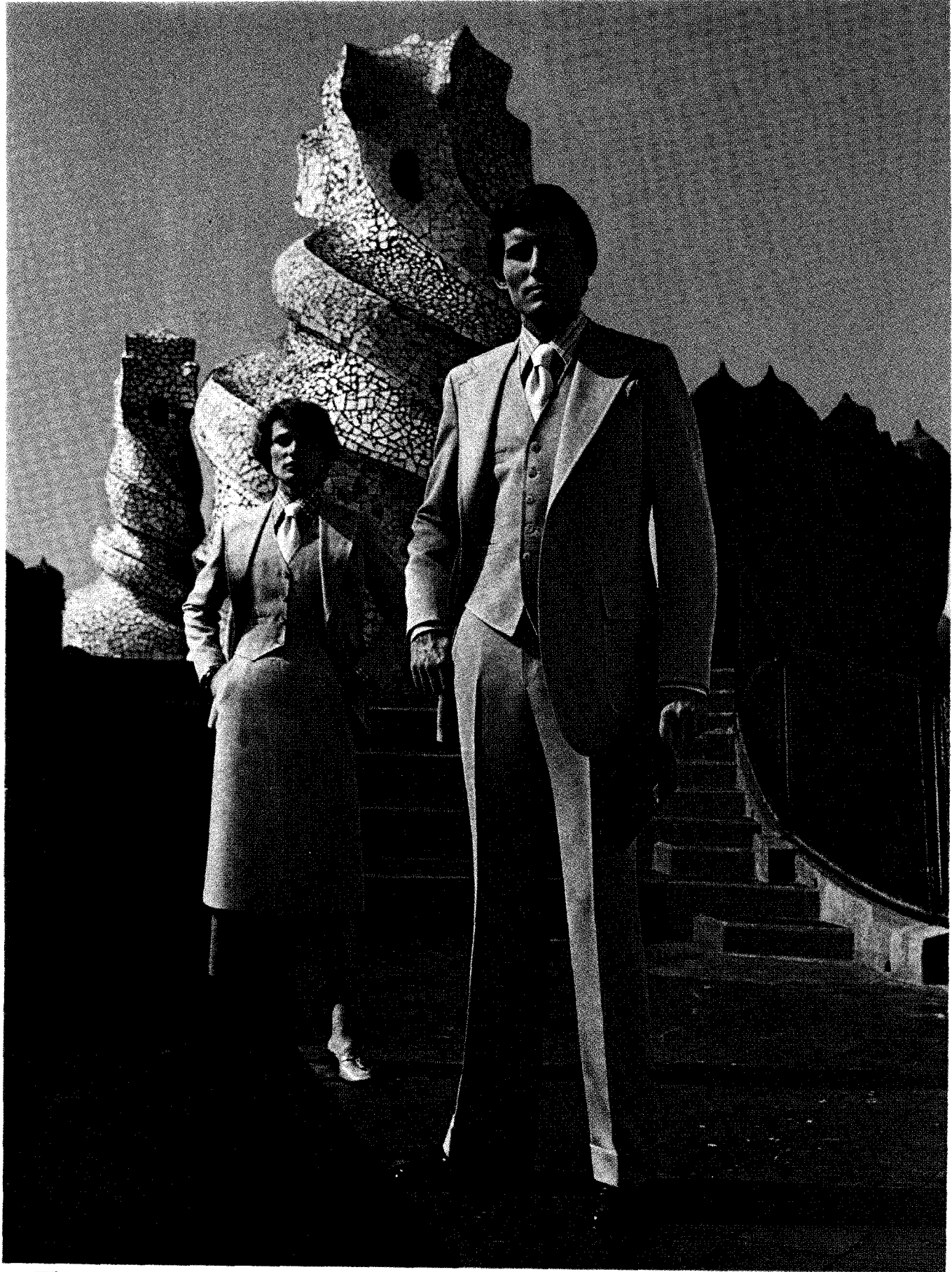
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MUSICAL EVENTS

An American Requiem

IN the central episode of "Alexander's Feast; or The Power of Musique," Dryden celebrates music's threnodial power: the composer Timotheus, seeing Alexander grow flushed and proud at the memory of his battles, chooses a mournful muse, soft pity to infuse, and soon the conqueror is moved to weep for his slaughtered foe, Darius great and good, fallen, fallen, fallen from his high estate. The sounds of mourning—the slow strong beat of a funeral march; the thud of muffled drums; full, solemn minor harmonies; the falling melodic motifs eloquent of grief—have often been shaped into noble music. Requiems usually rank high in their composer's oeuvre, whether the text is liturgical (Victoria, Cherubini, Berlioz, Verdi, Bruckner, Fauré), Biblical (Brahms), secular (Delius), or both liturgical and secular (Britten).

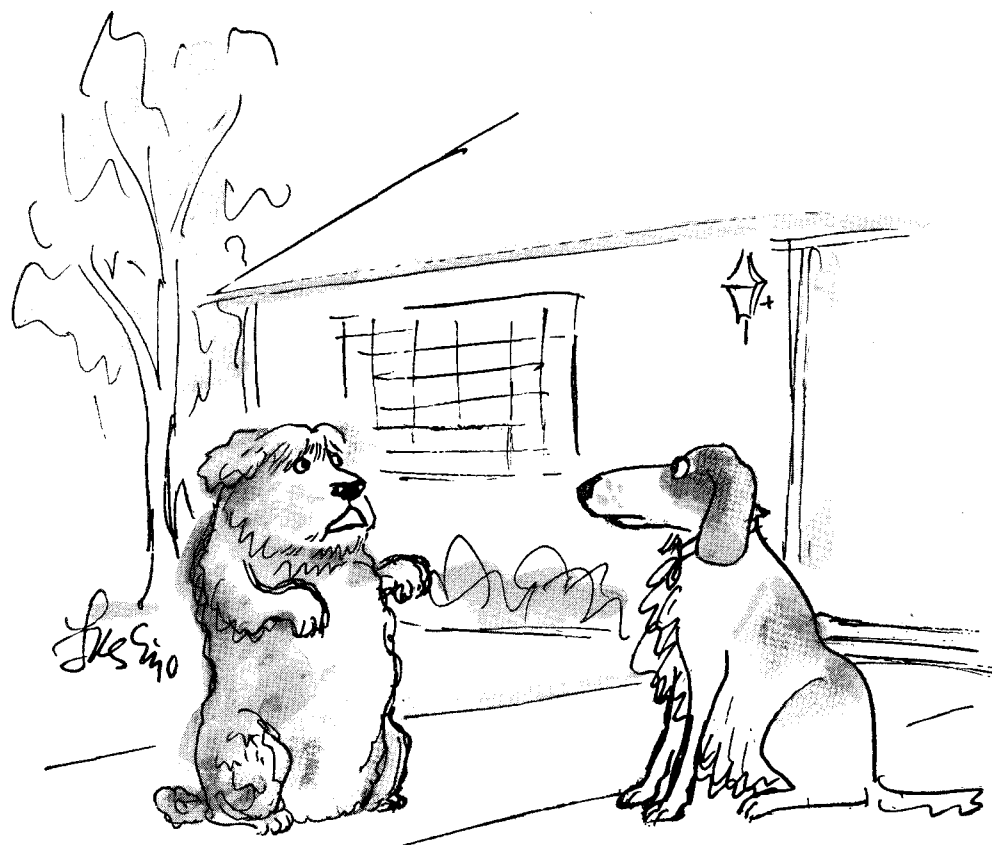
Whitman's "When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloom'd" was written as an elegy for Lincoln. In 1946, Hindemith set it to music as an elegy for Franklin D. Roosevelt and for those who had fallen in the war; he entitled it "A Requiem 'for those we love,'" making plural the "for him I love" refrain of Whitman's first, tenth, and eleventh strophes (or sections). In 1970, Roger Sessions completed another setting of the poem, as a cantata dedicated "to the memory of Martin Luther King, Jr., and Robert F. Kennedy." The work, commissioned by the University of California, Berkeley, in commemoration of the hundredth anniversary of its founding, was first performed on the Berkeley campus in 1971, conducted by Michael Senturia. In 1975, there were two performances at Harvard, conducted by Senturia. In 1976, Solti did it in Chicago. Last month, the Boston Symphony, under Seiji Ozawa, performed it. Next year, the San Francisco Symphony, also under Ozawa, will do so. It has not yet been heard in New York.

I attended two of the Boston performances. (It was done there four times in all.) Friends who had heard and got to know the piece at earlier performances had told me it was a major American composition, not to be missed. And they proved to be right. Some added that it is probably Sessions's masterpiece, and probably they are right in that, too: I do not know all of his late music well enough to say. At any rate, "When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloom'd" is an inspired and

stirring composition, one to set beside Delius's "Sea-Drift" (1903) and Vaughan Williams's "Sea Symphony" (1910) for its large, visionary presentation, with large forces, of Whitman's thought, and one to set above them for the way it makes music of the sounds and the movement of Whitman's actual lines. In Sessions's cantata we find the rapture, tenderness, and poignancy of "Sea-Drift" and the energy, grandeur, and mystical, contemplative calm of the "Sea Symphony" together with a quality that can be more easily described than analytically defined as American. In part, at least, and especially to a British listener, the Americanness arises from the melodic inflections of the word setting. On the simplest level, it is a matter of pronunciation. Hindemith presumably learned British English as a boy: in his Requiem he scans the word "recesses," at the start of Whitman's fourth strophe, in the British way, with the accent on the second syllable, while Sessions puts the accent on the first; Hindemith gives "missiles" a long, and Sessions gives it a short, second syllable. (Musical setting throws such transatlantic differences into prominence. In the recent Manhattan School production of "Paul Bunyan" one heard Auden's

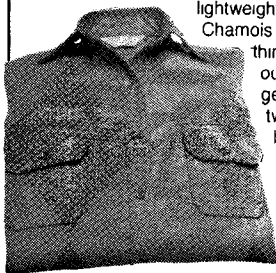
"hegan/Cézanne" and "farmer/melodrama" failing to rhyme, as in British productions they did; "later/theatre" in "The Rake's Progress" and "myrtle/fertile" in "The Bassarids" point to a Chester Kallman, not an Auden, attribution for the relevant lines of those collaborative librettos.) But pronunciation is only a small part of it. National characteristics in melody have their origin in the intonations, inflections, and rhythms of national speech, which make Mussorgsky's tunes Russian, Janáček's Czech, and Sessions's American. "When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloom'd" calls for three soloists: soprano, contralto, and baritone. From a purely sonic point of view, the voices of Gundula Janowitz, Janet Baker, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau would provide an ideal cast. And yet those three beautiful singers would not be convincing interpreters of the work unless they had carefully studied American speech patterns. (Fischer-Dieskau's British English is good, as can be heard in Britten's "War Requiem;" his American English is unidiomatic, as can be heard in his record of Ives songs.) In an introductory note to the score, the composer instructs soloists to

interpret the RHYTHMIC DETAIL in terms of the unforced inflections of the English language, which the composer has used as the basis of his vocal conception. [The singer] should, therefore,



"I can't keep it straight. Is this fetch, stay, heel, beg, sit, or what?"

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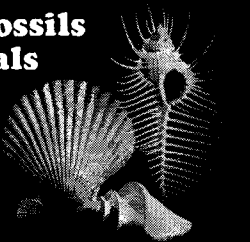
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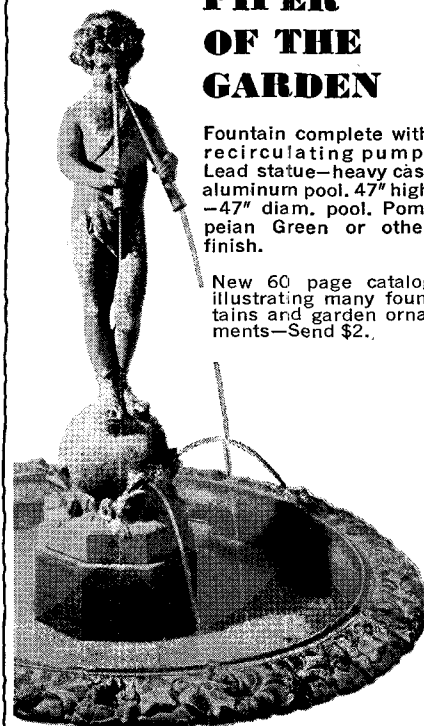
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on no account force himself into a mechanical rendition of the exact note-values as written, but rather interpret them freely in terms of natural English diction, respecting the subtleties of rhythm and stress which are inherent in the words themselves. In this manner he will best realize the composer's intentions.

Whitman's lines spoken as a good American speaker might speak them form Sessions's starting point, and any discussion of his cantata can well begin by looking at the melody to which the first two of those lines are set. The work is above all a lyrical piece. The music, Sessions says, "is always to be sung in a full-voiced and lyrical manner; it contains no passages in which a preponderantly declamatory style is appropriate." And the music is always grateful, though often difficult, to sing. The first three bars present, in three-part wind writing, a gently insistent rocking figure, alternating between a consonant and a dissonant chord. Then the soprano soloist sings the opening lines ("When lilacs last in the door-yard bloom'd, And the great star early droop'd in the western sky in the night") to a melody whose first ten moves are of either a third or a step; the eleventh move is a leap of a tritone, to sound the twelfth note of a note row. Without music type one would not venture on even the most perfunctory analysis of any two bars of the cantata. Perhaps not even with it, for Sessions does not compose schematic music. Forty years ago, he wrote of his antipathy toward "an intellectually determined basis for music," opposing to such a basis "the response of the human ear and spirit to the simplest acoustic facts," since music's "human meaning . . . lies ultimately in the fact that such elementary phenomena as the fifth, and the measurably qualitative distinction between consonance and dissonance, are psychological as well as physical facts, out of which a whole language has grown, and which in music based on the twelve-tone system seem often more powerful binding forces than those inherent in the system itself." Some of the elementary musical phenomena in the opening melody of the cantata are readily perceivable; some of their simpler consequents became aurally apprehensible, as binding forces, at later hearings. The first nine notes are F-sharp, A; B-flat, D; E, C, A-flat; G, E-flat—a chain of adjacent or linked thirds, the first of them minor, the others major. The "tonal" implications are evident: notes one to four outline a D-major triad with an added note; notes five to eight, C major with an

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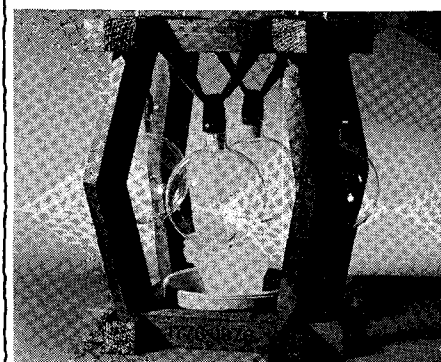
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added note; notes six to nine, both A-flat major and C minor with an added note. The ear, even against contradictory harmonies from the rocking accompaniment, hears this, but enough else is happening to insure that (as Sessions remarks in his textbook "Harmonic Practice") "such quasi-tonal sensations are simply evidence that the ear has grasped the relationships between the tones, and has absorbed and ordered them." And "it is a mistake to regard such sensations as connected exclusively with the tonal system as such." Similarly, it would be a mistake to regard the end of the cantata as exclusively a D-major cadence (E and C; D and B-flat; then D, A, F-sharp—the first part of the row reversed, in pairs) over a dissonant pedal. The shape of this melody, thirds and steps (or, by inversion or octave displacements, sixths and steps), makes it both singable and memorable; so one can hear a form of it return at the penultimate line, "Lilac and star and bird," and perhaps even hear the reversal of its first five notes at the very last words, "and the cedars dusk and dim." F-sharp and A seem to provide a recurrent still point, emphasized at the close of the first movement and at the very end. Thirds and sixths followed by a step often sound in the melodic line. In the first of his Juilliard lectures published, in 1950, as "The Musical Experience," Sessions laid it down that "a melodic motif or phrase is in essence and origin a vocal gesture," and proposed that "the basic ingredient of music is not so much sound as movement." The start of his cantata is a shapely gesture, and its movement is precise. The first five notes of the row, to which Whitman's opening line is set, rise. The next seven would fall did not an octave displacement convert a falling third to a rising sixth, leaping up to the words "great star," as the climax of this initial span. "Great" is on the A-flat above the staff; then the line droops, with a final plunge to the B-flat below it. Spoken in the rhythm of the music, and given a similar (though necessarily narrower) pitch contour, the words sound utterly natural. Not so in Hindemith's setting, where the first syllable of "lilacs" and of "western" and the last "in" are prolonged, and "star" is set to a higher note than "great."

WHITMAN, reviewing his own "Leaves of Grass" in the *Saturday Press*, wrote that "Walt Whitman's method in the construction of his songs is strictly the method of the



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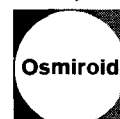
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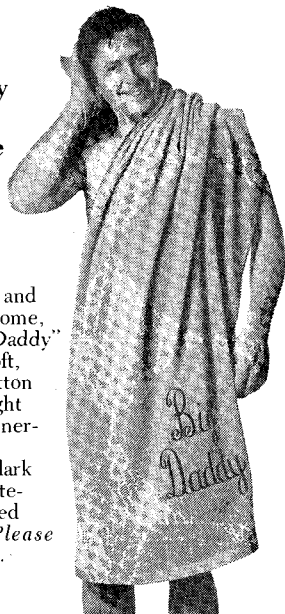
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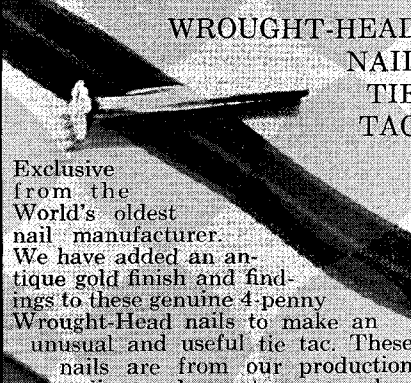
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Italian Opera." He was reported as saying in late years:

My younger life was so saturated with the emotions, raptures, uplifts, of . . . musical experiences that it would be surprising indeed if all my future work had not been colored by them. A real musician running through "Leaves of Grass"—a philosopher-musician—could put his finger on this and that anywhere in the text no doubt as indicating the activity of the influences.

The "musical" structure of "Lilacs," as of "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking" (from which Delius drew the text of his "Sea-Drift"), has often been noted. Robert D. Faner's attempt to make "Lilacs" fit into sonata form breaks down, I think, but in a general—and sometimes in quite a specific—way one can discern equivalents of recitative, aria, and chorus. The pace and texture of the verse change as those of music might. Not surprisingly, Sessions and Hindemith have allotted Whitman's lines between soloists and chorus in much the same way. Both first bring in the chorus at "O powerful, western, fallen star!"; both set the questions of the tenth and eleventh strophes for solo voice, and the answers for chorus. The main difference is that in Sessions the Death Carol, "Come, lovely and soothing Death," is a long contralto solo, at the heart of the work, while Hindemith—rather unsuitably for the song of "A shy and hidden bird . . . Solitary . . . The hermit"—gives it to his chorus.

In musical terms, there are three "themes" in "Lilacs": the Star, representing Lincoln; the Lilac, representing spring and perpetual renewal; and the Bird, the reconciler, singing of death with a beauty that makes death "lovely and soothing." In a lecture on Lincoln's death, delivered fourteen years after it, Whitman recalled that the season seemed to reflect the new-won peace:

Early herbage, early flowers, were out. (I remember where I was stopping at the time, the season being advanced, there were many lilacs in full bloom. By one of those caprices that enter and give tinge to events without being at all a part of them, I find myself always reminded of the great tragedy of that day by the sight and odor of these blossoms. It never fails.)

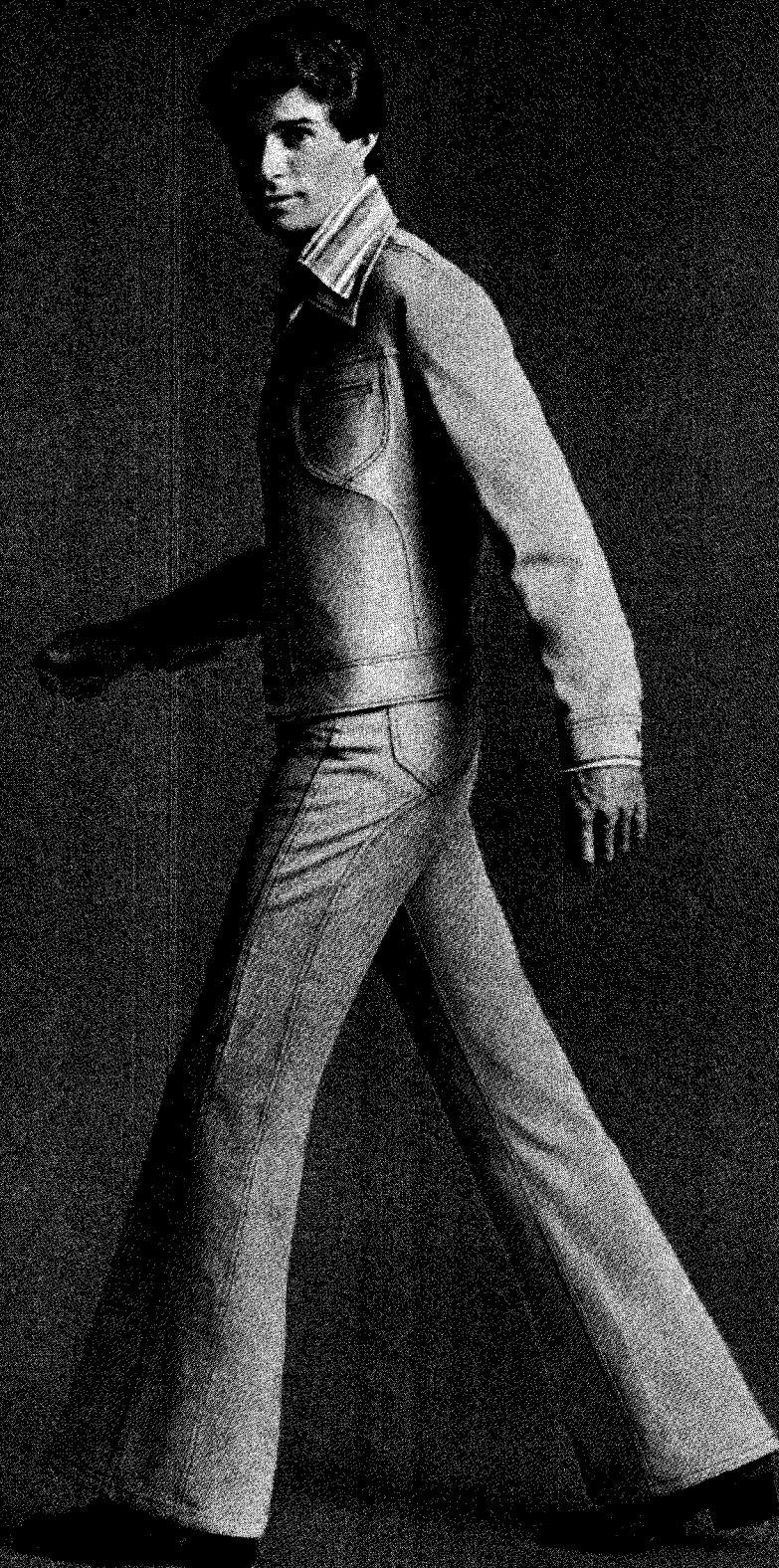
The first, introductory strophe of his poem says the same thing—prophetically, since it was written in 1865 before the lilacs had bloomed again. The next three strophes form an "exposition" of the three principal themes, each of them stated independently. Sessions's cantata is in three movements, and these

strophes form the first of them. The chorus sings of the Star, the baritone of the Lilac, and the soprano of the Bird. (Similarly in Hindemith, though he has only two soloists and his mezzo sings of the Bird.) Now Whitman moves into his "development section," where the themes are brought together. (Thus far, Mr. Faner's "sonata form" parallel works.) Like the Star, Lincoln's coffin moves westward, moves from Washington to its resting place in Springfield, moves through the bright burgeoning of Lilac and spring and through the sombre dirges and knells



of mourning. The Bird is singing, but the poet's attention is still on the national funeral. These strophes, five to thirteen, form Sessions's second movement: part funeral cortège; part hymn to Lincoln; part vision of broad-spreading America, peaceful now and plentiful. In the remaining strophes, which form Sessions's third, and longest, movement, the poet finds his "knowledge of death" and his "thought of death" beside him like two companions. The Bird begins its Death Carol, "with pure, deliberate notes, spreading, filling the night." And during the long, lovely song, the poet's eyes are unclosed to a vision of all those who fell in the war. They suffer not; only those who remain suffer. Hindemith, in his setting, inserts after this vision an orchestral interlude with a bugle playing "Taps." But in the poem something stranger happens. Vision, companions of death, the Bird's song, the Lilac, even the Star—all are left behind. Yet in some way they all form part of a transcendental experience: "Lilac and star and bird, twined with the chant of my soul, There in the fragrant pines, and the cedars dusk and dim." Sessions's music for this coda does seem to move into "a spiritual world in which 'the unattainable' in Goethe's words 'becomes event' and the fragments achieve a unity impossible in the real world." That, the composer said nearly forty years ago, is what art should strive to do.

Hindemith's setting, which is divided into eleven numbers, lasts an hour. Sessions's lasts about forty-two minutes. He has omitted a few lines, some with a recapitulatory function that the music itself can undertake, and others that describe what the music has already made manifest ("Varying, ever-altering song. As low and wailing, yet clear the notes, rising and falling"). Hindemith sets the poem complete—and, incidentally, both composers use the earlier, "Drum-Taps" text, not the revised version found in later editions



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of "Leaves of Grass"—but that does not wholly account for his greater length; it is due also to the subordination of the words to his musical designs. Hindemith's Requiem opens with a slow instrumental prelude, a four-note tolling ostinato over a pedal point. Whitman's twelfth strophe is expanded as a choral fugue, with much word repetition and an insensitive forcing of the lines into a jiggling 12/8 metre ("Mighty Man/háttan with/spíres—/and the/spárkling and/húrrying/tides"). The imitative entries, one voice after another breaking in with the tune, suddenly shift Whitman into the world of the Three Choirs Festival; the same thing happens in passages of the "Sea Symphony." There is nothing like that in Sessions's cantata: it is remarkable for being a completely natural setting of the words and yet a span of music so shapely and satisfying that those words might have been written expressly to fit the structure of the score. It has what Sessions has ever sought: a long line, a "total and indivisible musical flow—the song." The composer Andrew Imbrie once concluded a close, subtle analysis of thirty bars of Sessions's Quintet with words equally apt to the cantata:

It is true that all the details of line manipulation are not consciously seized by the listener: but the broad design is apprehended, and a sense of the rightness of the details in relation to this design cannot but be intuitively felt. In listening to this music, one is immediately made aware of the presence of a forceful musical personality at work, who has full command over his resources. Here is unconventional music in the great tradition; here is pattern made to sing; here is movement in sound, expressing that which is noble.

I FOUND the cantata, like all Sessions's later music except the Concertino (which comes out to make friends at once), difficult to embrace at first acquaintance. Besides attending the two concert performances, I had the chance of hearing the piece in the close-up of recording sessions. (Bostonians were lucky, too; three of the concerts were broadcast.) I think that the execution became better and better as the singers, players, and conductor grew together into their interpretation; I am sure that I became a better listener. Only after the harmonies of a late Sessions score have been heard several times, I find, do they begin to make proper sense. What sounded like self-defeating density of texture is revealed as an energetic, lucid progress of lines, in which the movement of the main themes is clearly perceptible. Even the full-throated lyricism of the

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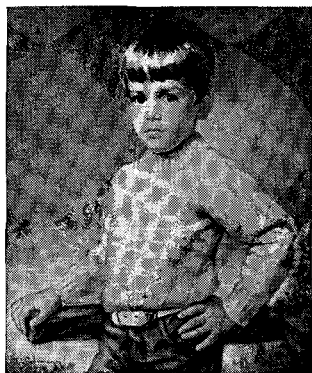


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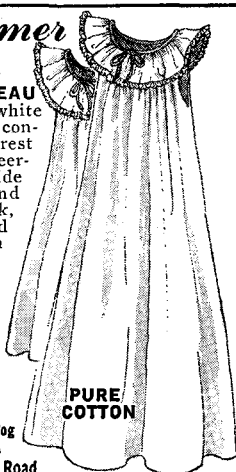
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melodies is not evident from the start. It takes time to sort out background and foreground, to get one's bearings. When that is done, the scores disclose their merits—so clearly that one is amazed they could ever have been imperfectly perceived. But perseverance is needed; and champions are needed, too, to provide the opportunity for it. Sessions's music is not played as often as it should be; the public gets little chance of overcoming its possible first bafflement. Sessions's Third Symphony, completed in 1957, was played in New York that year, by the Boston Symphony, and then nineteen years passed before New York heard it again. His Sixth, completed in 1966, had to wait eleven years for a New York premiere; it was done last March, by the Juilliard Orchestra. The Eighth, a Philharmonic commission, was played by the orchestra in 1968, and not again. (It was a hit at an Albert Hall Prom last year, in a program with Sessions's Double Concerto, of 1971. Would that the forthcoming Fisher Hall Proms had concerts of that kind.) Still, a recording of the Eighth Symphony is available. And a recording of "When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloom'd" will be; it was made by New World Records, and should be published this fall.

I have described the cantata as I finally heard it, and will do the same for its execution. By the third public performance, and after a long recording session (which gives artists a chance of hearing exactly what they do), the soloists had become precise, focussed their tones, refined their pitches, and got the lines surely into their voices. They were now able to sing expressively. Esther Hinds, the soprano, had just the kind of rapt, tender phrasing her music requires. Dominic Cossa, the baritone, sang his lyrical narratives clearly and firmly and his reflective passages with feeling. Florence Quivar, the contralto, made something wonderful of her long solo; the voice is unconventional, not equalized, but her use of it was affecting. The Tanglewood Festival Chorus, trained by John Oliver, sounded strong and confident. The orchestral colors, which at first encounter I had thought rather dense and dull, began to shine. Under Ozawa's baton, the work stood revealed.

—ANDREW PORTER

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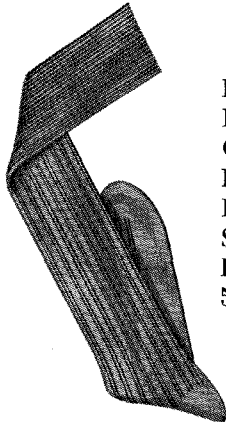
"Xala," by Sembène Ousmane (Lawrence Hill & Company; translated from the French by Clive Wake), describes itself, on the dust jacket, as "the basis for a highly acclaimed film of the same title which received accolades at the 1975 New York Film Festival;" it is as short as a scenario (one hundred and fourteen pages), flows in a succession of scenes without any chapter subdivisions, and contains bits of "business"—"Her tight-fitting dress split, a long, horizontal tear which exposed her behind"—that might be hilarious in a movie but fall rather flat in prose. The stills from the film bound into the book exist on the same continuum as the text, and help us to read it, rather than (as in most illustrated fiction) set up an irrelevant static of al-

ternative visualization. Yet the novel is not thin. Its basic subject, the problems of polygamy in an urban society, resonates eerily in our own society of families extended by divorce and remarriage, of romantic renewals obtained at the price of multiplied obligations. The reality of magic in Mr. Ousmane's interweave of erotic farce and stern social comment hints, to a Westerner, of what magically fragile constructs our personal pretensions are.

A *xala* (pronounced "hala") is a curse that produces impotence; one is laid upon the hero, a Senegalese businessman called El Hadji Abdou Kader Beye, on the night of his wedding to his third wife, the young and voluptuous N'Gone. El Hadji is "fifty-odd" and prosperous enough to keep his two other wives, Adja Awa Astou and Oumi N'Doye, in separate villas in the fashionable part of Dakar, and to provide a minibus for the transportation of his eleven children. Within the minibus, we are told, the children of each mother take a separate bench: "This segregation had not been the work of the parents but a spontaneous decision on the part of the children themselves." There are a number of such fascinating details of how polygamy works in urban Africa. "In the town, since the families are scattered, the children have little

contact with their father. Because of his way of life the father must go from house to house, villa to villa, and is only there in the evenings, at bedtime. He is therefore primarily a source of finance . . ." The set time he spends with each wife is called a *moomé*; the first wife is given the title of *awa*, after the Arab word for "first woman on earth." "The first wife implied a conscious choice, she was an elect. The second wife was purely optional." El Hadji's second wife, the tart, Frenchified Oumi, has the position of sexual favorite to lose to the third, so she is suspected as the source of the *xala*. When, after many futile trips to marabouts who cannot lift the curse, El Hadji finds one, deep in the bush, who succeeds, it is Oumi who has the benefit of his momentarily revived potency. The plot takes some pains to keep young N'Gone virginal, so that she can, without serious offense to sexual propriety, be discarded, as El Hadji's luxuriant world slips from him. His impotence poisons all his existence. "Day after day, night after night, his torment ate into his professional life. Like a waterlogged silk-cotton tree on the river bank he sank deeper into the mud." The source of the *xala*, when finally revealed, is perhaps less surprising in the film, where the sound track





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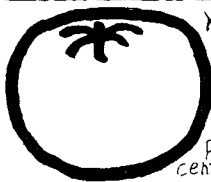
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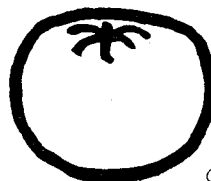
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has repeatedly placed the culprit before us; but the ritual exaction for the curse's removal, and the story's abrupt swerve into social protest, must surprise everyone not immersed in Africa's sense of communal responsibility or familiar with the moral indignation visited there upon élites busy aggrandizing themselves in the approved capitalist manner.

El Hadji's rise, overreaching, and fall are intelligible without magic. He is impotent with his third, much younger wife out of stagefright—the jocular chaffing at the wedding and the post-nuptial inspection of the bed linen lend intimacy an intimidating public dimension—and out of fright of his own hubris. His financial status collapses with his sexuality, because he is everywhere overextended. The pre-urban institution of polygamy, wherein the patriarch on the strength of his warrior potential alone ruled his docile compound of subsistence farmerettes, has been intolerably weighted by the Western conceptions of husband, lover, and (of Western goods) provider. El Hadji's metropolitan attempt to combine status and gratification breaks his resources, which, we are reminded in a forceful parenthesis, are pathetically slender:

(It is perhaps worth pointing out that all these men who had given themselves the pompous title of "businessmen" were nothing more than middlemen, a new kind of salesman. The old trading firms of the colonial period, adapting themselves to the new situation created by African Independence, supplied them with goods on a wholesale or semi-wholesale basis, which they then re-sold.)

El Hadji's vain tour of marabouts for cure is now recast as a vain search for credit; his cars and villas are repossessed. He stands finally before us naked, covered with spittle. Nakedness, Sembène Ousmane seems to say, is man's natural condition. The keen African body sense supplies a rapture of precision to El Hadji's moment of relief from the *xala*:

El Hadji listened to the clicking of the beads as they fell at regular intervals onto one another. He looked up at the curved roof. Suddenly he felt as if he were on edge. A long-forgotten sensation made him break into bursts of shivering. It was as if sap was rising violently inside his body, running through its fibres and filling it right to his burning head. It went on coming in waves. Then he had the impression that he was being emptied. Slowly he relaxed and a liquid flowed through his veins towards his legs. All his being now became concentrated in the region of his loins.

Not all the writing is this vivid and fluent. The translator seems to have

brought to the French some English awkwardnesses: words such as "fulsome" and "exhibitionism" are used in their root, rather than usual, meanings, and more than one word seems off in a passage like "Her eyes were lifeless, they had a deep inscrutability that seemed like a total absence of reaction. But there was the strength of controlled inertia burning in them." Such eyes have successfully defied description. Not so these: "The lack of sleep showed at the edge of his eyelids and bathed his eyes in a reddish lustre crossed by threads which according to the time of day or the place would take on the colour of stale palm-oil." Generally, the texture of Mr. Wake's translation answers well to Mr. Ousmane's tone—that light, level accent of French Africa's fiction, which voices its perceptions, however withering, with a certain pleasant dispassion, with a thinking man's articulations.

A DIFFERENT sort of voice relates "The Land's Lord," by T. Obinkaram Echewa (also published by Lawrence Hill & Company). Mr. Echewa tells his story from the viewpoint of Father Anton Higler, a deserter from the French Army in the First World War; his cowardice was capped by instant vows, and his long monastic retreat in England has ended with a missionary venture to that late-colonial Nigeria whose dramas of cultural conflict and transition serve as an imaginative treasure lode, an epic land of their fathers, for so many Nigerian writers, Chinua Achebe foremost. The best of the white writers about this period, Joyce Cary, makes in "Mister Johnson" a distinction between ways of perceiving Africa. To his black African hero, Johnson, "Africa is simply perpetual experience, exciting, amusing, alarming or delightful, which he soaks into himself through all his five senses at once..." To a white visitor, Celia:

Africa is simply a number of disconnected events which have no meaning for her at all. She gazes at the pot-maker without seeing that she has one leg shorter than the other, that she is in the first stages of leprosy, that her pot is bulging on one side. She doesn't really see either woman or pot, but only a scene in Africa.

It is Mr. Echewa's peculiar attempt and accomplishment to see Africa through his white priest's Greeneish eyes, with the horrified stare of Conrad's Mistah Kurtz, not as a site of experience but as a "scene":

Finally he stepped out on the veranda, and Africa—he always thought of the village as Africa—was well awake and

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1. An engine is using too much oil. Mechanic A says that worn valve guides could be the cause. Mechanic B says that tapered cylinder walls could be the cause. Who is right?

- (A) A only
- (B) B only
- (C) Both A and B
- (D) Neither A nor B

2. Mechanic A says too much clutch pedal free play may cause the clutch to drag when disengaged. Mechanic B says not enough clutch pedal free play may cause the clutch to slip when engaged. Who is right?

- (A) A only
- (B) B only
- (C) Both A and B
- (D) Neither A nor B

3. In road testing a vehicle you find that the steering wheel shakes from side to side at high speeds. Mechanic A says that static out-of-balance of the front wheels could be the cause. Mechanic B says that dynamic out-of-balance of the front wheels could be the cause. Who is right?

- (A) A only
- (B) B only
- (C) Both A and B
- (D) Neither A nor B

4. The steering wheel of a car is not centered when traveling straight down the road. Mechanic A says that the steering wheel should be removed from the steering column and its position changed. Mechanic B says that the steering wheel should be turned to center and the toe-in readjusted. Who is right?

- (A) A only
- (B) B only
- (C) Both A and B
- (D) Neither A nor B

5. While the engine is running, a mechanic pulls the PVC valve out of the valve cover and puts his thumb over the valve opening. There are no changes in engine operation. What could cause this test result? Mechanic A says the PVC valve could be stuck in the open position. Mechanic B says the hose between the intake manifold and the PVC valve could be plugged. Who is right?

- (A) A only
- (B) B only
- (C) Both A and B
- (D) Neither A nor B

6. Mechanic A says the automatic choke is opened by manifold vacuum. Mechanic B says the automatic choke is closed by spring force. Who is right?

- (A) A only
- (B) B only
- (C) Both A and B
- (D) Neither A nor B

7. Which of these statements is (are) true about adjusting valve lash on an engine with solid lifters?

- (1) Too much valve lash can cause poor engine performance.
- (2) Not enough valve lash can cause valve burning.
- (A) 1 only
- (B) 2 only
- (C) Both 1 and 2
- (D) Neither 1 nor 2

8. The exhaust manifold heat riser valve is stuck in the open position. Mechanic A says this could cause poor gas mileage. Mechanic B says this could cause the intake manifold vacuum to be lower than normal. Who is right?

- (A) A only
- (B) B only
- (C) Both A and B
- (D) Neither A nor B

Answers: 1. (C) 2. (A) 3. (C) 4. (D) 5. (C) 6. (B) 7. (C) 8. (A)

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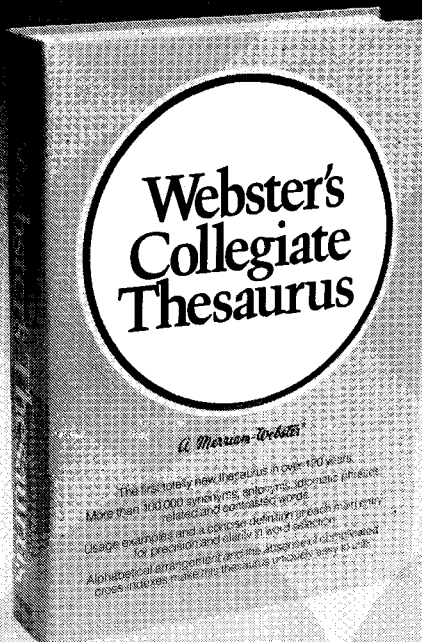
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gloriously alert in the morning sun. It was the same every morning. People, goats, sheep, insects and birds, the sun, the rain, or the convulsing clouds, they were there already in the middle of their habitual preoccupations. Waking up to them every morning was like seeing actors on a stage which had been made ready under cover of darkness and then suddenly lit. It was as if nobody and nothing had gone to sleep since the previous day.

Wherever Father Higler looks, "sur-reality" and "unfathomable mysteries" assail him; the sun has "abandoned its assigned perch millions of miles away and descended to a point just above the tree tops," and the trees of the "endless, almost changeless green forest" become "a silent, brooding ubiquitous presence just off the corners of the eyes, sinister spirits trespassing into reality when the face was turned elsewhere."

Surprisingly, the natives seem to see it the same way. Father Higler's servant and principal Christian convert, Philip, turns out to have taken shelter in Christianity when he fled from his own initiation rites in the bush. Old Ahamba, the village's and the book's spokesman for African wisdom, tells of the disgrace: "Three nights he was to stay in the bush by himself. That is custom. But he ran the first night, which is something that has happened before. Many men have not the heart to face what happens in these bushes you see all around in the middle of the night." The parallel between the two runaways, black and white—"like two wounded soldiers caught behind enemy lines, neither of them much help or relief to the other"—generates the novel's central poignance and the gist of its theological debate. The starting point of the debate is the datum that "the bush"—the world, the war, whatever surrounds and menaces men—is inhuman. Hardly a prayer in "The Land's Lord" is answered, not even the mild request of Genesis, one of the converted Africans, that his wife give birth to a son. Not only are Father Higler's faith and mission mocked by events but the rituals of pagan animism—described with a fullness to delight anthropologists—are themselves shown, in the novel's crises, to be makeshift and outworn. Old Ahamba, a tireless Shavian discourser in a loincloth, tells the Christian priest, "In my youth, I too was a man of faith in all these jujus and idols. That faith gave me hope. The hope later gave me despair. But I have to go past despair to a new understanding." He comes to understand, evidently, that the gods are dispensable and revivable, like toys—like flies to wanton boys are the gods to us. His

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glance 369

glad *adj* 1 characterized by or expressing the mood of one who is pleased or delighted <he was *glad* to be on vacation>

syn happy, joyful, joyous, lighthearted

rel delighted, gratified, pleased, rejoiced, tickled; blithe, exhilarated, jocund, jolly, jovial, merry; gleeful, hilarious, mirthful

idiom filled with (or full of) delight

con blue, dejected, depressed, downcast, melancholy; despondent, dispirited, heavyhearted, sadhearted, unhappy; forlorn, joyless, sorrowful, woeful

ant sad

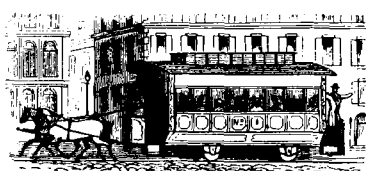
2 full of brightness and cheerfulness <a *glad* spring morning>

syn bright, cheerful, cheery, radiant

rel beaming, sparkling; beautiful; genial, pleasant

con dark, dim, dull, gloomy, somber

gladden *vb* **syn** PLEASE 2, arride, delight



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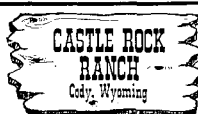
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first set of wooden idols Ahamba threw to the termites; the second he urinated upon and burned. Now he lives happily in old age with his third set, a thorough religious relativist, horrified at the idea of converting anyone else to his beliefs: "I hold no commission from anyone, god or man. . . . I cannot ask you to have a haircut like mine because our faces are not alike."

The uses of sacrilege have been suggested, however, and Philip ousts his own inner demons with acts of blasphemy that banish fear. In an ending reminiscent of Nabokov's "Invitation to a Beheading"—wherein, to our great relief, the novel's confining scenery all tumbles down—Philip smashes the jujus and terrorizes the village elders and becomes himself "a present and immediate god, vindictive and wrathful, mindless." But Philip has always had, in Father Higler's eyes, the mysteriousness of the "scene." "Father Higler had found Philip strange that first night, and even stranger since then, strange beyond the strangeness he had noted in everything that was of this place." Why is Philip here, so docilely serving, without pay? Where does he go, when he slips into the darkness at night? What is the source of his mute loyalty to this isolated missionary? The reader is alert from the start to mysteries behind Philip's presence, a human "other" that partakes of the silence of the bush, the impassivity of the gods. When the black man at last abandons servanthood, the priest finds that "the kitchen smelled of Philip the way a shrine smelled of a god." He attempts what the servant so often easily, quickly performed for him—to light a fire—and this single paragraph, describing his frustrated effort to get the tropical wood to burn, stands as a metaphor for the white man's dependence upon the black in Africa. Yet Mr. Echewa's overriding point about the two men is their brotherhood; under the cruel sky, men behave kindly toward one another. Father Higler seeks, though he fails, to comprehend and console Philip, and does nurse him back from illness; Philip even in his final fury respectfully protects the "Fada." The village itself, though it resists Father Higler's message, toler-

ates his presence, and never questions his humanity. In the end, the devastated, delirious priest, his own God hidden, is saved by the pagans from drowning, and in a curious ritual immersion is rebaptized. "You have now arrived," Ahamba tells him, and the sky and "the dark green top of the forest" sway together like two dancers, in inscrutable but joyous dualism.

This is Mr. Echewa's first novel. He has attended American universities and now teaches at Cheyney State College, in Pennsylvania. The book is dedicated "To my Father for His Faith," and one wonders out of what matrix of cultural metamorphosis a fiction so variously knowledgeable and sympathetic was produced. The scenes of missionary Christianity—the erratically attended Masses, the painfully slow construction of a brick church, the triumphant arrival of a bell on a platform hitched to four bicycles, such accommodations as the licking of salt from a Bible to substitute for a fetish oath—are authoritatively described, with a nostalgic shimmer. If, of the trinity of main characters, old Ahamba is rather too cogent and dialectical, and Father Higler feels pieced together out of European novels and a Nigerian child's glimpses of a

freckled, bearded white man, the figure of Philip is masterfully brought forth from the shadows and illuminated by final lightning. An African has been wrested from the darkness, by an African. This characterization of Philip stands at a polar remove from that, say, of the narrator-hero of "The Palm-Wine Drinkard," whose mysteries remain intractably suspended, because they are no mystery to him. "The Land's Lord" has won a prize given by the English-Speaking Un-

ion "to a non-native speaker of English . . . who has published the best book of belles lettres in English." The book's few solecisms are of the ambitious sort. "The veins in his face flicked and vibed like plucked strings" and "vulgar dilettantes and compulsive imitators of the insundry ephemera of Europeanism" set up more of a picture than the author needs; elsewhere the prose is as telling as the simple observation that in the vanished Philip's washbasin "the dirt had settled neatly to the bottom." So this novel settles, with a



gentle quality of consideration alien to the flip despair of so many modern "novels of ideas," toward the existential bottom of human dread, despair, and daring.

WOLE SOYINKA (pronounced Wally Shoyenka) needs no précis. His plays have been praised by the Off Broadway critic of this magazine, his name has been bruited about for the Nobel Prize, he is remembered in Nigeria with awe, both for a political boldness that landed him in prison and for a commanding intellect that is manifest in every genre he tackles. "Myth, Literature and the African World" (Cambridge) displays him as a critic and lecturer. His introduction describes how, in 1973, unable to resume his teaching position at the University of Ife, in Nigeria, he found himself teaching in Cambridge; there the Department of English, doubting "in any such mythical beast as 'African Literature,'" withdrew its support of a proposed lecture series on African literature and society, which Soyinka then gave under the exclusive auspices of the Department of Social Anthropology. Such are the misadventures of African intellectuals abroad. True, Soyinka discusses material—Yoruba myths and ritual dramas, plays by Afro-Brazilians as well as by Nigerians, postwar African novels and poetry good and bad—not within the usual province of the educated Westerner; but he does so with ample cross-references to Greek drama, Nietzschean aesthetics, Jungian philosophy, and Sartrean opinionizing, and in an accent uncompromisingly, if not even mordantly, lofty. Here is a sample of his tone:

The intellectual and imaginative impulse to a re-examination of the propositions on which man, nature and society are posited or interpreted at any point in history; the effort to expand such propositions, or to contest and replace them with others more in tune with the writer's own idealistic disposition or his pragmatic, resolving genius; this impulse and its integrative role in the ordering of experience and events leads to a work of social vision.

The next page, though, sums up pithily: "Much African writing is still rooted in the concept of literature as part of the normal social activity of man." Soyinka's long, fibrous sentences, not easy to pry apart, generally contain some meat, or milk.

He begins by discussing the myth of Sango, whose rage challenges the Supreme Deity and reminds us of Mr. Echewa's Philip. Sango cries, "I challenge that power which made me cover

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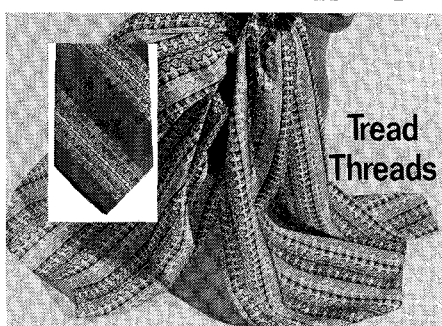
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myself with so much shame! More! More! More! Set fire to the skies!" The protagonist in ritual theatre typically challenges unseen forces on behalf of the community; Soyinka relates his risk to the Western experience of theatre, to anxieties within the audience for the actor. "Let us say he is a tragic character: at the first sign of a check in the momentum of a tragic declamation, his audience becomes nervous for him, wondering—has he forgotten his line? has he blacked out? Or in the case of opera—will she make that upper register?" This humanness of theatre, this precariousness so different from the serene fixity of painting, becomes an aesthetic attribute, used "to control and render concrete, to parallel . . . the experiences or intuitions of man in that far more disturbing environment which he defines variously as void, emptiness or infinity." Drama, from its ritual beginnings, sets forth "this basic adventure of man's metaphysical self." Thus, "powerful natural or cosmic influences are internalised within the protagonists and this implosive factor creates the titanic scale of their passions even when the basis of the conflict seems hardly to warrant it. (Shakespeare's *Lear* is the greatest exemplar of this.)" Tragedy takes place within "a complete, hermetic universe of forces or being. . . . Its internal cogency makes it impervious to the accident of place and time."

Soyinka's discussion of ritual and theatre takes up the first two of his lectures; there is nothing in the next two, which discuss a number of modern African novels, quite so striking in its application to our own artistic responses. We are best situated to appreciate his brilliance when it focusses on matters close to us. In Jung, Soyinka finds "racist distortions of the structure of the human psyche": "Jung differentiates the nature of the archetype in the 'primitive' mind from that of the 'civilised' mind even as he pays lip-service to the universality of a collective unconscious. . . ." Sartre he lampoons as one "who, proposing the toast of Negritude, proceeded literally to drink it under the table." On the notion of Negritude: "It accepted one of the most commonplace blasphemies of racism, that the black man has nothing between his ears, and proceeded to subvert the power of poetry to glorify this fabricated justification of European cultural domination." Though his language bristles with the full armory of European critical methodology, Soyinka resists domination by extolling the profundities of African art and by giving some sacred figures of Western mod-

ernism rough treatment. Beckett—whose plays would seem exactly to fill Soyinka's prescription for ritual theatre as "a paradigm for the cosmic human condition"—is dismissed to "the lunatic fringe," and "the dotty excursions of W. B. Yeats into a private never-never land" are marvelled at for being taken seriously. African literature is commended for its refusal "to respond to the blandishments of literary ideology-manifesto art," and an imaginary representative of Cartesian civilization is finally addressed as "one-who-thinks, white-creature-in-pith-helmet-in-African-jungle-who-thinks and, finally, white-man-who-has-problems-believing-in-his-own-existence."

Yet so intent is Mr. Soyinka's will to see into the heart of his own culture that his recourse to points of invidious reference within ours arouses no disposition to argue. Like Frantz Fanon, he impresses us as being an analyst first, a propagandist second. Even at his most haughtily wordy, he has the voice of a true critic, who wishes not to praise or blame but to comprehend and explicate. The jacket of "Myth, Literature and the African World" shows a sculpture of the Nimba mask signifying creative force, "photographed from his collections by the author, who nicknames it 'Macro-monad' or, less reverently, 'Egghead.'" African creativity has, in Wole Soyinka, a formidable egghead.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

KRAMER'S WAR, by Derek Robinson (Viking). A sharp and nicely ironic footnote to the Second World War. The time is the first few days of June, 1944; the scene is the German-occupied Channel Island of Jersey, braced for the expected Allied invasion; and the action—violently physical and fiercely emotional—is set in motion by the accidental (and panic-stricken) landing there of a bailed-out American airman, a patriotic country boy from Ohio named Earl Kramer. Lieutenant Kramer does everything by the book: he kills a German sentry, he blows up a power plant, he wrecks various pieces of German military equipment. He is heroic and daring and a model activist, and every move he makes is disaster, destroying the innocent, exciting the evil, and, by upsetting the delicate working relationship between the Occupation forces and the local civilian leadership, sabotag-

ing the latter's subtle sabotage. Mr. Robinson, who is English and a former Jersey resident, heightens his painful comedy by contrasting Kramer's well-meant foolishness with a series of complementary booberies by an also recently arrived Nazi commandant (a kind of Nazi George Patton), and he provides his leading figures with a supporting cast that includes no heroes and no villains—only men and women, in and out of uniform, who are keenly observed, keenly individualized, and keenly and compassionately understood.

CONDOMINIUM, by John D. MacDonald (Lippincott). This is Mr. MacDonald's first real hardcover novel, and it is about three times the size of any of the several Travis McGee paperback thrillers on which his notable reputation as an entertainer is soundly based. Its size is its undoing. The subject, as the title indicates, is an apartment building—an eight-story retirement home on an island off the Gulf coast of Florida—and the building, its quality, and the quality of its builders and managers and residents seem intended to symbolize the moral squalor of contemporary America, to which Mr. MacDonald has long been an articulate witness. The condominium is, of course, shoddily, greedily, vulgarly built, and its inhabitants—residents and functionaries alike—are mostly miserable, mostly rotten, mostly bewildered and aimless. Mr. MacDonald shows us in tireless detail each of these dozens of sorry men and women, and he shows us in almost textbook detail the jerry-built quality of the building. And then, only too predictably, he summons up a hurricane to drive the lesson home. A selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club.

GENERAL

THE OTTOMAN CENTURIES: THE RISE AND FALL OF THE TURKISH EMPIRE, by Lord Kinross (Morrow). The late Lord Kinross, an expert on the Near East, finished this absorbing work just before his death last year. It is a readable, fact-stuffed book that clues the intelligent layman in to some six hundred years of European, Asian, and African history. Lord Kinross shows that the Ottoman Empire was, in its political organization, a third rendition of the Roman Empire—upon capturing Constantinople, the Ottoman Turks immediately set about constructing

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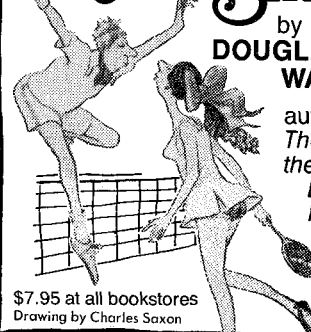
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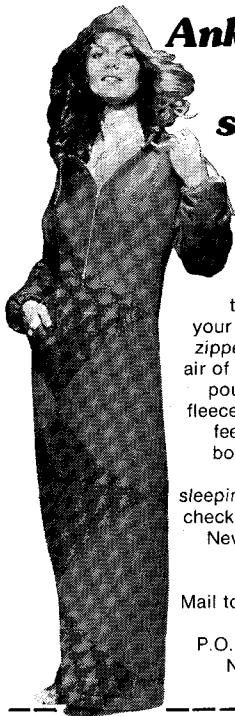
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a Muslim version of Byzantium. The Janissaries, like the Praetorian Guard, degenerated from an irresistible fighting force to an unruly, greedy rabble, and the Ottomans, like the Romans and the Byzantines, suffered from the limitations of administration: the entire empire was run from the center, and a weak sultan or a foolish grand vizier often did more harm than a good one could repair. To begin with, though, the Ottomans had a run of great rulers; the greatest was Suleiman the Magnificent, who reigned between 1520 and 1566 from (roughly) Morocco to the Caspian Sea and from Budapest to Mecca. The Ottomans' cruelty grew as their strength declined in the face of nationalism—a European idea that, unlike other European ideas, the Empire could not resist. The Christians detached themselves first, but at the end the Empire's Muslim subjects no longer regarded the sultan primarily as a co-religionist but as a Turk, and hence—except to Turks—a foreigner.

THE DISTANT DRUM: REFLECTIONS ON THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR, edited by Philip Toynbee (McKay). The Spanish Civil War of 1936-39 was a local event with international repercussions which still grips the Western world's imagination, partly because its historical meaning is still in dispute. This collection of memories and opinions, written by foreign volunteers on both sides, by observers and partisans, by journalists, tourists, and propagandists, demonstrates how wide a response to that war still exists, even though most of the contributors have changed their minds over the years. The contrast between what they saw and felt then and what they think now is affecting; there is a mood of regret, not because they believe they were wrong but because their accounts of Spain are also the memories of their youth.

MABEL: A BIOGRAPHY OF MABEL DODGE LUHAN, by Emily Hahn (Houghton Mifflin). It is perhaps fortunate that Miss Hahn did not know Mabel Dodge (as she was most often called), for those who did and who wrote about her (including the lady herself) seemed passionately incapable of objectivity. Miss Hahn is able to consider Mabel Dodge calmly, and, without being at all patronizing, to see that many aspects of her life were quite funny. The book gets in all the salient facts—the girlhood in Buffalo as the

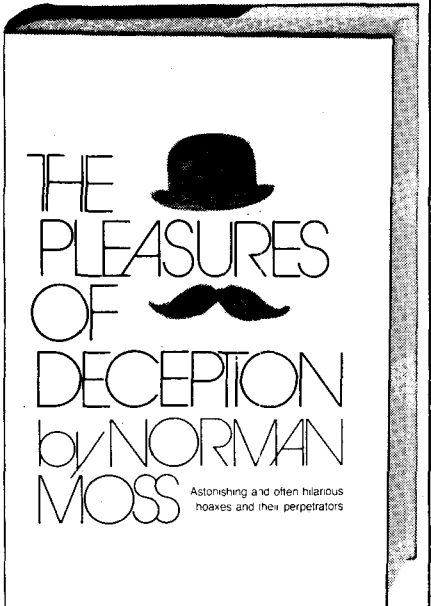
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daughter of rich, stuffy parents; the escape via a fairly cold-blooded marriage; the first, tentative pursuit of interesting or important people; the salons; the sexual activity, licit and illicit; the discovery of Taos and the final marriage to a Pueblo Indian; the seemingly obsessive pursuit of D.H. Lawrence, and the intimate writings about him that outraged his friends and admirers and his wife. We are shown a Mabel Dodge who was made up of vanity, willfulness (if not will), generosity (with a mean streak), intellectual curiosity, mystic nonsense, and earthy sense. Miss Hahn does not play down her faults, but she is sympathetic to a woman who decided to make something of herself in an age when being a woman of her class was looked upon as merely one of the decorative arts.

rites of passage: adolescence in America, 1790 to the present, by Joseph F. Kett (Basic Books). A learned, entertaining work that tells how adolescence was invented in the nineteenth century and why adolescents have docilely accepted the dependent role created for them. Professor Kett (history, Virginia) tells us that old-time family farms frequently could not support a family, and that children, long before their teens, were often sent someplace else—to another farm or to a small shop—to work for their keep. This pattern, together with the unsettledness of early American families, which were constantly on the move, meant that one's schooling might continue by fits and starts well into one's twenties; cash and time, rather than age alone, determined one's educational pace. But industrializing America needed a lot of predictable personnel, and gradually more formal terms of schooling were offered free but imposed by law. Teachers, preachers, psychologists, and social workers were presented with a brand-new school population, aged twelve to eighteen, in which they desecrated typical characteristics—and typical needs for guidance—that earlier Americans had rarely noticed. The author does not inveigh, nor does he propose a radical reconstruction of society, as did the late Paul Goodman in "Growing Up Absurd," but he does impart some wholesome skepticism about who has profited from the discovery of adolescence.

transatlantic patterns, by Martin Green (Basic Books). A collec-



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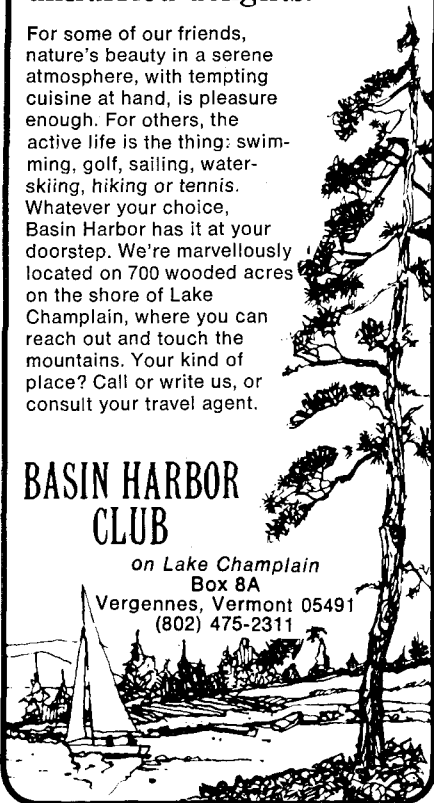
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tion of essays, some of which draw comparisons between English and American writers of the past hundred years, and some of which stay wholly on one side of the water or the other. Mr. Green moves knowledgeably among his subjects—from William Dean Howells to D.H. Lawrence, from George Bernard Shaw to Kingsley Amis—describing them with spontaneous ease but in a prose that has a garrulous, lightweight quality which pales beside more formal writing. Some of the comparisons cross historical as much as national lines, and some of them tend to reinforce or to flesh out national stereotypes—Lord Peter Wimsey versus Travis McGee, for instance. Mr. Green is perhaps most acute in treating national phenomena by themselves—in his biting comments on Lionel Trilling and Northrop Frye, in his thoughtful praise of Evelyn Waugh, and in the shrewdly chosen details of all his essays.

NOTE: Whitney Balliett's "Improvising: Sixteen Jazz Musicians and Their Art" has been published by Oxford. All of the book's contents originally appeared in *The New Yorker*. . . "In the People's Republic: An American's Firsthand View of Living and Working in China," by Orville Schell, has been published by Random House. Much of the material first appeared here.

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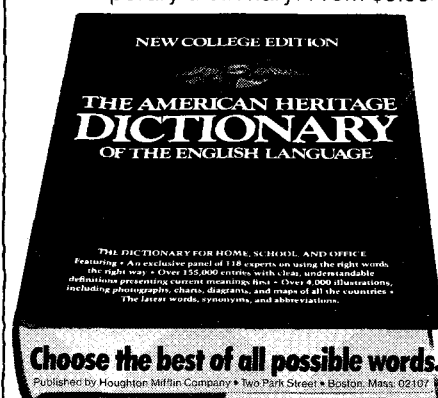
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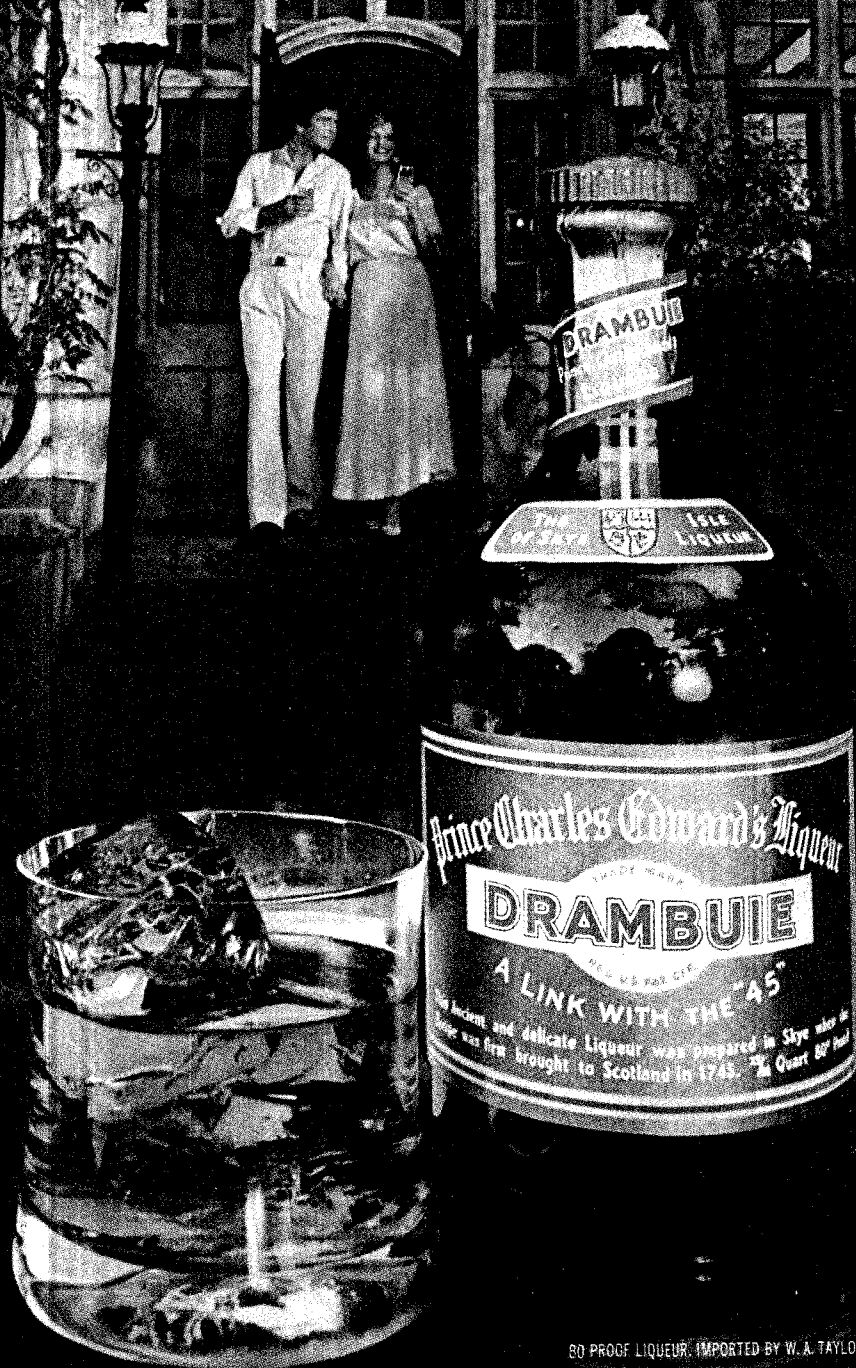


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